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T·L·S

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY 26 OCTOBER 1973 • No 3,738 • Price 12p

Margaret Atwood · Betty Bednarski
Tony Kilgallin · Brian Stock · Ronald Sutherland

Six poems from Canada

War Movie II

At last we believe in something :
this is the source of our pain.
We no longer drink gin
and sleep in,
we no longer bargain.

We clamber over stony Greece,
we slink through the Polish forests,
it is winter, our toes freeze,
we gnaw on stolen turnips,
we retreat from Moscow
burning everything.

I hide the food and rifles
under my filthy shawl ;
I wear a skirt,
I'm less likely to be suspected ;
you are a spy, you are the commander,
your name is Sir,
everyone does what you say
because it is the only way.

The others are honed and clean,
their heads are signals,
we stab them without mercy,
we switch clothes with their steel torsos.

The sun bestows rewards :
we are allowed to cry,
we are given background music
where there was none, we are finally emblems,
we are finally credible,
we are finally single-minded.

Near the end there is a huge
explosion, a gun
shaped like an enemy, shaped like a dungeon
topples into the sea.

In the backwash, the waves
whisper like bureaucrats :
they are planning the peace,
the peace we fight for,
deciding which of us
to kill, who to sell.

MARGARET ATWOOD

Genesis

In the Beginning God was mad, and He knew it.
He took no precautions and let His mighty sperm
spill out into gorgeous space.

Stars, stars all over the place !
And all His creations were acts of madness, and
He knew it and He felt afraid.

Moustrous moonface of the ape He made,
unholy proof of my wildest dreams).

Some men were animals who woke up and went sane.
Moonbeads. And He decided to take vengeance
on them thus :

He bestowed upon them the Black Kiss which is
the jealous kiss of God.
This He bestowed upon the loud and hungry,
on those who knew He was mad and weren't ready
to let Him get away with it. Man, He was angry
because they wouldn't let Him get away with it !
Godfather.

GWENDOLYN MACEWEN

Passing Into Storm

Know him for a white man.
He walks sideways into wind
allowing the left of him

to forget what the right
knows as cold. His ears
turn into death what

his eyes can't see. All day
he walks away from the sun
passing into storm. Do not

mistake him for the howl you hear
or the track you think you
follow. Finding a white man

in snow is to look for the dead.
He has been burned by the wind.
He has left too much

flesh on winter's white metal
to leave his colour as a sign.
Cold white. Cold flesh. He leans

into wind sideways ; kills without
mercy anything to the left of him
coming like madness in the snow.

PATRICK LANE

We're at the Graveyard

Stuart Sally Kim and I
watching still stars
or now and then sliding stars
like hawk spit to the trees.
Up there the clear charts,
the systems' intricate branches
which change with hours and
solstices,
the bone geometry of moving from
there, to there.

And down here—friends
whose minds and bodies
shift like acrobats to each other.
When we leave, they move
to an altitude of silence.

So our minds shape
and lock the transient,
parallel these bats
who organize the air
with thick blinks of travel.
Sally is like grey snow in the grass.
Sally of the beautiful bones
pregnant below stars.

MICHAEL ONDAATJE

Canada : Case History : 1973

No more the highschool land
deadset in loutishness
This cat's turned cool
the gangling's gone
guffaws are for the peasants

Inside his plastic igloo now
he watches
gooks and yankees bleed
in colour on the telly
But under a faded Canaaby shirt
ulcers knife the rounding belly

Hung up on rye and nicotine and sex-
y flicks, kept off the snow and grass
he teeters tiptoe on his arctic roof
(ten brittle legs, no two together)
baring his royal canadian ass
white and helpless in the global winds

Schizoid from birth, and still a sado-masochist
this turkey thinks that for his sins
he ought to be carved while still alive:
legs to Quebec, the future Vietnam ;
the rest, self-carved and pre-digested,
to make a Harvest Home for Uncle Sam ...

Teeth shot and memory going
(except for childhood grudges),
one moment murderous, the next depressed,
this youth, we fear, has moved from adolescence
into what looks like permanent senescence.

EARLE BIRNEY

The Country of everyday death, death

Why is there so much here about death ? Because the face is a mask
behind which is a jar of fluid and water :
a bottle of muck. When the bones of the face
are pushed in, the skull is forced out at the back.
A substance pours out of the flesh
and spreads in wet lumps over the ground.

Sometimes the chin is still recognizable, as in
a photograph of a logging truck accident.
Sometimes you can tell which part was the forehead
as when a drill bangs back, catching the operator
under what were his eyes.

There is so much of death, because Rae says
on the Portage Mountain Dam they were told
the company budgeted for one hundred and twenty men to die
during construction. And not a single executive
was expected to perish from ulcers and heart attack
during the whole of the project.

And when the monthly totals, Rae said
fell far below the projected figures
the foremen began cutting the weekly safety meetings
and advising crew chiefs to do the same.
And one of Rae's friends was killed at the damsite.
And as they had all made a pact to get drunk
if any of them did die
they all went out and got stinking together
and it only took Rae seven beers.

There is so much of death, because
there is a demolition man who was caught
as a house wall broke in, when they had shored it up
with the cheap two-by-fours provided by the company.
And he jumped out a window, and his friend
working inside with him didn't and was crushed.

And he said : ' The stupid son-of-a-bitch waited too long
deciding what to do. It was his own fault.'

Death, death because there is a war on, and
one side is losing.

TOM WAYMAN

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Cover design by John Ryder based on Michael Snow's "Walking Woman" (Art Gallery of Ontario).

Canada's Elizabethan age?

BY RONALD SUTHERLAND

[illegible] terms of dynamic activity, excitement, experimentation, [illegible] spirit of discovery and chau- [illegible]ic pride, Canadian writing is going through what might best be described as its "Elizabethan" period. Whether or not a Shake- [illegible]re or a Ben Jonson will surface in the current whirl of soul- [illegible]ching and literary outpouring remains to be seen. Like Ste- [illegible] Leacock's horseman, the Cana- [illegible] writer in both English and [illegible] seems to be leaping on his [illegible] and riding off in all directions.

But one thing is fairly certain—a [illegible]concept of Canada and Canadian [illegible]hood is going to emerge. [illegible]ver that or the country will disin- [illegible]grate completely, and there will be [illegible] new ball game. Actually, [illegible] is happening in Canada and [illegible] reflected in Canadian writing [illegible] many respects what is happen- [illegible] on a larger scale in the world. [illegible] has become a microcosm, an [illegible] for the play of various cen- [illegible]gal and centripetal forces.

[illegible] the one hand, expanding com- [illegible]munications, trade and travel have [illegible]ught Canadians squarely into [illegible]hall McLuhan's "global vil- [illegible]". Canadians are both aware of [illegible]involved in what is going on [illegible]ughout the world. McLuhan [illegible]self is a prime example of a [illegible]dian on the international scene. [illegible]ard Cohen, Northrop Frye, Mar- [illegible] Lawrence, Mordecai Richler, [illegible]Gale McDermott, composer of [illegible]music for Hair, are others who [illegible]e to mind. Among French- [illegible]nge artists, the phenomenon is [illegible]e notable, considering that [illegible]ree centuries French-Canadian [illegible]re was mainly a family affair, [illegible]Saturday-night barn dance and [illegible]es around the fireplace by the [illegible]e raconteur. When Albert [illegible], the recently rediscovered [illegible]er for Canada) naturalist, com- [illegible]ed his novel *La Scouine* in 1918, [illegible]ld to have sixty copies [illegible]ed and distributed them [illegible]rsonally among his acquaintances.

Nowadays we have a novelist like Gabrielle Roy passing the million mark in book sales and winning the Prix Femina, Réjean Ducharme with his first novel *L'Avalée des avalés* coming within a hair of picking up the Prix Concourt, and Antonine Maillet's Acadian play *La Sagouine*, in pure Acadian dialect, fascinating French audiences and receiving high praise in Paris journals. And the poet-singers Gilles Vigneault and Robert Charlebois, of course, have been packing them into the music halls of France regularly for the past few years.

In contrast to this centripetal thrust, there is the growing, inward-directed nationalism of the various segments of Canada, the desire for distinct and separate cultural identities. Quebec is the most obvious example. Its literature is no longer called *canadienne-française* but *québécoise*. In fact, *canadien-français* is now considered a pejorative term, denoting the backward, Church-controlled, inferiority-complex-ridden Quebecker of yesteryear, the "Fronchio" and "Jean-Baptiste" of much English-Canadian literature, the Canadian counterpart of Ralph Ellison's invisible man. For some of the million or so French-speaking Canadians outside Quebec, the concept of a *littérature québécoise* creates a slight confusion, but nobody seems to be overly concerned. The descendants of the British-deported Acadians, who found their way back and are now concentrated in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, are the least concerned. They are too busy putting together a singular identity for themselves. Led by Antonine Maillet, contemporary Acadian writers are storming the Bastille of United Empire Loyalist prejudices (the UEL being those who remained loyal to Britain and were expelled to Canada after the American Revolution) and their own legend-inspired inhibitions which kept them a static sub-society for so long. The poetry can be violent and bitter, very much like the verse of American Blacks, as in Raymond LeBlanc's "Je suis Acadien" :

Je jure en anglais
Tous mes goddam de bâtard
Et souvent les fuck it
Me remontent à la gorge
Avec des Jésus-Christ
Projetés contre le windshield. . .

But what is important is that Acadian poetry is being written, and it indicates a healthy self-assertion, a rejection of survival as sufficient *raison-d'être*, a dealing with present realities rather than lamentation for the misfortunes of the past.

In fact, a common characteristic of contemporary manifestations of nationalism in Canada is rejection of the past as a controlling force. Sometimes it leads to devaluation of non-Canadian antecedents, to distaste for premeditated "internationalism". One younger critic recently went so far as to pin "Uncle Tom" labels on Professor Frye ("our leading internationalist critic"), E. J. Pratt ("our foremost colonialist poet"), and Mr Richler ("the most accomplished Canadian writer of British novels in our generation"). Richler's recent work was called, accurately enough in some respects,

> undisguised imitations of the British satirical novel popularized by John Wain, Kingsley Amis and Evelyn Waugh, with all its weaknesses of superficial characterization, glib humour, and unfocussed moral vision ; a novelist who shamelessly exploits Canadian place in order to disguise novels British in conception, style, and characterization as fashionably Canadian.

Imagine that !

For their part, Quebec writers and critics are expressing their own brand of centrifugal nationalism in much the same way. In the early 1960s, Quebeckers were still apologizing for Canadian French, or *joual* —a corruption of the word *cheval*— as it came to be called. Jean-Paul Desbiens, who wrote a powerful little volume called *Les Insolences du Frère Untel* (1960), a book which did much to bring about needed reform in the whole Quebec educational system, stigmatized *joual* as "the absence of language". The prominent novelist Gérard Bessette, enviously noting the success of Americans in establishing a literary idiom of their own, claimed that language was the biggest obstacle facing French-speaking Canadian writers (see the article by Betty Bednarski on page 1317). And in 1964 Bessette saw no way of surmounting that obstacle. But in the past three or four years, the situation has reversed. The obstacle is now a passport to distinction. *Joualiser* is a new literary philosophy as well as a new verb in Quebec. Playwrights like Michael Tremblay and Jean Barbeau are immensely popular. Even Desbiens has gone on record saying that Quebec French answers a "profound psychological need". He compares the current literary use of *joual* with Rabelais's breaking the barrier of Latin, and he says, "If a *Parisien* doesn't understand it, that's his problem." Judging from the reception of Vigneault, Maillet and company, however, it would appear that *les Parisiens* do not regard Quebec French as a problem, nor Acadian French for that matter, just as the British were hardly troubled by the "American" of Mark Twain.

Obviously, then, the new nationalism has produced self-confidence in Canadians, in some instances perhaps over-confidence and chauvinism. But given the circumstances, a certain amount of belated chauvinism is to be expected and is probably desirable for the time being. After all, there has to be a powerful antidote for the conditioning force of *la gloire* and the "sceptered isle", not to mention the "sweet land of liberty" on the other side of the border. Canadians of previous generations were never inclined to be overly nationalistic—about Canada, that is. The absence of positive myths has been commented upon often ; Canadians have had no ancient sagas and epic poetry to tell them the stuff they are made of, no legendary conquerors, no "manifest destiny". We didn't even have Sears-Roebuck catalogues in the outhouses (i.e. outside lavatories). Among early Canadian writers, many hearts "were in the Hebrides", or possibly in the tenements of Manchester or Leeds. Those who sang the new nation generally did so with the bilateral sentiments of Helen Johnson's "Our Native Land" which goes in part:

How many loving memories throng
Round Britain's stormy coast !
Renowned in story and in song,
Her glory is our boast !
With loyal hearts we still abide
Beneath her sheltering wing ;
While with true patriot love and pride
To Canada we cling !

Early Quebec writers, Octave Crémazie for example, had the same bilateral sentiments. Indeed, to protect themselves from each other and from the Americans, both major ethnic groups of Canada constantly reaffirmed links with their ancestors ; terms like "our martial sires", "founding races", "nos aïeux" and "notre maître le passé" became the lexicon of Canadian nationalism, and literature for the most part

was pitifully derivative. It is no wonder, then, that contemporary writers are leaning towards the opposite extreme, that a Hubert Aquin can announce in his popular and powerful novel *Prochain épisode*: "Nous n'avons pas d'histoire. . . ." It is no wonder that Frank Davey, Toronto writer, critic and editor, can furiously protest in the journal *Open Letter* about "the invoking of so-called 'international' criteria in judging literature, so that Canadian writing is judged relative to American and British writing", or that Adrien Thério, novelist and editor of the annual review *Livres et auteurs québécois* (till 1968 it was *canadiens*), can declare in the issue for 1971: "Ce n'est ni sur la France ni sur les Français que les Québécois doivent compter pour savoir si leur littérature est intéressante ou non, c'est sur eux-mêmes uniquement."

Caught in the centrifugal pull, Davey and Thério have admittedly taken extreme positions, and they are typical of the spirit abroad in Canada today. But clearly there has long been a need for such reaction, to offset the ingrained colonial attitudes and to balance the old subservience to European and American values. James Baldwin, who justified "Black is beautiful" in *The Fire Next Time*, would understand. Which is not to suggest that Canadians have endured the degradations inflicted on the American Negro, to be sure, but they have shared something of the Blacks' conviction of inferiority. The Nigerian writer Chinua Achebe would also understand. Defining the function of the African writer, he writes: "But for the moment it is in the nature of things that we may need to counter racism with what Jean-Paul Sartre has called an anti-racism racism, to announce not just that we are as good as the next man but that we are better." For Canadians it is a matter of thorough cultural conditioning rather than racism, but the need for a counter-balancing announcement seems none the less to be felt.

The play of different and often opposing forces, then, is creating in Canada what must be a climate of confusion for the outside observer. The contrasts are evident. On the one hand, a technologically developed nation with an extremely high standard of living; on the other hand, a basic struggle against colonialism, the kind of struggle one expects in an underdeveloped or underprivileged society. Ardent desire for recognition coupled with the denial that recognition is of any importance whatsoever. And different ethnic groups each separately and independently doing its own thing. How will it all be resolved?

In his provocative volume *Without Marx or Jesus* the French writer Jean-François Revel talks of the "cultural colonization of European urban life by US values, language and patterns of behaviour". He goes on to say that the European elite have lost their ability to initiate or to define; they "no longer feel at ease as anything but disciples". Revel argues that the new philosophy involves the death of nationalism and the establishment of world government. Now I am not prepared to say how accurate Revel's description of Europe is, but I do know that the opposite is true of Canada. Writers in particular are engaged in initiating and defining; the role of the disciple has been abandoned. Canadians have finally begun to wiggle out of the cocoon, and at a time, ironically, when at least some Europeans and a great many Americans are seeking cocoons to wiggle into.

Accordingly, Canadian writers may now have the advantage over both their European and American counterparts. They are compelled to initiate and define; they have something vital to write about—they are engaged in articulating their basic identity. They must invent new forms, not for the sake of novelty but to express their collective individuality. For the British or French writer, what is new under the sun? Experiments with technique perhaps? Removals from Terry Street? The liberated woman and the Common Market? Waiting for another Godot? The American writer becomes more and more sinister and disillusioned, clawing at reality as if to tear it to pieces or else seeking escape. The drug scene provides a convenient cocoon, Zen Buddhism, automobile exhaust fumes, the occult, catalogues of sexual inhibitions and exhibitions, the life of Marilyn Monroe. Commenting on Robert Duncan's poetry, one critic recently observed: "He delves into Greek, Kabbalistic, Gnostic, Egyptian and Persian legends in his efforts to familiarize himself with the history of man's imagination of spirit." And so he does.

The writers of Canada, both in English and in French, are looking mainly at themselves and the people around them. The list includes older established authors such as Hugh Garner, Hugh MacLennan, Gabrielle Roy and André Langevin down to later arrivals like Victor-Lévy Beaulieu, Jacques Poulin, Richard Wright or Alice Munro. There is variety and quantity. All aspects of the Canadian experience are being examined and dramatized, from the desperation of the dispossessed in Montreal slums to the smugness of the well-to-do housewife, from the loneliness of a woman on a remote prairie farm to the loneliness of a young man in crowded downtown Toronto. As I mentioned at the beginning, there is excitement and vigorous activity.

Little magazines are springing up everywhere. The older and bigger ones are flourishing and expanding—George Woodcock's *Canadian Literature*, *The Journal of Canadian Studies* from Peterborough, *The Journal of Canadian Fiction* from the Maritimes. And many many more. *Livres et auteurs québécois* is almost too heavy to carry around any longer. When it started in 1965 it could be folded and slipped into a back pocket.

Back in 1960, the only book-length study of a living Canadian author was Paul Goetsch's *Das Romanwerk Hugh MacLennan: eine Studie zum literarischen Nationalismus in Kanada*, published in Hamburg. Now three separate publishing houses—Coles, Copp-Clark and McClelland and Stewart—are bringing out whole series of studies of individual authors.

The activity, of course, is not limited to literature but extends to the visual arts, music, film and theatre. One of the recent film highlights is *Kamouraska*, from Anne Hébert's novel of the same title, starring the Quebec actress Geneviève Bujold, who rose to fame opposite Richard Burton in *Anne of the Thousand Days*. In television, Montreal is producing up to eighty hours of original programmes per week and now outranks both New York and Los Angeles as a separate production centre. At periods during the last few years Montreal has been turning out more original material than London and Paris combined.

Now it will be argued that quantity is not quality. So what if Canadian cultural activity is experiencing a veritable explosion? The starfish off Australia's coral reef are also increasing spectacularly, and that may be a phenomenon of greater importance because they could end up doing in one of nature's most useful and beautiful masterpieces. Students of literary history, however, will appreciate that quantity and dynamism are prerequisites to quality. Chekhov, Flaubert, Shakespeare, Sartre or Faulkner were hardly roses blooming in the desert. Canada from the literary point of view, used to be a desert, with shade only around the edges from the tall trees growing in Britain, France and the United States of America. Now Canadians have some tall trees of their own, a large number of saplings, and good soil that has been turned and fertilized.

There are, of course, the small internal problems to be resolved, such as whether or not the country will survive as a single nation. It should be noted, however, that contemporary nationalism in the various parts of Canada is more cultural than political. Political nationalism is based upon the concept of a political nation, such as the Soviet Union or Nigeria. Cultural nationalism, on the other hand, derives from the kinship feelings of an ethnic group, such as the Ukranians or Lithuanians in the Soviet Union and the Yorubas or Ibos in Nigeria. Whereas cultural nationalism is expressed in the ethnic group's desire to assert itself, to establish an identity, and to develop a set of values and attitudes which promote security and dignity, political nationalism stems from the desire to expand and to dominate, in short, the desire for power. Consequently, from the standpoint of the human spiritual condition, it can be said that generally cultural nationalism is a positive factor and political nationalism negative.

In Canada, cultural nationalism, multilateral as it may be, is having a decidedly positive effect on the country as a whole. Besides removing the shackles of the past and stimulating artistic and intellectual ferment of every kind within each group, it is greatly increasing interawareness among the groups. There are tensions, certainly, but these are healthy indications of the absence of isolation and domination, of escape from the sick tranquillity of people "knowing their place". They generate the friction which heats the forge of creative writing. Even conflict, provided it does not arise from hatred and suppression, can be normal and integrating. And, as I noted earlier, the new nationalism of English Canadians, Quebeckers, Acadians and other smaller groups (Ukrainian Canadians, Indians, Eskimos and Gaelic-speaking Cape Bretoners, for instance) is centripetal as well as centrifugal. The Quebec writer may think of himself first as a *Québécois*, but he also thinks of himself as being

in *la francité* and l'améric francophone world and the American context. The old re ist of Quebec wanted to build the new nationalist is more ested in a Paris publisher wh distribution rights and an translation on the book's New York.

There is a fair chance, tha Canada will eventually work viable pluralism, a concept of hood based on diversity rather solidarity, a union of separate tities without benefit of walls. W ever happens in the future, ce grips with the ideas which will the nation's very destiny—th what contemporary Canadian l ture is all about.

Professor Ronald Sutherland is of the Department of Compa Canadian Literature at The U sity of Sherbrook. His most books are "Second Image: Com tive Studies in Quebec/Ca Literature" and a novel, "Ici Neiges".

Pro-Ruskin

JAMES CLARK SHERBURNE:

John Ruskin or the Ambiguities of Abundance

366pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £6.75.

James Sherburne's patent enthusiasm for Ruskin and his works fills this book with a certain atmosphere of excitement. He strains to capture Ruskin's own infectious metaphorical exuberance, and hastens to point out Ruskin's gifts to humanity in foreseeing the modern welfare state, the necessity of limiting technological development and population growth, and the need to concentrate attention upon the quality of life rather than the standard of living. His preface acknowledges that the book may contain remarks and views on Ruskin that are over-generous; the text betrays such comments jostling unhappily with Mr Sherburne's efforts to be more detached and critical in his appraisal.

There are times when Ruskin's views seem to take over the author's in his dash to find relevance in every jot and comma of Ruskin's genius. For example, he categorically states that in education "few English writers before Ruskin realize that appeals to emulation have as harmful an effect as corporal punishment", as if such a position were now incontestable. There are times when the reader's patience is stretched to the limits by the naive rejoicing in Ruskin's tragic grandeur: we are told how "Rusk lines the shape of things t more clearly than any other thinker of the nineteenth centu is difficult to convey the exte of Ruskin's proposals." Thes times when the praiseworthy of Mr Sherburne to remind reader of his title, leads to quent reiteration of Ruskin's in abundance.

But it would be unfair to leave impression that this book lacks claims to praise. It is soundly searched, and the text is well mented. There is a wealth of ence to the Romantic poets and some of Ruskin's contemp social critics, and there is an att to establish a pattern in evolution from an art critic to ough-going Utopian scheme advocate of workers' Some of the biographical det clumsily deployed to offer ex ations of Ruskin's outpourings perhaps a more critical apprais Ruskin's concept of abundance w have helped the reader. But the also a sympathy for Ruskin a thinker and as a person, and a b in some of Ruskin's ideals, that m this a fascinating contribution kin scholarship, and to our kn ledge of the attacks upon Vic neo-classicism and conventional torian economic and social doct

POSTAGE: INLAND 5½p ABROAD

Lenin looks beyond politics

ARA DEUTSCHER (Editor):

by Politics Alone: The Other

Allen and Unwin. £3.95 erback, £1.95).

as a pleasant idea to bring her a number of fairly short les and excerpts by and about , which illuminate his thinking subjects other than politics, and incidentally something of his ter and way of life. Tamara scher, as she explains in her ce, has avoided the big sets about Lenin by Krupskaya, ky and Gorky. The selections from the reminiscences of s, besides being less familiar, casual and informal, and frequently quote Lenin's conversation. majority of the passages which up *Not by Politics Alone* are from Lenin's own writings.

ong the so-called "great " of history, those who have d out and dominated the scene e centre of the great historical ing-points, Lenin is unique in ing so few of the traditional al aspects of greatness. Many temporaries (including Stalin, as Deutscher reminds us in her duction) were struck by the nariness of his appearance and iour. He altogether lacked the e with which other leaders of —even revolutionary leaders— invested themselves, and seemed an essential part of greatness. An unaffected sty, not incompatible with gly held, often dogmatic, opinions and beliefs, marked Lenin's al character at every stage of career.

is trait, of course, embodied personalized Lenin's conception e revolution and of the character of the historical period which ht it to birth. "The fundamen ase", he wrote, "of this huge ation of world development e drawing into it of fresh eds and hundreds of millions ople." It was a revolution of ry men in cloth caps identi themselves with an ordinary n a cloth cap as their leader. a new type of revolutionary de and revolutionary symbol But it corresponded to the ing balance of forces in the following the industrial revo and its triumphant expan hrough all the continents.

is significant that Stalin, in his aged and patient effort to up his own personal position, to create for himself an modelled on that of Lenin, ntly stressing his role as the ul disciple of the master, and ing a simplicity of dress and anour and a down-to-earth approach to every problem. It was only when his position had become impregnable that the cult of personality of a type which contrasted with Lenin's in almost every respect at length emerged. The change can no doubt be interpreted in personal and psychological terms. But more important, it typifies the profound erosion of the original ideals and style of the revolution—a process of degeneration to which every revolution is exposed when it becomes an established order, but which was marked, in the aftermath of the Bolshevik Revolution, by unusually insidious survivals and revivals of a politically primitive national tradition.

Not by Politics Alone does not mean "without politics". It would be idle to deny that Lenin saw most of life through the prism of his social and political creed. Next to the passages that illuminate Lenin's personality the most numerous and interesting articles and extracts in Mrs Deutcher's collection relate to his views on art and literature. His taste in these was "extremely orthodox, as if congealed in the nineteenth century". He lacked, in Mrs Deutscher's words, "visual imagination", and seems to have been uninterested in painting or architecture, classical or modern. He was moved by music, but Beethoven is the only great composer of whom he speaks.

One merit of the classical bent of Lenin's aesthetic tastes is that he was unalterably opposed to the enthusiasts of Proletkult, who wanted to reject bourgeois culture in toto, and start afresh with a proletarian culture which owed nothing to its debased predecessor. Lenin, like Trotsky, profoundly admired the great Russian writers of an earlier epoch, and constantly preached the need to learn from them. His approach to the theatre was primarily political: it was "the great agitator, the collective future addressing a collective audience". The reference to the cinema as "the most important of all art forms" was inspired by its mass appeal. The golden age of the Soviet cinema came only after Lenin's death.

Lenin's approach to literature is illustrated in his well-known essay on Herzen and his four essays on Tolstoy, all reprinted in this volume. To pretend that Lenin was blind to the stylistic genius of Herzen or Tolstoy would be absurd; it was this which made them important. But his analysis is entirely social and political. He sets out to rescue Herzen the revolutionary from the picture of Herzen the liberal painted in the contemporary press on the celebration of his centenary in 1912. But Herzen was a revolutionary of 1848 and the father of the Russian *narodniks*; and his views on peasant ownership foreshadow the errors of the Social-Revolutionaries. Herzen at the end of his life broke decisively with Bakunin. But it is less clear than it appeared to Lenin that this represented a move towards the position of Marx.

The essays on Tolstoy, the first written on his eightieth birthday, the other three in quick succession after his death, belong to the same genre. Tolstoy is the mirror of the Russian revolution, but of "a revolution which he obviously failed to understand". His "unsurpassed knowledge of rural Russia, of the mode of life of landlords and peasants", produced "descriptions of this life that are numbered among the best in world literature". But Tolstoy had no positive revolutionary programme for a future society. Tolstoyism, with "the asceticism, the non-resistance to evil, the profound notes of pessimism", was "in its historical context the ideology of an Oriental, an Asiatic order". For Lenin, Tolstoy was a great Russian writer who was at the same time a rebel, a utopian, and a reactionary.

Lenin's most outspoken pronouncement on the political functions of literature was contained in an article of November, 1905, on "Party Organization and Party Literature". This article has often been misinterpreted as a plea for a total political censorship of literature. In 1905 Lenin did not so much as contemplate a situation in which the party would be able to exercise control over non-party literature, whose continued existence he assumed. What he demanded was that party members, when they exercised their literary talent, should write "party literature", meaning literature which was not "an individual undertaking independent of the common cause of the proletariat": "Down with non-partisan writers! Down with literary supermen! Literature must become part of the common cause of the proletariat." Even in the tension of 1905 the claim sounds a shrill note. But it is an expression of the total political commitment which dominated all Lenin's thought and activity.

The selection does not include any of the fairly numerous published letters from Lenin to his family and relations: these are for the most part trivial and unremarkable. But letters printed here to Inessa Armand and to Gorky are unique in the corpus of his extant correspondence by virtue of the strong personal feeling manifested in them. Much rather rash speculation about Lenin's relation with Armand has been built up round the letters to her since their first publications some ten years ago, reinforced by reminiscences at second-hand from Alexandra Kollontai. Whether to read into these letters more than can be found in the texts themselves will probably remain a matter of taste and personal choice.

Lenin's long-established and ambivalent relation with Gorky is better documented. It seems in no way anomalous that he should express deep affection and solicitude in a letter in which he sharply reproached his friend for indulging in "baby-talk" about god-building and "democracy in general". The items in the last section of the volume take us back to the world of politics with the apprehensions expressed by Lenin, in the last weeks of his active life, of a rift in the Old Guard of the party, of bureaucracy, and of "Great Russian Chauvinism". Anything like an adequate biography of Lenin will probably be the task of a still remote future. But this volume of selections, together with Mrs Deutscher's sensitive introduction, should help to correct the rigid lifelessness of current portrayals, friendly and hostile, and carry us some way towards the recognition of Lenin as a human being.

Central Asian attitudes

EDWARD ALLWORTH (Editor):

The Nationality Question in Soviet Central Asia

217pp. Pall Mall. £7.

The subject of *The Nationality Question in Soviet Central Asia* is important, but the book is a hotch-potch of raw material rather than a finished study. It had its origin in a seminar at Columbia University, followed by a conference in New York at which other scholars also took part, and it consists mainly of seminar papers revised in the light of what happened at the conference. An appendix contains "theses" drawn up by the convener, Edward Allworth, who is also the editor, and comments, some of them not more than a single sentence, by other participants at the conference.

Most of the contributors to the symposium have expert knowledge of the subject; many, though not all, of them are familiar with one or more of the Central Asian languages. The questions dealt with are extremely varied, ranging from demography to literature, and including marriage customs and the problems of intermarriage, education and assimilation. Every student of Central Asia will find here some fresh pieces of information, some fresh light on the overall picture of the impact of a powerful world civilization on a group of disparate and relatively primitive peoples at various stages of development, and divided by their own national and social jealousies.

The process which most obviously conflicts with the maintenance of national differences and national attitudes is industrialization. Industry is based on techniques and on capital which, in Central Asia, come from Russia; the language of technology and of technical education is Russian. The Uzbek or Tadzhik factory worker is nearer in his ways of life and thought to the Russian factory worker than to the Uzbek or Tadzhik peasant. Some identification of the national with the primitive and backward is inevitable. The struggle goes on; and the stable point of compromise has probably not yet been reached.

Two words of criticism are perhaps in place. Most (not quite all) of the contributors treat "national consciousness"—a term which naturally crops up again and again throughout the book—as something measurable, comprehensive, and clearly identifiable, something which a group may or may not have. In fact, it is almost infinitely elusive, present for some purposes and not for others, and capable of being split between two competing national entities.

The second criticism relates to the form which this study has taken. A report on a symposium is a lazy form of book-making. The reader, unless he is himself an expert in search of highly specialized contributions, needs a guide through the maze, someone with a clear sense of direction who holds the thread and can present some coherent and comprehensible picture of the scene as a whole. The student who opens this book without much previous knowledge of Central Asia will glean little from it except a mass of disconnected facts and a sense of the immense complexity of the subject.

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COLIN WARD (Editor):

Vandalism

427pp. Architectural Press. £7.50.

A bleak title and a bleak subject, with universal implications in it. For we all have a bit of vandalism, like original sin, lying inside waiting to lash out. That it so often stays dormant or muttering inside is of course subject-matter for quite another book. Even after fifty minutes at the bus stop on an empty stomach and a cold night, most people manage to treat the inanimate signpost and the eventual arrival of the tired bus crew without violence. Yet we all recognize, or should, how the man who punched the glass on the signpost felt; *Vandalism* is partly about that sort of violence. Fewer of us understand how the man who punched the bus-crew felt; but violence towards people is not the book's subject. "Vandalism" is property-damage. All honour to Colin Ward for electing to treat that in its widest sense, from sign-smashing to legalized environment-spoiling, from individual thoughtlessness to corporate mindlessness—the one so often a protest against the other.

First we hear from the sociologists, seven of them in five chapters, starting with a skilful analysis by Stanley Cohen of the mythology and typology of the subject. People tend to react as if no distinctions were to be made, "as if there is a homogeneous vandal type responsible for the whole range of behaviour", when no such overall category exists. The ones who wrench coin boxes from telephone kiosks are not the ones who throw rocks on to railway lines. And vandalism is not at all the sole province of adolescence as some think it. True enough, it meets a need for exciting action where no other exists, yet it is a form of rule-breaking that meets many needs, and attracts just because it is so anonymous. It is often a protest against almighty boredom.

Boredom is one of the fundamental challenges of our time. Not only is life hideously boring for many people, it is seen to be so in the penal brutality of much public housing and private officing (if we may make a word). That brings us to the architects. Three chapters by them are refreshingly specific. (This is, for the most part, a very specific book and so are the illustrations.) Architectural specifics against vandalism are nearly all preventive and defensive. There is no hand-wringing, but three guides in outline-form condense data on materials, spaces, fittings, and finishes versus violent wear-and-tear as garnered by the Building Research Centre and British Standards Institution (Alexander Miller), by a private firm of architects with considerable experience of schools design (Farmer and Dark), and by two young architects while training at Liverpool Polytechnic (Alan Leather and Antony Matthews).

Some arresting propositions emerge. Improving one neighbourhood will not stop vandals coming from worse places next door, so defensive action (more attention to circulation spaces, wall-finishes, pricklier plants, and so on) is still necessary no matter how humane the job in hand (Miller). In schools "the least damage occurs in workshop, science and practical areas where there are in fact the most weapons of destruction" (Farmer and Dark), a lesson in the value of involvement in making things and discovering things for oneself; these architects see a parallel in the low proportion of science students concerned in university riots. "Far too much glazing has been introduced into our buildings during the last generation" (Leather and Matthews): not only rock-throwing but (as has become apparent since this book went to press) a new prevalence of bomb-throwing may shrink our windows down to human size again. And too many dark unsupervised or poorly maintained "circulation areas" are features it should not require defences against vandalism to cure.

Architects have been worrying for years about the design/vandalism relationship. Must vandal-proof buildings look like prisons, and do prison-like buildings induce vandalism? On "Delinquency and Some Aspects of Housing", Gail Armstrong and Mary Wilson, considering the notion that "the built environment" can "structure" social behaviour, observe some aspects of gang life in the Easterhouse area of Glasgow, a housing estate of the 1950s with minimal shopping and social facilities, poor standards of construction and maintenance, and a bad public reputation for gang violence erupting from games in the streets. But architects, surely, had only a limited part in making that happen. Inevitably the next section of the book is about planners and developers, "vandals with power". A fine sharp pair of chapters, those, complete with Horrific Examples of humane old neighbourhoods lost, and illustrations assembled by Dan Cruickshank, who, with Mr Ward, shows that environmental change is never simple. We don't know what Baron Haussmann's urban renewal did for the schizophrenia rate of mid-nineteenth-century Paris, only that during redevelopment central Liverpool's has become the highest in the country.

Mr Ward is determined to make the point that only one social class suffers from planning-vandalism's sins of commission and omission: motorways plough through the cheapest property, the professional classes don't live in Category-D mining villages, Aberfan was not a commuters' village, [illegible] was not a luxury block. [illegible] commuters work in soulless blocks and travel in [illegible] conditions.) The point, [illegible] is made: the districts [illegible] run down or to be ruthless[illegible] are most likely to be [illegible] juvenile vandalism. "Th[illegible] have eaten sour grapes [illegible] children's teeth are set on [illegible]

Finally, what to do abo[illegible] the preventive, defensive, [illegible] reactions are sceptically [illegible] for what they are—[illegible] superficial measures tha[illegible] real deficiencies in educa[illegible] employment. Vandalism, [illegible] says, is itself a solution, [illegible] incoherent solution tha[illegible] must try to understand. [illegible] tion as misplaced creati[illegible] message that artists, at [illegible] can understand.) A "co[illegible] involvement" programme [illegible] pool is then reported on [illegible] Pullen, and at last some [illegible] emerges. Participation, [illegible] slightly suggested here a[illegible] earlier in the book, is the [illegible] communal solution, the re[illegible] been waiting for. If a n[illegible] hood in central Liverpool [illegible] some sort of stable co[illegible] however physically deteriora[illegible] lacking in communal faci[illegible] working combination of [illegible] Corporation people could [illegible] found, make and defend the[illegible] desperately needed amenitie[illegible] begin "to turn the despair [illegible] the residents and the profe[illegible] into an attitude of hope [illegible] future". That programme [illegible] partnership of local enter[illegible] local tangible projects, cu[illegible] described in mid-passage, [illegible] only really hopeful part [illegible] book.

Mr Ward in his con[illegible] "notes on the future of van[illegible] deals with that element in [illegible] sentence: "The missing [illegible] element is the politics of [illegible] tion." He sees hope in [illegible] more abstract and theoretic[illegible] missing cultural element is [illegible] thetic of 'loose parts' [illegible] Nicholson's theory that in [illegible] ronment inventiveness and [illegible] ity are "directly proportional [illegible] number and kind of varia[illegible] it". Cultural elitism, creati[illegible] for the gifted few, means [illegible] Rest must live in an env[illegible] they cannot themselves ma[illegible] Therefore the destructive [illegible] the vandal is indeed a [illegible] form of creativity, and to [illegible] ment of "loose ends, loose [illegible] alternative uses, and [illegible] could be one in which the [illegible] all of us would be transm[illegible] the creator in all of us [illegible] children". So Mr Ward end[illegible] thoughtful book. For one [illegible] stresses too little the [illegible] creators, like children, can [illegible] ish. Both in the vandalism [illegible] and in the self-absorption [illegible] tion, what Richard Titmuss [illegible] the gift-relationship is [illegible] Participation is not just po[illegible] this practical book has [illegible] loose. Opinions will differ [illegible] sort of writer should have [illegible] asked to drive in the point [illegible] variable.

Victorian skylines

JOHN PHYSICK and MICHAEL DARBY:

Marble Halls

220pp including 152 illustrations. Victoria and Albert Museum. Paperback, £2.70.

It has become the practice in recent years to compel visitors to exhibitions to purchase weighty and expensive catalogues as the only way of obtaining the information needed to understand them—unless a handlist is also available, which is not often the case. The exhibition-visitor's loss, however, is the devotee's and the student's gain; for many such catalogues, besides being lavishly illustrated, provide full scholarly and background information and are in fact reference books of permanent value.

Marble Halls is such a book. It appeared as the catalogue of the exhibition of that name shown at the Victoria and Albert Museum from August to October, 1973—where, incidentally, though there was no handlist, the exhibits were at least labelled. Its subtitle is "Drawings and Models for Victorian Secular Buildings", and it is a rich and catholic conspectus of the non-ecclesiastical arcitecture of the period.

Its limitations as a reference book must be recognized. The buildings included are those of which contemporary drawings or models were available, which precludes it from being a balanced survey. Some of the buildings cannot now be identified, many were never built, and it is a defect of the catalogue that only in a few instances is it stated whether the building illustrated, if built, survives. Whereas the exhibition contained drawings and models only, the catalogue adds a number of photographs.

Some of the drawings are superb examples of the architectural draughtsman's art, which has its own conventions and techniques and is not to be judged by the criteria of watercolour painting. Some depict scenes of social as well as architectural interest, like Axel Haig's enormous drawing of F. W. Stevens's design of 1878—a spectacular blend of Venetian Gothic and Indian Saracenic—for the Bombay, Baroda and Central India Railway Administrative Offices in Bombay, since familiar as the Victoria Terminus and still happily standing, or like Owen Jones's scheme of 1850 for the internal decoration of the Crystal Palace.

These, mostly highly finished, architectural drawings were produced to serve a number of distinct purposes, which accounts for their wide range of style and technique: to impress the client, or at least to gain his approval of the design; to instruct the builder; for exhibition at the Royal Academy or elsewhere; to win a competition. Some interesting drawings depict designs that *failed* to win one of the famous nineteenth-century architectural competitions: designs for the Natural History Museum, South Kensington (1864) by "Greek" Thomson, for the Law Courts (1866) by Alfred Waterhouse and for the Government Offices in Whitehall (1857) by James Fergusson.

The drawings are grouped according to the type of building: country houses, civic buildings, museums and libraries, commercial buildings, railway buildings and so on. The notes by John Physick and Michael Darby are impeccable and are clearly the fruit of wide reading and research.

Building the present

CHARLES JENCKS:

Modern Movements in Architecture

432pp including 223 illustrations. Penguin. Paperback, £1.50.

Charles Jencks pursues his way over well-trodden ground with all the energy and elaboration of someone hacking a path through virgin jungle. He has read all the books and followed every newly publicized architectural trend since the 1920s in Europe and America and the 1960s in Japan. His book includes a remarkable amount of detail and is therefore an impressive compilation, but of ideas that have already had plenty of airing, mostly from their inventors and from those who believe that novelty equals progress.

Mr Jencks's aim is nevertheless more serious than that of the fashion-mongers. But seriousness means not taking the latter at their own valuation. It also means, in our day, not restricting discussion to architectural philosophy and aesthetics. The "modern movement", and everything that cliché of the 1930s implies, was once a valid subject for debate; but it needs a wider perspective now, which explains the somewhat dated character of Mr Jencks's performance. Even in the 1930s the social implications of architectural theory were not wholly ignored, but Mr Jencks seems little interested in anything outside appearances, for example, in whether a building shows itself satisfactorily to serve the purpose for which it was designed or in matters of use, wear and situation. He writes as though every building was invisible from every other and was always brand new.

The flavour of failure

[illegible]LLIAM TREVOR:

[illegible]abeth Alone

[illegible]pp. Bodley Head. £2.50.

[illegible]abeth *Alone* is William Trevor's [illegible] novel, and it now becomes [illegible] that the territory and the [illegible]hods of this enormously talented [illegible] entertaining writer are unlikely [illegible] change. While not leaving his [illegible]ders with any sense of repetition, [illegible] Trevor here once again introduces them, through the medium of [illegible] central character, to a world of [illegible]ple whose very ordinariness is [illegible]ir oddity. Characters reduced to [illegible]lity by appalling parents, blighted school careers, or crucial mis[illegible]tunes, enact, in interplay with [illegible] another, a series of farcical [illegible]idents which are at once [illegible]premely grotesque and convin[illegible]gly real. For all the peculiarity of [illegible] people and their day-to-day exis[illegible]ces, nothing in Mr Trevor's new [illegible]el is inherently unlikely: the [illegible]cise location of the story (as often [illegible]fore) in a real area of south-west [illegible]don he knows well, enhances the [illegible]dibility and one may add that [illegible] amazing expedition of his pub[illegible]ers in giving us, in October, a [illegible]el carrying authentic newspaper [illegible]ries from late May increases the [illegible] of veracity.

[illegible]The question one asks, acknow[illegible]ging the skill with which Mr [illegible]evor conjures up variations on [illegible]rious themes, is, has he simply—[illegible] again—done a little better, [illegible]n, than before, with *Elizabeth* [illegible]*ne*? The answer is that he has [illegible]e that, certainly; but has done [illegible] in a different way. The difference [illegible] in an increasing concern to [illegible]opt an unobtrusive viewpoint [illegible]h the characters he has created: [illegible]r pathos cannot be merely indef[illegible]ely funny—it must be given [illegible]e dignity, treated with care.

[illegible]lizabeth Aidallberry is forty-one [illegible] divorced from her scholar hus[illegible]d of fifty-four (this marriage [illegible]kground is sketchily done and [illegible] of the few weak elements in the [illegible]el). Arriving at a women's hospital to undergo a hysterectomy, she [illegible]s three fellow-patients in the [illegible]ll ward, two young and one old. [illegible] Drucker, pregnant, has been [illegible]ght in months early to stave off [illegible] another miscarriage; Sylvie Clapper, engaged to a dubious Irish boy friend, Declan, is another hysterectomy case; the elderly Miss Samson, religious and smiling, with a birthmark that has gruesomely disfigured her face, is a third. The novel follows the three surgical cases into their operations, through their alarming post-anaesthetic dreams and fantasies, and into convalescence. A dreadful, and dreadfully credible, hospital staff see them through: all sharply individual people in the best Trevor fashion, from the surgeon Mr Alstrop-Smith, who can only bear to wield the knife if he methodically runs through continental rail timetables in his mind, to the two hall-porters mulling over the newspapers in their cubby-hole downstairs.

Meanwhile, outside the hospital, the families and friends of the four patients adjust to the gaps left by their absence. Lily's husband, Kenneth, struggles with the overwhelming mother who has almost ruined his life, including his marriage. Sylvie's Declan falls into debt and resorts to complex, underhand methods to get out of it. Miss Samson's boarding-house residents plan a Bexhill holiday for her when she is better. Elizabeth herself leaves a family in disarray: her ex-husband, uninterested, discovering a new partner in Aberdeen, her eldest daughter quitting A levels to enter a commune, her two younger girls running almost wild with an elderly foreign child-minder. There is a childhood friend, Henry, who wants to marry Elizabeth. Henry is one of Mr Trevor's most triumphant comic inventions, a piercingly credible failure whose life trundles rapidly downhill despite all his efforts to save it.

The characters, the settings, the abundance of extraordinary incident, the skilful interlocking of one sub-plot with another, the ease with which he brings it all to a believable culmination—these are the hallmarks of Mr Trevor's talent, present in all his other novels. The social and psychological fabric of human failure, which he handles with such accuracy and understanding, is not a new thing either; indeed, it recurs here in some of the same forms as before: the derelicts and villains from Irish Catholic backgrounds, the sad products of pretentious schools, the awful children and teenagers, the elderly poor wrapt in self-delusion. The new dimension—and it makes *Elizabeth Alone* both a more substantial and a more disturbing novel than Mr Trevor's other panoramas of tragi-comedy—is provided by the viewpoint which the author now feels he must take. Cruel comedy must be dismissive in human terms. Mr Trevor has been ghastly enough, but rarely cruel. The end of *Elizabeth Alone* suggests a tentative answer to a self-posed question: What is all this human ridiculousness ultimately *about*? Writers less penetrating, less clearly sympathetic in their view of comedy than Mr Trevor, would not bother to ask it.

Mr Trevor's answer is that it is about the possibility of compassion. The religious Miss Samson, in hospital for hysterectomy with Elizabeth, virtually loses her religious faith when she discovers that the last diary of the man she secretly loved revealed that he had lost his. In a serious (and risky—because seriousness is invariably risky for the comic writer) scene towards the end of the book, Miss Samson suddenly persuades Elizabeth that, even in a godless world—or more so in a godless world—caring is essential. The result is that Elizabeth finds it possible to go on with life alone, and endure: the solitude (which maddens or destroys so many of Mr Trevor's ostensibly comic characters) is faceable.

This is a comparatively unspectacular sort of affirmation; but any kind of affirmation at all is difficult for a writer of novels like Mr Trevor's to bring off. His ability to carry it here, and make it unquestionably convincing, derives from the authority he has built up, as a writer, out of the sheer, detailed understanding of the characters he creates. Their extreme, comic and pathetic, realism seems to have obliged him to have an attitude towards them more carefully meditated than an easy, magisterial condescension. The stance of compassion which is adopted finally in *Elizabeth Alone* can now be seen to be implicit in all Mr Trevor's best work. It gives him a place as a writer capable of handling the human comedy instead of merely manipulating comic human beings.

Nasty, brutish, and short

[illegible]MAS KENEALLY:

[illegible] Larks and Heroes

[illegible]pp. Quartet. £2.50 (paperback, [illegible]5).

[illegible]cording to its dust-jacket, *Bring* [illegible]*ks and Heroes* was hailed on its [illegible]pearance in 1967 by *The Austra*[illegible] as "the long-sought Great [illegible]stralian novel". Whatever quali[illegible]tions this accolade demands, it is [illegible] doubtful that Thomas [illegible]eally's book is great. It is pas[illegible]nate and fluent. The author's [illegible]proach to language is aggressively [illegible]termined. But the result is un[illegible]en and, for a medium-length novel, [illegible]ly diffuse.

[illegible] the wretched conditions of a [illegible] Pacific penal colony of the [illegible] eighteenth century, pretty [illegible] every prospect displeases and, [illegible]rmore, man (especially man [illegible] the rank of corporal) is invari[illegible] vile. A good Irish soldier, whose [illegible] flaw seems to be political [illegible]thy, is persuaded by a sequence [illegible] horrific events and the insistence [illegible] a free-thinking felon to abandon [illegible] neutral opinions. Deeply in love [illegible] an equally good Irish servant[illegible] he is manoeuvred into involving [illegible] in his act of rebellion. An [illegible]complice gives them away under [illegible]ture, and they are hanged.

[illegible]These two characters, Phelim Hal[illegible] and Ann Rush, are well-drawn, [illegible]-dimensional, entirely sympa[illegible]tic people, but Hearn, the radical [illegible], is by no means on the page the [illegible]ering gale of conscience that Mr [illegible]eally must have intended, and it [illegible]therefore surprising that someone [illegible] Halloran's general awareness should have been taken over by him. Other less central characters, Ewers, a felon artist, Quinn, a sadly wronged prisoner, and Byrne, the yokel private of Marines, are well handled and take adequate shape, but the unrelenting moral squalor of the respectable settlers works against the author. No doubt there were many brutish, stupid, sadistic, depraved and priapic people among the l dies, officers and gentlemen in such early settlements: nevertheless, viciousness as a way of life was surely not quite so uniform.

Mr Keneally creates one particularly hideous place—a hospital where inhumanity screeches stridently in an act of public copulation and the terrible suffering of a flayed young man. The early part of the novel has other moments of horrified eloquence which arouse real anger and a tragic sense of fear. But the preacher takes over from the novelist: as the story progresses, the utter absence of virtue of anyone vaguely connected with authority is underscored by fairly routine left-wing polemic, a homily that smells less of the Pacific bush than the activist garden-suburb.

Mr Keneally writes brilliantly but he does not organize his material well, either in the novel taken as a whole or in the smaller units of paragraph and sentence. His narrative shifts in and out of character, abruptly: at one moment a character is being lyrical or reflective or ironic, at the next the author is editorializing in the same, or a different vein. The narrative also changes focus when there is an episode outside the immediate experience of Halloran. Such episodes are relevant and other devices to incorporate them in the main line of narrative would doubtless be cumbersome; but Balzacian omniscience requires Balzacian authority and technique.

Perhaps it is Mr Keneally's very brilliance, his abundance of ideas and facility with words that suggests self-indulgence. Good phrases—and there are scores of them—seem to go down regardless of their aptness in context. And there are several horrors: "It was such a savoury thing to be a poet. It sidestepped mortality so deftly you could hug yourself", remarks the simple Corporal Halloran; or again: "When he woke at last, his eyes explored the hut with the inevitable foxiness of a man who thinks he may have woken up dead." Some of the consciously fine writing is fine in spite of itself; the rest is consciously fine.

Most of Mr Keneally's faults would have been excusable in a first novel; *Bring Larks and Heroes* is his seventh. Treated with more austerity and discipline, it might certainly have been a very considerable novel.

The excellent reprint series from Peter Davies offers in attractive format one of Alfred Duggan's best Roman novels, *Family Favourites* (280pp. £2.50). The narrator is a shrewd old sweat of the Praetorians, charmed against his better judgment by the freakish boy-emperor Elagabalus. The perverse but light hearted orgies of his four-year reign are crisply retailed by his loyal bodyguard. A lively portrait of one of history's great eccentrics, a valuable glimpse of falling-ripe Rome; and all magnificent entertainment.

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The beaver and the elephant

BY TONY KILGALLIN

When Prime Minister Trudeau remarked that living next to the United States was in some ways like sleeping with an elephant he was travelling a well-beaten path. As early as 1839 Captain Marryat's *Diary in America with Remarks on its Institutions* chronicled one major distinction between life in Buffalo and Toronto, towns only a hundred miles apart:

> The minute you put your foot on shore, you feel that you are no longer in the United States; you are at once struck with the difference between the English and the American population, systems, and ideas. . . . The Englishman builds his house and furnishes his store according to his means and fair expectations of being able to meet his acceptances. If an American has money sufficient to build a two-storey house, he will raise it up to four storeys on speculation.

It is the beaver's relationship to the elephant and the resulting questions of identity that are the general concerns of this essay.

Although *The History of Emily Montague* by Frances Brooke was written as early as 1769, there were no nineteenth-century Canadian works in any way equivalent to *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *The Scarlet Letter* or *Moby Dick*. In fact, few novels before Sarah Jeanette Duncan's *The Imperialist* (1904) can be reread seriously by other than the most hardened of literary historians. Until the Statute of Westminster granted Canada autonomy in 1931 the strictures of British and American paramountcy forced Canada to import culture as rapidly as she exported raw materials. Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, Galsworthy, Cooper, Poe, Bret Harte and Twain were the main cultural staples. Homegrown entertainments stemming from Scott, Dumas and Hugo made the slow progression from romance to realism seem to take forever. To note that Ralph Connor's *Black Rock*, Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* and James's *Turn of the Screw* were all published in 1898 may seem arbitrarily sadistic, but it clearly indicates disproportionate artistic accomplishments. Yet to anticipate more from the thirty-one-year-old country which Dickens, Trollope, Whitman and Rupert Brooke all found as exciting as Livingstone's Congo would be to expect Virginia Woolf to spring from third-generation Botany Bay parents. Instead, when three novels did gain readers outside Canada it was because they reminded the newly-civilized city dwellers of wilderness. Louis Hémon's *Maria Chapdelaine* (1921), Martha Ostenso's *Wild Geese* (1925), and Mazo de la Roche's *Jalna* (1927) depicted New World scenarios with overtones by Meredith. American and English readers alike were provided with a rear-view window into the nineteenth century.

Morley Callaghan and Frederick Grove were the first authors to achieve an *oeuvre*. Callaghan succeeded to the extent that the Nobel Prizewinner Sinclair Lewis cited him as a better successor than Hemingway, while Edmund Wilson ranked him with Chekhov. Grove, according to one biographer, "thought he could be for Canadian literature the Emerson and the Thoreau" and consequently failed; ironically, the same critic once wrote that "Canadian fiction has a way of cutting your expectation down till you're willing to settle for anything". Certainly until World War Two, with the exceptions of Callaghan and Grove, Canadian fiction did live down to Northrop Frye's contention that Canadian writing was still colonial in style and content.

Three very different novels in the 1940s marked the beginning of the end of colonialism. *As For Me and My House* (1941) by Sinclair Ross is a deterministic study of Puritan alienation in the Prairie town of Horizon. Unfortunately, the thirty-three-year-old author was sufficiently ignored for most of his life that after forty-four years serving the Royal Bank of Canada he left his land of exile for the warmth of Greece and Spain. *Under the Volcano* (1947) attempted to answer a question Lowry had posed to his parents when he first came to the northern Paradise of British Columbia in 1939: "Who knows but that I might not become a Canadian Ibsen or Dostoievsky? They certainly need one. They haven't got any writers at all: they all become Americans if they do well." Lowry was similarly ignored, but in 1949 he wrote of Earle Birney's picaresque war novel *Turvey*:

> . . . unexpectedly, silently, and from a strange source, a classic has burst into our midst. All the Canadian characters, bad or good as they happen to be, all seem to add up to Turvey. Which is another way of saying that they add up to Canada, adolescent, energetic, large, loutish, noisy, good hearted, anxious to please, eternally hopeful, and eternally put upon.

Obviously a Canadian clerisy did not yet exist. Ernest Buckler was acclaimed in New York for *The Mountain and the Valley* (1952), but back home in Nova Scotia he was just another farmer. It would be still another fourteen years before even the University of Toronto would offer Canadian Literature in the English Honours course, and then only after a very bloody battle. In 1955 the experienced novelist Hugh MacLennan, forty-eight, wrote to a twenty-one-year-old amateur who was stifled by heading Greenwich Village rhythms in the heart of cold Montreal:

> You have the two rare gifts of rhythm and naked feeling and as you know, the latter is both painful and priceless. It is also so rare these days that those who lack it will try to destroy it in you. . . . If you write a lot, much of what you do will be bad but the good stuff will come out and that's all that counts. At least half of Shakespeare is fustian, after all. . . . I do have a feeling that a brighter day, a singing day, must come if there is to be any future at all. . . . Go ahead and keep on writing and never be afraid to be yourself no matter what the clever people tell you. . . . I do know you have a rare gift for language, movement and sensibility.

Leonard Cohen kept writing well, all the way through to *Beautiful Losers* a decade later. The same year, 1966, Nicholas Monsarrat was asked, "Do Canadians treat writers well?" He replied, "Oh no, that's one of the best things about it . . . they're almost totally ignored, which is just to my taste. Canada cannot miss, unless it falls apart by self-questioning."

The virtues of silence, exile and cunning proved as useful for Brian Moore's brilliant study of *The Lonely Passion of Miss Judith Hearne* (1955) as they had been for Joyce in Paris. Canada was still the New World from which Ireland was clearly visible. By 1959 three more outstanding novels, *The Double Hook* by Sheila Watson, *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* by Mordecai Richler, and *Green Water, Green Sky* by Mavis Gallant appeared, but their readership was still minimal. Robertson Davies, who has studied the habits of Canadian readers for more than twenty-five years, and who is also the author of *Fifth Business* (1970), has pinned down a succinct diagnosis: "We're great withholders, Canadians." This attitude is partly linked to an inferiority complex, but it is also rooted in Murray's observation that the Canadian builds *emotionally* only according to his fair expectations; in other words he obeys a single demand-supply economics. Like the beaver the Canadian bewares of being obtrusive. He camouflages well his extraordinary talents in a country where more than 23 million people fill only 7 per cent of its area, and yet where more than 80 per cent of the population is located within 200 miles of the American border. Naturally, for Davies, "The two great Canadian dramatists are Chekhov and Ibsen".

Frye and McLuhan have additional theories as to Canada's true identity:

> Canadian literature . . . seems constantly to be trying to understand something that eludes it, frustrated by a sense that there is something to be found that has not been found, something to be heard that the world is too noisy to let us hear. One of the derivations proposed for the word Canada is a Portuguese phrase meaning "nobody here". The etymology of the word Utopia is very similar, and perhaps the real Canada is an ideal with nobody in it. The Canada to which we really do owe loyalty is the Canada we have failed to create. . . . I should like to suggest that our identity, like the real identity of all nations, is the one that we have failed to achieve. (Frye)

> You can be a French Canadian or an English Canadian but not a Canadian. We know how to live without an identity, and this is one of our marvellous resources. The unity of man is truth. . . . Private identity becomes a meaningless burden in a world when you are totally involved with everyone else. This has happened in the USA. It has not happened in Canada because we have no goals, no commitments. Here is Utopia. We never had the bloodbath necessary to cement a national image. This is a tremendous advantage in the new global theatre—we can play any role we choose. We're not hung-up. So far we've had the advantage of dabbling in identities of being an actor in British, American and French identities. Now we can dabble even further afield. (McLuhan)

On the one side the "national gallery" of national identity; on the other literary nationalism. Spatially macroscopic, socially microscopic, Canada the unobtrusive beaver is often second to be first. At the close of a recent literary luncheon for a British editor the waiter inquired routinely as to brandy. After nine denials one critic ventured a slow yes. A second inquiry saw every abstainer sheepishly converted. The editor raised a toast: "*None* I understand Canadian publishing. Once somebody starts, everybody follows."

The absence of greatness

But the flexible joys of an amorphous identity can also be viewed as drawbacks. As recently as the late 1950s Claude Bissell could write: "The contemporary Canadian novel does not have the intellectual hardness and sophistication of the English, nor the sheer staying power, the exuberance, and the imaginative boldness of the American, nor the rich national flavour of the Australian novel." Similarly, Frye has made the valid contention that: "There is no Canadian writer of whom we can say as of the world's major writers, that their readers can grow up inside their work without ever being aware of a circumference." This absence of greatness often leads to futile pleas for the Great Canadian Novelist as in a recent demand by a Vancouver novelist that: "If we're ever going to get anywhere in this country we need the big books—we've got to have our own Melville, our own Tolstoy, by God our own Proust." The voice of the elephant speaks from the land of the beaver. Forgotten is the truth that it is precisely the unpredictability of literature that permits every novelist a chance in the pantheon.

Two almost simultaneous occurrences may illustrate this further. First, the murder of twenty-eight-year-old Harold Sonny Ladoo in his native Trinidad while researching materials for a sequence of novels to follow *No Pain Like This Body* (1972). He had planned a vast saga of West Indian life running from the early years of twentieth-century Trinidad to the 1970s in Toronto. Only fragments of the saga remain, apart from the second novel, *Yesterdays*, prepared for publication prior to Ladoo's departure. Second, the discovery of *Weeds* under the ironic newspaper caption, "TORONTO WOMAN'S BOOK WAS A SUPERB NOVEL, U.S. PROFESSOR SAYS". Published in 1932 by Edith Kelley, a graduate of the University of Toronto, secretary to Upton Sinclair and onetime fiancée of Sinclair Lewis, the novel was praised by an academic authority on Hemingway and Fitzgerald: "When I read *Weeds*, I was convinced I had stumbled on a superb forgotten novel. By any test, it was first-rate: perfectly controlled, accurately observed and carefully written." This discovery counterpoints ironically a statement of Lowry's shortly before his death: "I had a definite conviction—maybe not so childish—to contribute something to literature, and I wrote a book, *Under the Volcano*, which has come fairly well known, I suppose people seem to think I was an American."

The serious novelists of the [illegible] let their writings be their [illegible]. Norman Levine, Mavis Gallant, Brian Moore, Mordecai Richler, Hugh MacLennan, Laurence, Marie-Claire Blais, Leonard Cohen, writer remained a beaver at work, but his reputation grew accordingly. Levine is translated by Böll, Gallant has written for the New Yorker for over a decade, [illegible] *Catholics* will probably [illegible] many years as one of the finest novellas of our day. Richler's [illegible] for satirical remorse, Laurence's [illegible] for character, and Blais's [illegible] appetite for the terrors of [illegible] are all superb. Younger writers such as Dave Godfrey (*The New Ancestors*, 1970), Richard Wiebe (*The Weekend Man*, 1970), Fred Kroetsch (*The Studhorse Man*, 1969) have made major contributions to their professionalism as [illegible]. Each knows well the "[illegible] promise" alive and thriving particularly in the English Department of most Canadian universities. The novelist is foolish enough to [illegible] survival just from university [illegible] yet English departments [illegible] operates on an annual budget of [illegible] over a million dollars in salaries while simultaneously giving [illegible] taken credence to Canadian writing. Instead, there are the hacks on salaried graduate courses [illegible] way and Cowardice, Melville's Heroism, Conrad's Content, Pantheism and Raphael's Beauty. Canadian Studies are neatly [illegible] and slotted behind American, European, and British "offerings" as one of the major American professors conceded, "I teach Negro novels, I teach Canadian novels". The Creative Writing Department is now [illegible] from the English Department. Berlin Wall; live novelists are trespassing are shot on sight, anthologized while their poems are purchased for "y" dollars per foot to food exegetes. Less serious from elephantiasis, there is the [illegible] factor of the contrasting [illegible] of Toronto where Whitman's residence such as Earle Birney, Margaret Laurence, Jack Ludwig, Margaret Atwood have aided budding novelists with their counsel.

The future of the novel in [illegible] has an unlimited potential [illegible] languages. The absent century [illegible] century has been replaced by [illegible] readership who gain in [illegible] ment what they deprive the [illegible] of in royalties from [illegible]. Through organizations like [illegible] *Canada*, such journals as *Canadian Literature* (which under the [illegible] ship of George Woodcock has [illegible] singlehandedly accounted for [illegible] majority of scholarship in Canadian fiction), *The Journal of Canadian Fiction*, *Canadian Fiction* and the incomparable Canada Council, [illegible] longer is it a Canadian novelist's ordeal "to live with [illegible] eternally in retrograde", as [illegible] did. Instead, the prophecy of "There will never be a Canadian literature until Canadians [illegible] the delusion that there ever can be such a thing as 'Canadian literature'" has finally come true.

Once there was less to [illegible] than met the eye; today the reverse is true. For, while the United States does own more than half of Canada's industries, it is still Canada's [illegible] gas and oil that are [illegible] bananas to the ever-voracious [illegible]. When James M. Jones entitled his book of [illegible] reminiscences *Who's Your Friend?* he was still referring to [illegible] definition by opposition. [illegible] made the Canadian novel [illegible] able to our autonomy as [illegible] resource. Where once [illegible] tion of *Beautiful Losers* [illegible] American partnership [illegible] Canadian book could appear [illegible] government assistance stands [illegible] and with the publishing [illegible]. Where less than a decade [illegible] publishing firms were Canadian [illegible] origin, now the establishment [illegible] firms reveals a welcome [illegible] founded on means, especially [illegible] speculation. More series [illegible] needed, in particular a [illegible] medium for book reviews. [illegible] motto could well be "The price of non-vigilance is an elephant in the yard".

Tony Kilgallin is editor of [illegible] Canadian Short Story" (1973), [illegible] author of "Leacock" (1970), [illegible] currently writing a full-length critical assessment of the Canadian novel.

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Cross sections of society

IAN GREIG:

Subversion: Propaganda, Agitation and the spread of People's War

201pp. Tom Stacey. £2.80.

Certain subjects inspire second-rate books as surely as lights attract moths. Modern studies of subversion are almost uniformly shallow, whether published in England, France, Germany or the United States. There is a steady stream of the literature, all of it proving that uprising in country X was fomented in country Y, that the sole purpose and raison d'être of state Z is to conquer the rest of the world by subversion.

There is a real subject here. Subversion of one kind or another is often attempted, and does sometimes influence events. But Ian Greig fails to cast away the sins of his intellectual forefathers. There are two principal sins: the comparative neglect of subversion from what can broadly be termed the political right; and the lack of attention to the great wealth of literature and data which help to explain the motives of alleged subversives and, more importantly, the actual significance of subversion as a component of modern upheavals.

The theme of the book is straightforward: that towards the end of the nineteenth century

> a new breed of clear-thinking revolutionary tactician began to emerge, capable of reducing the process to an exact art, whereby repeatedly within the last sixty years or so originally tiny bodies of ruthless men have been able to overturn existing regimes and to impose their will upon the people of great or small states, democratic or non-democratic alike; or to reduce entire nations to long periods of turmoil.

This is all familiar stuff, and not necessarily either untrue or contemptible for that. It is what is said in support of this basic contention that is the acid test by which the book must be judged. And here the analysis is weak. There are plenty of facts—from Lenin's sealed train to the discovery of Russian anti-tank rockets in Northern Ireland. Mr Greig has produced much evidence of the similarities between Fascist and Communist tactics, and he does demonstrate the complexity of the international connexions of many revolutionary movements. But he is not a very sound *maître à penser* in the field.

How does one decide, for example, whether Mr Greig's "new breed of revolutionary tactician" really does have an "exact art", whatever that is? A book making this claim, and covering the events of the twentieth century, should surely make some serious examination of the Comintern, which between 1919 and 1943 devoted its best efforts to what Mr Greig would call subversion. Histories of Comintern activities in various fields are available—some of them very detailed—but there is no reference to them here. Perhaps that is because these studies indicate, on the whole, that even the new breed of revolutionary tactician could get things terribly wrong at times, and could fail in his plans as often as he succeeded.

Nor does Mr Greig tackle the question of subversion which backfires. It is perhaps doubtful whether it was really in Germany's long-term interests to send Lenin in his sealed train to Russia; it is certainly doubtful whether the Russian leaders regard with unalloyed enthusiasm the present results of their past support of such subversives as Josip Broz Tito, Mao Tse-tung or Ho Chi Minh. Mr Greig writes as if subversion were still the route to world conquest. After their experiences, the Russians might not see it quite that way. This is not to suggest that they have abandoned subversion—of course they have not—but it does suggest that their attitude to it may be more qualified, even ambiguous, than this book would lead one to believe.

On Vietnam Mr Greig is particularly weak. He offers some facts about Communist subversion and violence there, but his condemnation of such activities would have more force if he could show some understanding of the context in which it all occurred: more than twenty years of wars which had been outstandingly bloody on all sides. It is at least possible to argue a case as simplistic as Mr Greig's, but diametrically opposite: that it was French rule which enabled "tiny bodies of ruthless men" to overturn existing regimes, and which also reduced an entire nation to a long period of turmoil. And it was certainly the French who, by clamping down on nationalist agitation, encouraged the continuation and growth of secret societies—of which the Viet Minh was the prime example.

The whole field of right wing subversion gets rather little attention. Thus, while there is much on the alleged role of such Communist organizations as the World Federation of Democratic Youth in fomenting dissent against the American involvement in Vietnam, there is nothing on right-wing forces in Greece in 1967 subverting the constitution. While there is reference to Communist attempts to promote chaos in accord with the principle, "The worse things are, the better", there is nothing on the exactly parallel capitalist attempts in various countries, the latest and clearest example having been in Chile, as revealed by the ITT papers published in March 1972. One would not guess from Mr Greig's book that some of the European governments most obsessively preoccupied by threats of subversion are those of Eastern Europe. In Poland a year or two ago a book on subversion was published, in some ways rather similar to Mr Greig's, but assuming throughout, of course, that the only subversives in the world were reactionaries of one kind or another.

Neglecting the right hand side of the subject results not merely in an imbalance of facts, but also in a serious lack of intellectual perspective. For an important dimension of the whole business is the mutual competition between subverters of the left and of the right. The threat of left-wing subversion is often used by the right as a justification of extreme action of an illegal, unconstitutional, or unethical character; and vice versa. Thus even books about subversion, where they are of a one-[sid]ed character, can be subversive, if not in intention, then at least in their effects. In fairness, one should state that Mr Greig provides little justification for extreme draconian measures:

> The answer can only lie in the combination of a programme of social advance with the introduction of measures which ... "repressive" in the ... brutal or harsh, give ... pause for reflection ... but steadily growing ... believe that the short ... effective road to power ... through the ballot box ... the bomb and bullet.

Even if one maintains ... scepticism about his ... terpreting them, one might ... Greig's book for its facts ... too there is much ... cism. Moscow's Radio ... Progress is in one ... Radio Peace and Freedom ... West German magazine ... rendered as *Konrat*. ... are persistently mis-spelled ... ing those of Adam Ulam, ... Kedward, and Robert ... date of the Cameron ... Northern Ireland is given ... All in all, a lightweight ... tory study of a subject ... do with some more solid ...

What, and what for?

MAHDI ELMANDJRA:

The United Nations System
An Analysis

368pp. Faber and Faber. £6.

Although there are countless books on the United Nations, certain basic questions remain without any satisfactory answer. Mahdi Elmandjra, formerly a senior official of the organization, addresses himself to two of them: What is it? And what is it for? He deliberately does not raise the question, what use is it? The answer to that would involve a value-judgment, which he eschews with the well-disciplined determination of a trained sociologist. Besides, as he knows, most of those who raise that question intend to imply that the answer is negative, and are not really asking a question at all.

Mr Elmandjra's answers to his own questions are, in the end, clear and simple. But on the way to them he leads his readers through a sociological analysis of rigorous thoroughness, lightened only by the knowledge that its complexities are based on personal experience and not pure theory. Indeed, his primary object is to show how the actual structure of the organization has departed from the constitutional theories of its founders. Each section of it has taken on a more or less vigorous life of its own, which he calls a process of "segmentation". As a result, enormous labours have to be devoted to coordination, and to studying how to improve coordination. This has led, as Mr Elmandjra is not the first to lament, "to an innumerable number of resolutions calling for studies and management surveys, as well as for the creation of a sizable number of intergovernmental advisory organs and ad hoc committees, not to mention the committees of experts and teams of consultants in addition to the numerous intersecretariat bodies".

Undismayed, Mr Elmandjra sets out to chart the jungle with methodical patience. His central chapters combine the merits of a factual guidebook with an informed commentary. Nothing that anyone could reasonably wish to know about the components of the organization and their inter-relationships is omitted. When he comes to answer the first of his basic questions—what is it?—he is well equipped to draw the essential distinction between the role of the construct and the role of its components:

> If, on the whole, a legal interpretation of the constitutions may lead one to see the UN system as an "it" more than as "they", a historical analysis would show that the system has behaved as an "it" each time there has been a major consensus among the "they"—that is its membership—but has acted as a "they" whenever such a major agreement did not prevail.

However clumsily expressed, this is a valid distinction between the cases in which effective action has been taken and those in which it has not. It also marks a significant departure from the underlying principle of the League of Nations, which was expressly designed to function only as "they" and never as "it".

When Mr Elmandjra turns to the second basic question—what is it for?—he says that the answer is comparatively simple and can be compressed in a single word: "Peace". But it is not really so simple as that, either in theory or in fact. The preamble to the Charter defines several other purposes, including human rights, justice, economic and social development. Some of these in certain circumstances may conflict with peace. This is notably true of the principle of justice. In a situation such as the United Nations faced in Korea in 1950, in Hungary and Egypt in 1956, in Czechoslovakia in 1968 and in South-east Asia and Africa during the past ten years, a choice had to be made between peace and justice. Sometimes the one was chosen, sometimes the other, but in neither case was any very helpful guidance to be found in the Charter. Mr Elmandjra's simple answer to the question is all the more surprising because in his detailed analysis of the structure of the UN ... for peace-keeping plays ... The overwhelming majority ... functions which he examines ... nomic and social, and these ... by far the greatest proportion ... annual budget, notwithstanding ... occasional peace-keeping ... cies such as the Congo.

Sir Robert Jackson ... this aspect of Mr Elmandjra's ... in a concluding note, based ... on his own *Study of the Ca... the United Nations Develop... tem*. He suggests a number ... fications to the author's ... though he does not dispute ... damental principles. Whe... is any prospect of clearing ... administrative jungle of the ... left a moot question. Rat... couragingly, Gunnar Myrdal ... butes an introduction ... markedly pessimistic in ... Mr Elmandjra deliberate... rightly confines himself to ... tion and analysis, without ... ing remedies. There will be ... agreement with Sir Robert ... conclusion that his book ... doubtedly remain a con... of reference on a subject ... vital importance to the ... mankind".

African self-help

CLYDE R. INGLE:

From Village to State in Tanzania
The Politics of Rural Development

279pp. Cornell University Press (IBEG). £5.65.

Independent Tanzania under President Nyerere is probably the best example of an African country evolving an ideology specifically fitted to local conditions. The Arusha Declaration, with its emphasis on self-help, its concentration on agriculture, and its recognition that a country with many people but little money does well to concentrate on labour-intensive rather than capital-intensive projects, is one of the most realistic and hopeful blueprints to emerge in the post-independence era.

To produce the blueprint is one thing. To make it work is another, and quite obviously things are not always as they should be down among the grassroots. Clyde R. Ingle has examined the realities in detail, studying the political interaction between central government, area and individual village, in two districts, Tanga and Handeni. To set his study in context he provides a theoretical comment in a chapter headed "Local Political Systems". Here he tends to produce rather turgid and jargon-ridden prose. The same criticism can be made of one of his final chapters, a summary entitled "Village and State: Systems in Action".

Readers should not be ... this, however, for through... of the work he is clear, ... and informative, though the ... reader may be somewhat ... the price of this volume.

Dr Ingle is concerned ... with formal relationship ... example between the politi... the professional administ... far more with the realities ... and influence. He exam... instance, the extent to wh... councils are genuine spoke... local opinion, to what ext... are vehicles for communi... plans of the governme... people. He demonstrates ... depends on the personality ... duals holding office, and ... situation in one district ... reflected at all closely ... —a point worth making ... many people see ... African states as being dom... a central bureaucracy.

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Desperate remedies

JOHN COHEN (Editor):

The Essential Lenny Bruce

263pp. Open Gate Books (distributed by Macmillan). £3.50.

...RECENT interview on television, Harold Macmillan mentioned the ...tists who came to prominence ... the early 1960s and who devoted ... of their energies to mocking ... and his administration. It had, ... said, all been quite affectionate ...: he had even gone to a show ... what was it called? *Within the Fringe?*—he'd enjoyed it enormously. Mr Macmillan's mistake over the title, probably deliberate, was a ... if belated piece of retaliation. ... were indeed not beyond the ...e, but comfortably inside it, and ...ing back ten years later it seems ...ony of a kind which was not in... that the night club where ... of the new comedians per... was called The Establishment.

... cosy it all was! At that time, ...dible as it may now seem, it ... considered the height of daring sophistication to laugh at Peter ...'s imitations of the Prime ...ister, or Alan Bennett's parody ... Church of England parson, or ...han Miller performing the ... operation on Oxford philo...ers. And how easily the Establishment—or, as it is now called, the ...em—absorbed them, loading ... with fame and fortune and ...ectability. On the other side of ... Atlantic the same process ...ed to such of their counter... as Mort Sahl, Shelley Berman, ... Newhart and Elaine May and ... Nichols.

There was only one of them who ...n't be comfortably absorbed. ... that was Lenny Bruce. He ... was beyond the fringe, a point ...ently made by Mr Macmillan's ...nment, in the person of the ... Secretary, Henry Brooke, who ...rted Lenny Bruce from this ...ry in April 1963. In his own ...ry he was equally persecuted ... prosecuted, sometimes for ...ession of drugs, sometimes for ...nity. Until someone writes his ...aphy we shall not know whether ... drugs would have killed him ...ay, or whether he was driven ... drugs by the constant harassment. At any rate the prosecutions ...ly made it impossible for this ...ensely talented man to find ...: the nightclubs simply wouldn't ... employing him. In October 1965 he was declared bankrupt, and by August 1966 he was dead.

One recollects that his reception in London (at The Establishment, to its credit) was a mixed one. Some people made a point of being shocked, like the Irish actress who rose up at one performance and made a noisy and abusive exit, pausing only to smite the face of the club's proprietor, Peter Cook. At the other extreme were some very hip people who were wild (in their cool way) with enthusiasm. Those who were somewhere between these two extremes were sympathetic but puzzled.

For one thing, there was the sheer problem of understanding what the man was saying. He spoke very quickly, and not always very clearly. At times he was afflicted with what seemed to be almost a speech impediment which rendered him incapable of pronouncing any words other than "like" and "you know". Furthermore the words one did catch were often unfamiliar or unknown, so freely did he sprinkle his talk with Yiddish and the vocabulary of the jazz sub-culture and the drugs sub-culture and a dozen other argots that are more widely disseminated now than they were then.

Another problem was that this thin, pale, nervous, rather twitchy man did not do "sketches" of the polished kind we were used to. Rather he just talked, apparently saying anything that came into his head, making many false starts before he managed to get properly going. But once he did get going it was apparent that he was lively, intelligent, quick-thinking, highly observant, iconoclastic, very funny and very serious. That impression is confirmed now that at last we have an opportunity to see some of those routines in print.

Bruce's comedy was like that of the ritual clowns of certain societies, especially the American Indians, whose role is to break taboos, to reverse the norms of behaviour. He was like the legendary Trickster who plays on the very limits of what is acceptable, exploring those limits, defining them for us and at the same time pushing them back. It was in this way that he played with taboo subjects—from snot to venereal disease, from homosexuality to race. He exposed hypocrisy and pretension whether in politics or religion—as in the sequence in which Bishop Sheen and Cardinal Spellman are holding a service in St Patrick's Cathedral when they notice that Christ and Moses are in the congregation:

> SHEEN: They're standing in the back—don't look now, you idiot! They can see us.
>
> SPELLMAN: Which ones are they?
>
> SHEEN: The ones that are glowing. *Hoo! Glowing!* Terrible.
>
> SPELLMAN: Are you sure it's them?
>
> SHEEN: I've just seen 'em in pictures, but I'm pretty sure—Moses is a ringer for Charlton Heston.
>
> SPELLMAN: Are they armed?
>
> SHEEN: I dunno.
>
> SPELLMAN: Poor box locked?

What Bruce always tried to show was, as he put it, "what is, not what should be". For example he would point out how different are male attitudes to sex from those of women. It may not be how it should be, but it is how it is:

> Like, a lady can't go through a plate glass window and go to bed with you five seconds later. But every guy in this audience is the same—you can idolize your wife, just be crazy about her, be on the way home from work, have a head-on collision with a Greyhound bus, in a *disaster* area. Forty people laying dead on the highway—not even in the hospital. In the *ambulance*—the guy makes a play for the nurse:
>
> OUTRAGED FEMALE VOICE: How could you *do* that thing at a time like that?
>
> ASHAMED MALE: I got horny.
>
> What?
>
> I got hot.
>
> How could you be hot when your *foot* was cut off? People were *dead* and *bleeding* to death!
>
> [*Apologetic*]: I dunno.
>
> He's an *animal*! He got hot with his foot cut off!
>
> I guess I'm an animal. I dunno.
>
> What did you get hot at?
>
> The nurse's uniform, I think.

Because he was concerned with the way things are, rather than with the things that should be, Bruce was never able to have heroes. He had for a while a soft spot for Kennedy, but only for the characteristically sympathetic reason that he hoped he might see a child born in the White House. But if he had no heroes, and no respect for persons, he greatly valued institutions, such as the legal system that so abused him, and he had a passionate belief in freedom of speech. Rightly he considered that if free speech means anything at all, it must be not the freedom to say what everyone agrees with, but the freedom to say things that are unpleasant, disgusting or the opinions of a tiny minority. It was for that right that the Pilgrim Fathers founded America—"as far as *disgusting* is concerned—the reason we left England was just for that right, to be disgusting".

And so he talked dirty, but not with the sniggering euphemisms that are the staple of most comedians. When someone walked out one night Bruce wondered out loud:

> What the hell did that guy come in for? . . . What kind of humor is his humor? I—his humor the Joe E. Lewis, the Sophie Tucker, the *double-entendre*, the naughty-but-nice, the spicey-haha-you-know-what-that-means wedding-night jokes, motel jokes, Rusty Warren, Johnny got a zero, Dwight Fisk, Mr Yo-Yo can't get his yo-yo up, he's got the biggest dinghy in the navy?

At any rate that was not Bruce's kind of humour. He said what he meant, without sniggering or coyness, and he did it in the cause of cleaning up all kinds of doublethink and shame and hypocrisy.

When the Imperial palace of Lilliput caught fire, Gulliver with great presence of mind, extinguished the conflagration with his urine "which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished". Instead of thereby earning the gratitude he had expected for this useful service, the incident marked the beginning of Gulliver's misfortunes, and finally lead to his impeachment.

So it was with Lenny Bruce. What some people saw as a stream of filth, to him was an emergency action necessary to cure the sickness of society, and he seems to have been genuinely surprised that his intentions were so widely misunderstood. He was not the first to suffer for telling the truth, nor will he be the last. His life was a tragic one, but he lived it with courage, dignity and wit. It was certainly not a wasted life. The 1960s saw a great throwing-off of the remains of nineteenth-century repression and hypocrisy. Lenny Bruce played an important part in that enlightenment and liberation. It is only ten years since he was deported from England, but so much has changed that it seems to have been in another age.

He would have appreciated the irony which led to *The Essential Lenny Bruce* being distributed by Macmillan.

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Papist peril?

JOHN MILLER :

Popery and Politics in England 1660-1688

288pp. Cambridge University Press. £4·90.

As a nation the British may seem not to have been as productive of political and cultural myths as other Europeans, or indeed the newer nations of America and Africa. Today we possess nothing to compare in evocative power with the living myths associated with the revolutions of 1789 and 1871 which still colour and influence French political life and thought, or in universal acceptance with the myths of individualism and self-help generated by the frontier period in American history. The principal reason for this difference must lie in the early completion of national unity, so that the powerful myth which accompanied and aided that process was so successful in gaining acceptance that modern Englishmen have taken for granted what were orginally controversial and indeed often extremely tendentious propositions. Professor Haller, in his *Foxe's Book of Martyrs and the Elect Nation*, showed how in the late sixteenth century the myth was created by which the Protestant Reformation was inextricably connected with the cause of national independence and a belief in a national destiny favoured by divine providence.

Particularly in staying power, this Protestant myth of anti-Popery was far more effective than the officially inspired myth of the Virgin Queen—indeed after Elizabeth's death the official legend was appropriated by the "country" opposition to the first Stuarts and, as John Miller shows in this exceptionally clear- and effectively argued study, anti-Popery was a (arguably the) major factor in late seventeenth-century English politics.

At one level, anti-Popery was a device by which opposition to the late Stuart kings and their ministers could be legitimated; but it would be wrong to regard it as just the cynical gambit of such unscrupulous politicians as Shaftesbury. Belief in the subversive activism of all priests, but especially the Jesuits, the attribution to all Catholics of calculated deceitfulness, cruelty and bad faith, anxiety at the number of recusants dispersed throughout the country but concentrated at Court, were not artificially planted growths but part of the natural habitat in which all Englishmen lived. They took for granted accusations that all Papists were potential traitors who would readily resort to rebellion, mass murder, arson and the assassination of any individual obstructing their conspiratorial designs.

The natural strength of the anti-Papist myth, its pervasiveness and the ways in which it was expressed (and exploited) are fully and convincingly analysed in Dr Miller's study, whose scope is in fact far wider than his title suggests. The introductory chapters on the Catholic laity, the internal politics of the English Catholics and their relations with the Vatican, the enforcement (or rather non-enforcement) of the penal laws cover the whole century. They provide the clearest picture yet available of the strength, activities and characteristics of English Catholicism of the time, and are refreshingly free from the kind of residual anti-Catholic prejudices that mar David Ogg's magisterial histories of the reigns of Charles II and James II, and also from the stale smell of hagiographic incense still to be detected in many recent Catholic studies.

In the later chapters, Dr Miller applies his knowledge to show how the anti-Catholic myth, always latent and potentially destructive, flared up as renewed suspicions of Charles II's Court intensified political tensions. He examines the significance of the close links which Charles and James maintained with France, concluding that although the "catholicity" clauses of the secret treaty of Dover were only a tactical device, nevertheless the association with France confirmed and strengthened the opposition's fears that there was a design to establish both Popery and monarchical absolutism, in the style of Louis XIV. Pamphlet material is examined, and the picture of Catholicism fed to, and accepted by, contemporaries is contrasted with the reality.

Many fallacies which historians have uncritically accepted are exposed; Dr Miller shows how out-of-touch and bureaucratic were the Vatican administrators, how inert and apathetic the majority of the allegedly fanatical Catholic clergy; he establishes the relative poverty of the Church in England and the paucity of conversions achieved by its missionary effort. Perhaps the most illuminating sections are those which relate to the part played by James, as Catholic heir presumptive and then as king; the perceptive comment in a series of new judgments on James is a strong reminder that a new biography of him is now overdue.

Only one main criticism may be offered. Dr Miller has achieved a detachment from partisanship and prejudice which was a prerequisite for a fundamental revision and successful reassessment of this subject, but in developing a subtle and sane critique of what was often a crude and violent set of prejudices, self-interest and blatant manipulation, he has rather understated the passions aroused by anti-Popery, and the hysteria which it generated at times of crisis.

More Autumn Books Reviewed

'Portrait of a Marriage'
Sybille Bedford on Nigel Nicholson's book about his mother, Vita Sackville-West.

'The Symmetrical Family'
W. G. Runciman on a book about changes in the family in England by Michael Young and Peter Willmott.

'The Carbuncles of Dr. Marx'
Andrew Gamble writes about a new biography of Marx by David McLellan.

'France 1848–1945'
Theodore Zeldin's book, the fourth in the Oxford History of Modern Europe, is reviewed by David Caute.

'The Cecils of Hatfield House'
Patricia Beer on a book by Lord David Cecil.

The Listener

ISSUE DATED 25 OCTOBER.

Imperial victory

PHILIP ZIEGLER :

Omdurman

237pp. Collins. £3.

The battle of Omdurman occupies a special place in British military folklore; not quite in the Agincourt or Blenheim class, but definitely up with Plassey and Fontenoy. Although the carnage was terrible, it is usually felt to have been justified since it resulted in a very bad regime being replaced by a very good one: "It had all ended very happily—in a glorious slaughter of twenty thousand Arabs, a vast addition to the British Empire, and a step in the peerage for Sir Evelyn Baring". Recent research may have made us a little less contemptuous of the Khalifa's Sudan and a little less cocky about the Condominium, but the battle itself remains a famous victory in which British, Egyptian, and Sudanese troops all played their gallant parts.

Many elements combine to keep green the memory of September 2, 1898. There was the long march through the desert ending in triumph for Kitchener where fifteen years before Wolseley's climax had been tragedy. There was a martyr avenged. There was the last full-scale operational cavalry charge. There were the dispatches of Winston Churchill and G. W. Steevens (did not Mencken call him "the greatest newspaper reporter who ever lived"?). Moreover it was a battle at which almost "everybody" contrived to be present—Haig and Beatty, Townsend and Rawlinson, Jeffreys and Smith Dorien, Wingate and Lord Edward (*The Leisure of an Egyptian Official*) Cecil, not to mention Slatin. How fittingly Omdurman brought the century of Empire to a close! After it there was to be the Boer War, and then the First World War, and the gilt was to be very much off the gingerbread of the imperial cavalcade.

Making judicious use of the many who, besides Churchill and Steevens, left graphic accounts of the campaign, Philip Ziegler has produced a clear and wholly fascinating hour-by-hour (indeed, at times minute-by-minute) narrative of the battle itself. It would perhaps be unfair to accuse him of neglecting the other side, where records are neither so complete nor so accessible. What he sets out to do—"to describ . the battle in such a way that the reader will know something of what it was like to be there" (to be with the winners, that is) he does admirably.

There was never any chance that Kitchener's expedition would end in disaster. There were to be no more Hickses. But so absolute a victory, with such disproportionate casualties (fifty dead on the allied side, and Mr Ziegler would not think Lytton Strachey's 20,000 on the Khalifa's side much of an exaggeration), was far from being a foregone conclusion. The Khalifa need not have sought battle. He might, theoretically, have decided to defend his capital street by street, or to abandon it altogether and lure the Anglo-Egyptian army farther and farther south. However politically difficult either decision would have been for the Khalifa, they were both ones that Kitchener had good reason to fear. It must have seemed almost too good to be true that the enemy should hurl themselves *en masse* against the artillery, the maxim guns, and the rifles of the invaders.

Yet, even so, Kitchener's army had its bad moments. As Mr Ziegler says, if the Khalifa has committed all his troops, instead of j... Azrak's and Osman D... sions, to the attack on t... might have broken into ... ald's brigade, when the ... Omdurman was resumed, ... being cut off and massacred ... minutes. The Camel C... Broadwood's cavalry ... equally fortunate. As fo... Lancers—whose charge ... bluntly calls "an inciden... in its conception and fut... consequences"—they came ... all better than they dese... doubt the artillery, and ... the gunboats, made a ... defeat for the Khalifa ... once he had decided to ... open. But if he had ha... perspicacious or better a... could have made things ... indeed for Kitchener. But ... would not have been the Kh...

From the Anglo-Egyptian ... was easy to see the battle ... *battue*. The coincidence of ... ing of partridge shooting ... remarked. Sporting ... abounded. "Take that ... ordered a Grenadier officer ... particularly ear-splitting ... broken from one of the ... "we'll need him as fire ... the Omdurman hounds" ... soberly, Captain Egerton ... the heaped corpses of ... dervishes round the ... banner lay "an appearance ... what might have been like ... large white croquet ground ... tennis court outlined on the ... sand". But it is easy to ... much of such comments. The ... and will always be—a ... of the language of troops ... More spontaneous were ... grudging tributes paid ... Anglo-Egyptian side to the ... of the attackers: "The... chaps know how to fight a... die."

Renaissance ideologies

J. H. HEXTER :

The Vision of Politics on the Eve of the Reformation

243pp. Allen Lane. £3.50.

Some historians make their reputation with big books; others, no less distinguished, are remembered for relatively brief essays. J. H. Hexter definitely belongs to the latter group. In this volume, his second collection of essays, are incorporated six pieces published between 1957 and 1969. They are all concerned with European political thought at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Professor Hexter's thesis is that in the second decade of the sixteenth century, "three modern modes of thinking about politics attained maturity". He calls these modes the "predatory", expressed in Machiavelli's *Prince*: the "utopian", expressed in More's *Utopia*; and the "constitutional", expressed in *La monarchie de France* by Claude de Seyssel, counsellor to Louis XII.

This is to do somewhat more than justice to Seyssel, a relatively unremarkable man who wrote a relatively unremarkable book. Professor Hexter draws attention to a few novel features of the book, but he gives Seyssel only some fourteen pages, and one is left with the impression that this mode of thinking about politics did not mature until the days of Hotman, or even Locke.

We are left with the two unquestionably major figures. About a quarter of *The Vision of Politics on the Eve of the Reformation* is given up to Machiavelli and the "predatory vision" of politics. Professor Hexter does not present us with yet another general study of Machiavelli. Instead, he approaches the questions of the meaning and originality of *The Prince* through a close analysis of some of the key concepts which recur in that work.

One essay, the greatest *tour de force* in the collection, is entirely concerned with the sense of the term *lo stato*, a term which occurs no less than 115 times in the *Prince*. As others have done, Professor Hexter notes that Machiavelli rarely uses the term in its traditional meaning of "state of affairs". How does he use it then? In its modern meaning of "the state"? This will not do, because the context shows that Machiavelli sometimes thinks of *lo stato* as the land, sometimes as the people. Is he simply inconsistent? No, says Professor Hexter, in one of the most effective arguments in the book, "The consistency rests not in a clearly specified and continuously adhered-to denotation for *lo, stato*, but in an extraordinarily consistent attitude toward it; and that attitude is exploitative." A close analysis of all the contexts in which the term occurs shows that for Machiavelli, *lo stato* is something which a man can "acquire", "hold", "maintain", "take away" or "lose".

In a later essay the author applies a similar method to the study of the term *virtù* in the same book, noting that in only three cases out of seventy does it appear unmistakably in its traditional sense of "the moral qualities of the ruler". As a study of the *Prince*, this is excellent; as a study of Machiavelli it would, of course, have to be complemented by a study of the same terms in the *Discorsi*.

The greater part of the book is taken up with the utopian vision and its exponent Thomas More, a subject on which Professor Hexter has already published a book. Naturally enough, the essays reprinted here cover much of the same ground. Like the book, they provide an excellent general survey of More's milieu and its relation to his thought, even if Professor Hexter seems to at least one reader to insist too much on a hypothetical chronological order for the composition of the different parts of *Utopia*. The author adds to this an acute analysis of More's use of certain key terms (notably *voluptas, generosus* and *nobilis*), and for good measure throws in an extended comparison between Calvin's Geneva and Utopia.

Professor Hexter carries his learning lightly. The book is a pleasure to read and an object-lesson to other historians, showing that it is possible to combine rigorous analysis and readability. It is also an object-lesson for intellectual historians because of the methods employed. Not for the introductory "discov... method", which has disappoi... little to say, but for the method... ally employed in the body of ... book, and notably for its pers... and discreet use of quant... methods in approaching the ... tual worlds of both Machiav... More. Ironically enough, Pr... Hexter, well known in the ... States as a critic of quantif... in history, is likely to ... readers this side of the Atla... cause he does believe in so... of counting.

There is one major dis... ment. This is a collection of ... not a book. The essays were ... worth reprinting, to introduce ... to a wider audience, and ... no doubt often send students ... cific chapters. But the book ... one to read through, despite ... that individual essays are ... ively written. It is not a book ... through not so much becau... essays are somewhat repeti... because the general ideas ... should hold the book together ... not developed. The idea of ... ment of "maturity" in ... thought just after the year ... an interesting one, but it is ... up by no more than two ... about the Middle Ages. ... good reasons for associating ... urity with "the eve of the Re... tion", but the author does ... them, and the interested read... have to turn elsewhere, for ... to Sheldon Wolin's *Politics and Vision*, a work not cited in the ... graphy. Professor Hexter ... melted down his essays into ... portant book; instead he has ... grasping at fragment.

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Poetry in the buffer zone

BY MARGARET ATWOOD

...rying to assess what is happening in Canadian poetry at the moment is like trying to ... an explosion, from the inside ... while it is still going on: you ... feel the energy, you can see the ... and the fragments hurtling ... but you won't be able to ... mine what has been accomplished, or demolished, till afterwards. The best thing to do is to ... your head down and dodge ... flak.

In even attempting this article ... disobeying my own good ... : the Yogis and the Commissars are out in force, in both Québec and what is usually called English Canada"; the former laud... the virtues of Art or Form or ... Taoism or The Language, held ... exist both above and apart from ... adjective "Canadian", the ... plugging various forms of ... social action, including the ... pression of Yogis. "Canadian Literature", the mere pronunciation of which used to trigger a ... epidemic of yawns and ..., especially among Canadians, ... now a loaded phrase, like "Women's Liberation". To make ... utterance on the subject is to ... both sides from their habitual pursuit of attacking each other ... have them concentrate on you. ... would call this situation a ... literary climate; others a ... pit. Both would apply.

To be on the receiving end, as I ... been since the publication of ... book *Survival: A Thematic Guide to Canadian Literature*, is ... ing, especially if you agree ... the Yogis that yes, language ... form are important, Art moves ... mysterious ways and cannot be ... pelled by definitions imposed ... social theory, that poets cannot ... told what to write and condemned if they do something else; ... if you also agree with the Commissars that yes, there is a relationship between a society and ... art it produces and that this relationship too is worth exploring. ... begin to feel like those countries called "buffer zones" in the ... history books: whichever way you ... you'll be labelled as being on ... other side, and those to the ... of you, those to the left of ... will stampede in your direction ... herds of rabid beavers, chips ... from their shoulders, tushes ... murder in their tiny ...

I'd like, out of cowardice as much as exhaustion, to duck these issues ... the moment. Instead of trying ... those prized brass rings, the Canadian style and the Canadian ..., typical or unique, I'll concentrate instead on a simpler topic: ... situation of the individual poet ... Canada. What is the climate—... aside—that he or she must ... what groups and influences ... active, how many and what ... of people read poetry, how ... and well is it criticized? ... importantly, do any of these ... make any difference to ... ten, to what much of it gets ... it is received?

... fact is indisputable: things ... very different now than they ... fifteen years ago. In those far-... days you grew up reading and ... about other countries. The adult-approved children's literature was largely English: Mother Goose, Beatrix Potter, Kipling, "Little Indian, Sioux or Cree,/Oh don't you wish that you were me?", Rule Britannia. After school and behind the garage there was the American comic-book culture: Batman, Superman, Captain America, Donald Duck. When you made it to high school, you were fed Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Thomas Hardy and Charles Dickens, with a few dead Americans thrown daringly in. You were not taught anything much about Canada except that the English beating the French was a good thing for all. I am told by my Québec friends that their literary education consisted of large doses of Racine and Corneille, plus the information that the English beating the French was an act of the Devil and a setback for civilization. I cannot recall anyone having been dissatisfied with this scheme or even commenting on it: it was just the way things were. I can remember the moment of surprise and shock when it first dawned on me that the couplet in the Mikado's song about those who should be eliminated—"The girl from the Colonies, who dresses like a Guy,/ And who doesn't *think* she waltzes, but would rather like to try"—meant me. I was in there, one of the unwanted, along with the "nigger serenader". It put me off waltzing.

If you wished to be a writer—and there was scant chance you would, as it was not an accepted ambition—there seemed, at first glance, nowhere to go but away. That, according to the official culture, was where writers came from, lived or got published. "Away" meant London or Paris or New York; "success" meant success in those places. "Canadian poets" were thought of, when they were thought of at all, as a minor sub-group, inferior to and perhaps even different in kind from real poets, something like "poetesses". Judging from the newspapers and the contents of bookstore shelves they seemed hardly to exist. But with luck and work they could be tracked down, hidden in the three or four literary magazines of the period or in the few bookstores that would carry them. There were not many of them, ten titles or so a year, and the press runs were not large (200 to 400 copies); but the fact that they were published at all was tremendously exciting, to me at least. It meant that I did not necessarily have to go "away"; if others could write and publish in Canada, so could I. My ambitions were modest in the extreme; I did not expect ever to be read or to earn any money, but the possibility of a slim volume at least existed.

The consumer revolution

Since that time a literary expansion of Malthusian proportions has taken place. Although it now includes fiction, it started with poetry, and it has changed the poetic environment almost beyond recognition. In Québec it began earlier and was from the beginning more political. In the context of an audience less inundated by Ham... ported books and more unified by language, location, background and a sense of oppression than was that of "English" Canada, Québec poetry concerned itself during the late 1950s and middle 1960s with a search for the collective self, an examination of the Québec identity and of that identity's suppression by the dominant *anglais*. As the Quiet Revolution became less quiet, so did the poetry, and explorations of cultural alienation and poems about *la terre* were succeeded by ones about blowing things up. In "English" Canada, the growth of public readings, more magazines and wider audiences, the emergence of visible stars such as Irving Layton, Leonard Cohen, Al Purdy and Earle Birney, and the formation of indigenous publishing houses had no such definable central thrust. It led to rather than springing from a new nationalistic awareness, and was at first more likely to be rebellious in its attitude towards poetic form than in that towards the political establishment. But whatever the rallying cries, the poetry of each culture was occupied among other things with the attempt to name, to articulate its own cultural and topographical reality, and to utilize or devise a native rather than imported poetic dialect for doing so. Paul Chamberland in Québec and Al Purdy in the other half were neither the first nor the last to make this attempt, though they are perhaps the best known. The digging for roots unearthed the work of older poets such as E. J. Pratt, previously scorned for not having written like T. S. Eliot; reprints and new edition of almost everything began to appear. Poetry sales multiplied tenfold; the word "anthology" became a joke. For a while, a book of Canadian poetry had a better chance of selling 5,000 copies or more than did a Canadian novel, and Canadians had become the highest per capita consumers of poetry in the world. That this includes greeting-card verse and poetry from outside the country does *not* make the statistic less impressive.

What does this mean for someone who writes poetry? Most importantly, he or she will potentially be taken seriously, not only by other poets and *literati*, but by a considerable segment of the reading public. Poetry is hotly and not always politely debated, and the name-calling and below-the-belt tactics, though deplorable, are certainly a sign that the debaters are in earnest. It's a little like being a poet in, say, Russia. Poetry gets attention not only in small magazines and critical quarterlies such as *Tamarack*, *Northern Journey*, *Vigilante*, *Blackfish* and *Open Letter* and their equivalents in Québec, but in politically orientated magazines such as *Canadian Forum* and *This Magazine*. It is also—though publishers complain of neglect, as always—more widely reviewed in newspapers than in Britain and the United States. (Widely, though not always well . . . my own favourite review comes from Saskatoon: "If you like poetry that doesn't rhyme, you may like this book.") There's a monthly review called *Books in Canada* which tries to cover all the books published in the country, poetry included. Whether the reviews are

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well or poorly done, however, poetry is not treated as being of interest only to freaks, in-groupies and specialists.

Poetry-reading audiences are equally heterogeneous. Although many of these events are held at universities, those attending are just as likely to be members of the public-at-large as they are to be students, academics or other poets (which two latter groups, unless you are very famous, comprise the standard audience in the United States). They are less likely to be interested in your clever way with assonance than they are in what you have to say, and they are not above being amused. This can tempt you into a quick-returns kind of poetry dependent on rhetoric, easily grasped sentiments, jokes and stunners: the poet as vaudeville performer. On the positive side, the public-reading experience may encourage a condensed, highly charged, no-frills plainstyle, as in the best work of Pat Lane, Alden Nowlan and John Newlove, or a kind of verbal prestidigitation, as in the technique of Gwen MacEwen; and the chants and aural performances of, for instance, Bill Bissett and B. P. Nichol could hardly have evolved at all without the presence of a live audience.

Whether their influence should be deemed good or evil, readings have continued to multiply through the efforts of the League of Canadian Poets and the Canada Council. Poets gallop about the country from Toronto to Halifax to Vancouver to North Bay, delivering the Word, like the old-time circuit-riders whose cultural function they have possibly replaced. "Poet" once epitomized meditative privacy, but here and now poets are public figures. Many could if they wished spend more time, and make more money, reading than writing. The public exposure, the feedback and the adrenalin can be exhilarating, but it can also wear you out: several poets have complained to me recently of having become sick of the sound of their own voices. After a recent spate of readings, I myself felt that if one more person asked me where I get my inspiration and what I think of the Canadian Identity I would head at a run for the nearest ladies' john (where someone would be sure to inquire what I thought Women's Liberation meant for Canadian Poetry). Another spin-off of this kind of attention is that you are likely to find yourself being mummified and dissected by avid graduate students, not only before you are cold in the grave but before you are a quarter of the way towards it; which can make you selfconscious. Writers no longer leave the country to flee stagnation and to go where the action is. They leave instead for a rest from the action: it has become too draining. Despite these reservations, though, there is one unquestionably welcome result: the self-deprecating colonialist stance towards England, the United States or France has all but disappeared. Commentators no longer feel obliged to preface any remarks on Canadian poetry with an apologetic bow and scrape and a reference to provincialism. For poetry, if not always for the other arts, the frame of reference is the country itself, and poets feel at home in their own skins as never before.

So much so that there's evidence the quest for both the Québec and the Canadian identities may be slowing down. Perhaps the treasure has been found to be, as in many quests, identical with the quest itself; or perhaps it has shifted from the poetic to the political sphere; or perhaps that vein has been mined sufficiently and new poets are turning in new directions. In Québec, Jean-Guy Pilon was quoted recently in the bilingual magazine *Ellipse* as saying: "One has the impression that the national and reclamatory preoccupations that have for years been at the very heart of Québec poetry are now moving into the background." The foreground, apparently, is increasingly occupied by a plurality of groups and individuals, conducting linguistic experiments, exploring surrealism once again, or simply writing personal and non-ideological poems in fairly traditional forms. In "English" Canada, although a consolidation of a kind is still taking place, there are parallel developments. Once a style or a movement has emerged to the point of being definable, poets have already started to break away, to protest against rigidity, to try their hands at something else.

The intense poetic activity of the past ten years may be on the wane, and I've no doubt painted too rosy a picture of it anyway, especially in its social and commercial aspects. Many children here still grow up isolated from things Canadian, with American textbooks having replaced English ones and television instead of comic books. Poetry, although it sells well relative to other countries, won't touch a good diet cookbook or *Jonathon Livingston Seagull*, and many would think such wide dissemination of it a false goal. The multiplication of poets and books of poetry may be fragmenting an already saturated market, and young writers may be switching to fiction, now that fiction is doing well. But all this is guesswork. We are still, as I've said, in the middle of the explosion.

But, the reader may object, poetry readings and factionalism and rapid change exist everywhere. What about the poetry itself? What is *Canadian* about Canadian poetry? (I've avoided this topic so far, but it does have a certain Medusa's Head fascination.) Can you tell it apart from any other kind? My own opinion, though it will elicit cries of Communist Subversion and Fascist Mind-control, is that you can, and not only by the place-names. Of course Canadian poets write about love and death and joy … like poets everywhere; … they have been, and still … ject to influences from … country; and there's nothing … that you couldn't find at … of elsewhere. But when you … examining variations and … in a count of rat population … soon discover that....

A fatal slip! Betrayed by the … scientist within! Portess … Us Rats, someone is sure to … claim. Which is, I suppose, the … you pay for a lively literary …

Miss Margaret Atwood, poet, … and novelist; was Writer in … dence at the University of … and until recently a member of … board of House of Anansi … Toronto. Her recent books … "Surfacing", a novel, and "… vival: a Thematic Guide to Ca… Literature".

Poems for the poor

EARLE BIRNEY:

The Bear on the Delhi Road
Selected Poems

64pp. Chatto and Windus. Paperback, £1.25.

FRANK DAVEY:

Earle Birney

128pp. McGill Queens University Press. London: AUPG. Paperback, 95p.

Earle Birney is not to be judged as a Canadian poet. In his best work Canada often provides the landscape for his fable or the referents of his argument, but never the limits of his language and imagination. While Birney belongs to the tribe of E. J. Pratt, his own nature and breeding have sent him far from Pratt's region. Birney has deep experience of rural isolation and urban chaos, of poverty and war, of the United States and England. He has unusual knowledge and tolerance of humble people on five continents.

Birney may be the single important living poet strongly influenced by Chaucer. Although he distrusts the American juggernaut, he has obviously learnt some of his habits from Whitman, Frost and Cummings; and if he read much Hardy and Auden when he was young, he also read Dickinson, MacLeish and Jeffers. Now approaching his seventieth birthday, Birney shows little waning of his powers. One hopes he will feel encouraged to exercise them freely.

Between Birney's unflagging talent and his irregular career one cannot help observing a strange incongruence. The cause may be a kind of modesty that the poet should surely resist. During his drawn-out flirtation with political ideologies Birney doubted that a writer should put literature ahead of direct participation in the class struggle. After relaxing that doubt, he still wondered whether the audience for poetry weighed enough to be worth an author's service. Even in the styles of his work, Birney's willingness to experiment with too many verse forms, and his passion for mimicking other men's speeches, might imply that the poet hesitates to devote himself steadily and perhaps narrowly to the contemplation of his own insights—hesitates to speak, as he would say, "out of the depth of himself".

Yet no poet draws upon a richer vocabulary—literary and colloquial, archaic and ephemeral, scientific and common. Few poets can handle so wide a range of rhythmic patterns so expressively. Even fewer have Birney's skill in dramatizing an action or anecdote. His ability to capture every level or variety of English speech is at least as rare. Only his ironic humour belongs to many modern poets; but in the others it does not always support that immense sympathy with the suffering and the voiceless which gives Birney his authority.

Yet many poets with less talent show more assurance in their literary personalities; for Birney seldom grants himself the respect he deserves. His ironical impulse undercuts the poet as often as its apparent object, because Birney's sympathy with most objects of his humour will not permit him to pose as their superior. Consequently, one finds him isolating the humorous persons of his work from the lyric inner self, the author of "Kiwis" from the author of "There Are Delicacies". But it is only when the two elements are connected that Birney's highest powers can be felt. Even strung out in the diffuse "Cartagena de Indias", the modulation from satiric commentary to lyric tenderness stirs one as it advances, finding its direction by way of anecdote, and carried along on Birney's genius for impersonation. (Surely this poem is a draft of a better poem, which wants only the elimination of some details, and a tightening of rhythmic patterns, to emerge.)

When Birney does not follow his narrative bent, he still gets the effect of modulation through a thematic counterpoint or montage. He always keeps his remarkable control of expressive rhythm; he can reproduce any speech register that c… his ear. So he shuttles easily be… two points of view in order to … —in "The Road to Nijmegen" … memory of love softening the … of misery, or—in "This Page … Pigeon"—the vision of secur… soaring above the flak of war.

Falling rhythms particularly … mate the poet's energy; and … associates this skill with his de… ness to Old and Middle En… verse. Here is one of the featur… the early and celebrated po… "David", with its fresh and … versification. The success … "David" among teachers and … boys has obscured its merits: … solidity of its design, the truth … drama, the remarkable sugges… ness of the glacier imagery and … mountain-climbers' language. … much better "David" has lasted … MacLeish's *Conquistador*, wh… gave Birney the hint for his … pattern!

Birney's now publishers have … honourable record of caring … literature, and they deserve … gratitude for offering this … tion to British readors. But … who already know Birney's … will wonder why some of … finest poems do not app… The choice seems weigh… Birney's Canadian filiation and … humour are plentifully illustr… His dramatic power, his pathos … lyricism seem slighted. Where … "Slug in the Woods", "Dav… "Hands", "Bangkok Boy", "… Page My Pigeon", "De-compositi… "The Road to Nijmegen", and … speech of the Salish chief, from … *Damnation of Vancouver*? Or … humour must fill the foregr… where is "Anglosaxon Street"?

Frank Davey has employed … ful research and reflection in … making of a monograph on … While one appreciates his preci… one cannot help wishing that … wrote more gracefully and that … did not try to combine a topical … a chronological approach. Any… who wishes to examine partic… aspects of Birney's career will … Professor Davey's book the best … to start from.

Poetic vision

P. K. PAGE:

Cry Ararat!

111pp. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. (Books Canada.) £2.25.

One is naturally inclined to feel pleased with an artist who writes poems, because the two modes of perception serve each other. P. K. Page has the eye of a draftsman and the ear of a poet. She also knows how to fit the right phrases to her observations—e.g. conveying the effect of snails upon a garden as making "broderie anglaise from the cabbages". Sometimes the phrase can rise to a quick revelation of character, as in the comment on the attitude of a hospital nurse towards a departing patient: "And as if you are a present she has made,/she gives you away." Her wit carries her still further, into full-scale and barely viable conceits, like the design of a garden hit by rain, described as "an unknown theorem argued in green ink/dropped in the bath". The same wit enables her to touch truths we have known but never stated, as in a description of tourists: "empty eyes/longing to be filled with monuments".

Miss Page particularly enjoys writing about people with small lives, about children, dreams, and dreamy moods. Some readers may wonder whether the poet does not condescend when she assumes that her own vision encompasses that of gardeners and stenographers. Some may be put off by the repeated suggestion that children discover or exhibit corruption only as they grow up. Some may not wish to participate in the trancelike states that fascinate the poet. Even those who admire her mingling of fantasy with sharp observation may long for Wallace Stevens, Marianne Moore, or Elizabeth Bishop when Miss Page succumbs to whimsy. A celebrated definition of poetry called out for real flowers in imaginary gardens but for real toads. Miss Page's gardens are too often filled with glass flowers. Nearly all readers will feel troubled by the poet's over-indulgence in certain images. These poems provide one with too much air, water, … snow, too many fish, swans, and … ing motions, too many epithets … adverbs like "terrible" and "… how", which beg the whole que… of poetry.

Yet often enough, Miss Page … her observations in a shape … makes proper demands on one's … bility while moving on to elicit … sudden, matching emotion—… "Mineral", which partly deals … a widow's consciousness of her … husband:

> Now he is mineral to her. …
>
> she would declare him …
> without thinking …
>
> Mineral his going and his …
>
> and on her desk, his …
> minerals …

Among the other poems in … way of looking turns into a … responding with fresh insight … "Photos of a Salt Mine", "… "Boy with a Sea Dream", "… Child", "Cullen", "Some … are Fearless", "Man with … Hand", and "Probationer" …

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Keeping it in the family

…AEL YOUNG and PETER …MOTT:

Symmetrical Family
…dy of Work and Leisure in the …on Region

… Routledge and Kegan Paul.

…h sociology has not concentrated its attention very much on the …. Interesting work in this area … to overlap social history: … Smelser on the differentiation … of function with the spread of …rialism, J. A. Banks on … demographic trend towards …er families which began in the … and, most recently, Michael …son on the utilitarian nexus …pinning the late nineteenth-…ry family in Lancashire. There …been little directly on the mod… family: Madeleine Kerr on …pool, Christopher Harris and … Rosser on Swansea, angled …s like Colin Bell on middle-…spiralists and Pearl Jephcott on …ed women working, and Ronald …her's and O. R. MacGregor's …ces of the future of the family. …there have been the anthropo…, C. N. Arensberg and S. T. …all on the Celtic fringe, Ray… Firth and the Forges on the …politan middle class. The …ation of social history and …opology has led to a style of …tive reportage and nicely …ed atmospheres. Perhaps the … influential work has been Eliza… Bott's analysis of the changing … of the sexes in the network of …age, and it is this question … is the main focus in the latest …ter Willmott and Michael …'s studies of the family.

…y the family should be so neg… is not quite clear. No doubt …hose caught up in the radical …al of the late 1960s a concern … the evolution of the family must … the wider themes of exploitation and repression. Actually, radi… …wobbled between seeing the … as an irrelevant refuge and …gnificant microcosm of all the …evils. Psychiatrists like R. D. … and David Cooper certainly … the latter view, regarding … life as an arena of spiralling …derstanding and obscure cruel…. Not for them the bourgeois … optimism of Professors …er and MacGregor, pouring …cal cold water on the gloomy …stications of churchmen, and …ted to the idea of the modern … as social democracy *in nuce*.

… this is essentially the position … Willmott and Young. Under the …mpulsion of technology and …rian aspiration the internal …ure of the family adapts, from …triarchal equilibrium of the …dustrial family through the …ilibrium of the industrial revo… to the democratic equilibrium …y. And most of the appur…ces which make family life …pleasant descend (like birth …, status group by status …according to the principle of …tion. Nowadays most of us have …levisions, vacuum cleaners and …g machines. It is all a …gn of progress. Above all, possession of a car makes a crucial difference to the pattern of family life and marks an important instalment of embourgeoisement. Mum goes out to work, partly to meet people, but partly also to buy things like that secondhand car which initiates the simultaneous privatization and social extension of their life-style. Working-class people with cars are more like people with cars in the rest of society.

And with this progress, say Willmott and Young, the family has become almost the principal locus of loyalty and of the sacred. With the loosening of wider identifications they seem not much disposed to regret this neo-Confucian outcome. Better the gods of the hearth than a male chauvinist Jahweh or the national pantheon. Not for them Auden's acid criticism that such moderate satisfactions can represent final loss:

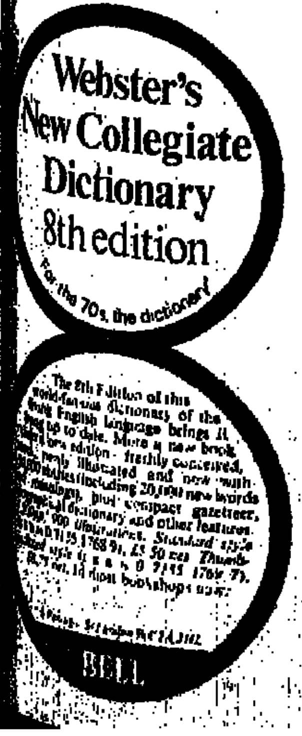
> As it is plenty;
> As it's admitted
> The children happy
> And the car, the car
> That goes so far
> And the wife devoted:
> To this as it is,
> To the work and the banks
> Let his thinning hair
> And his hauteur
> Give thanks, give thanks.

The core of the argument runs thus. Before the industrial revolution the family was usually the unit of production and women and children played an important if subordinate role in that production, whether it was agricultural or domestic. Change was slow, and particularly so in London, where firms were small and skilled workers numerous and where sweated trades remained in which the whole family was impressed into service. Gradually, however, home and work diverged, children had to go to school, and men acquired dependants. Under the stress of persistent insecurities mother and daughter organized themselves into a female trade union, and it was the mother who bore the cruellest ravages in the cycle of poverty. The men defended themselves against the female defence by retiring to the public house: asymmetry counteracting asymmetry. Of course checks and balances in the family system varied from area to area: Lancashire was not London. And the type of extended family and neighbourhood structure previously described by Willmott and Young in Bethnal Green is probably most characteristic of the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

Then a further adaptation occurred: a financial and practical partnership within a smaller, nuclear family. The woman worked outside the home and the man inside and their joint efforts rested on the miniature industrialization of the kitchen sink. Such a pattern is now ascendant but not universal. Families in the lower working class and the families of managing directors are resistant. Indeed, the managing director's wife subordinates herself to the pressures and international commitments of her husband's peripatetic style, and meanwhile is the managing directress of the domestic establishment in their various homes. He, for his part, works harder and plays harder than the rest of us.

The managing director's style is very different from the style of graduate wife married to the professional man. These sometimes work together in the home: at other times their home is a revolving door whereby one comes out as the other goes in. Here the pressure of egalitarian aspiration through feminism can lead to wives so keen on self-fulfilment that they treat children in such a way as to make them in their turn incapable of self-fulfilment. This, of course, is the core of the more nursery schools lobby. On the whole, Willmott and Young think that the future will follow the graduate wives not the pattern of the managing directors. But the family will remain even if the demands of a more multifaceted adjustment lead to frequent breakdowns. The communes will stay a minority option.

The details of the book are nice. One likes the idea of the director who played Beethoven's Violin Concerto to give a bit of background tone to the interview. It is interesting to know that goldfish are relatively infrequent in the homes of the professional middle class and that tropical fish have a distinctly lower status habitat. It was nice to observe that playing darts and publicly worshipping God engage about the same proportion of married men in London, but with inverse status profiles. (On certain assumptions slightly more men will do both in the year 2001.) One might cavil and suggest that the patterns of family life, now and historically, are very much more varied, occupation by occupation, than can be gathered from the gross contrasts thrown up by surveys. And if the authors tell us that 68 per cent of people listen to music in their homes we want to know whether it's Schlitz, Howlin' Wolf or Tchaikovsky. But all in all, this is a very good book which will be the boon of the year for housewives using the extra-mural library.



Crime sheets

FRANCIS E. CAMPS:

Camps on Crime

181pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £3.25.

This posthumously published collection of Francis Camps's lectures, papers and articles has a certain amount in common with his previous work, *The Investigation of Murder*, written with Richard Barber. Here is another piece on Jack the Ripper; an eighteenth-century murder case in which John Hunter gave evidence; a discussion of the motives for murder; and an account of the investigation of the killing of a taxi-driver by American soldiers in 1943. Homicide or attempted homicide crops up in several other places. Camps's own participation in salient criminal affairs is frequently reflected in the writing, and he also shows how dangerous the modern domestic environment with its gas and electricity can be.

Nevertheless, professor of pathology as he was, Camps saw himself as a criminologist. "Forensic science", he wrote, "has been the real contributor to criminology"—a statement which will probably startle those sociologists who are apt to regard criminology as a province of their empire. Camps had no intention of restricting himself to his own specialism; he saw it as one of a number of associated sciences, such as applied chemistry, physics, ballistics and psychiatry. His influence at the London Hospital Medical College, in the British Academy of Forensic Sciences and as editor, writer and speaker, was exerted to bring closer together the various experts who work with the police in the administration of criminal justice.

The variety of subject-matter in *Camps on Crime* shows the breadth of his interests, and characteristically includes a survey of the social and pharmacological problems of drug dependence and a general consideration of the application of science to crime detection. The collection is prefaced by an appreciation by Sir Leon Radzinowicz, one of the most humane of criminologists, who is all too aware of the scope and quality of Francis Camps's achievement.

Computer Crime, Gerald McKnight's account of criminal attempts to attack and exploit computers, is highly disturbing (215pp. Michael Joseph. £2.60). He writes factually and vividly, recounting cases in which robbers, political and industrial militants, saboteurs, eccentrics and security experts have succeeded in their various electronic enterprises. He poses the question of how much of this kind of crime has been concealed by the victims in their efforts to retain public confidence. Computer security is a grave problem and this book should help to make people more aware of it.

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MACMILLAN

Life lines

RICHARD ELLMANN:

Golden Codgers
Biographical Speculations

193pp. Oxford University Press. £3.50.

Richard Ellmann's codgers are not Yeats's nor are they gilded quite so carefully. Instead of Niamh, Oisin, Pythagoras and Plotinus we have George Eliot, Oscar Wilde, André Gide, T. S. Eliot, James Joyce and others. Instead of mythology we are given biography; yet we are not allowed to forget that an author's mythologies and his biography (biographies) are closely woven together. Tact is not so much a matter of distinguishing their separate existences as of acknowledging their coexistence. In achieving it, we learn simultaneously about the author, his work and the period to which both belong with such a sense of the integrity of these elements that the more abrupt and splintered techniques of the New Criticism or of the Life and Letters approach seem crude and deservedly out of date in comparison. Much of this has of course to do with Professor Ellmann's peculiar skill and knowledge. He has the singular capacity of bringing together pieces of material (some recondite, some well known) with such perfect timing that they thereby reveal a pattern which had been previously only vaguely lurking.

The essay *Dorothea's Husbands* (previously published in the *TLS*) is perhaps the finest example of this. It starts with the ostensibly dull and necessary biographer's question—who was the model for Casaubon?—and progresses from there through the likely candidates—Pattison, Herbert Spencer, R. H. Brabant, R. W. Mackay—until "we come to George Eliot herself" and are told: "What must be sought is not a Casaubon, but casaubonism, and this George Eliot found, as Flaubert found *le bovarysme*, in herself. Casaubonism is the entombing of the senses in the mind's cellarage." The evolution here is striking. The essay broadens and deepens the scope of the initial question until it becomes an investigation of George Eliot, her novels and her milieu. Neither psychology nor psycho-history, literary criticism nor history of ideas, it absorbs aspects of them all for the sake, finally, of insight.

No other essay in the volume quite matches this first. Each is centred on the period from, roughly, 1880 to 1922, that Victorian-Edwardian phase caught between two Eliots, the latter of them shrinking a good deal more from the cold biographer's touch than his predecessor. Oscar Wilde dominates three of the nine essays, and gains from them a curious dominance, as a figure into whom Ruskin, Pater and Victorianism merged and from whom Yeats, Gide and modernism emerged. That is putting it too simply, of course, and Professor Ellmann does not employ this emphasis. But, if we take his description of Wilde's position in the late 1890s along with his essay "Two Faces of Edward", in which we are reminded of "the admonitory fact . . . that most of the writers whom we are accustomed to call modern were already in their twenties when King Edward died", then we see the literary history of the period receiving a more nuanced, more exact perspective. Modernism is rightly tied in with Symbolism; both are clearly linked to Wilde, Symons and Yeats, not to mention Freud; and both are changed (but not initiated) by the First World War.

In the introductory essay, some of the most formidable problems of a modern biographer are squarely faced. Professor Ellmann reminds us of the biographical monuments of Sartre, Erikson and Painter; in each case he gives us very neat and clear examples of the biographer's occupational glide from fact to fiction and from fiction to fact, executed in each case with covert expertise across that intervening area in which we find "not so much biography as delineation of therapeutic possibility". There is, however, another major problem which he might have reawakened in his discussions (all too brief) of Boswell and Conrad, among others. If the work of art is considered to be autonomous, what relevance has any biography to it unless that claim can be either modified, rejected or shown to be one of the explicable and governing assumptions of a particular period? In precisely that period on which he has centred most of his energies, Professor Ellmann sees such a claim being enlarged. Yet he does not state the problem, although he obviously has at his disposal the means for solving it. By not stating the problem fully, he takes a too exclusively literary approach in his discussion of it. The context he offers for the comprehension of Joyce's *Portrait* is not sufficient; nor for the London of Wells or Gissing, or even T. S. Eliot, or, most of all, Wilde.

Professor Ellmann in particular seems to lack, in these evocations of him, a dimension which one could not have articulated until one has read Walter Benjamin's *Baudelaire*. Then, if one were to find a flaw in Professor Ellmann's biographical arts, one could point to it as a failure to acknowledge the vast cultural phenomenon of the nineteenth and twentieth-century city and its effects on those symbolist and modernist writers so profoundly affected by it. The *kulturkritik* could in this case teach the biographer something, the absence of which explains a certain fragility in an otherwise illuminating and beautifully written sequence of essays.

The recently formed Housman Society plans to publish the first volume of a *Housman Society Journal* in the course of 1974. The intention is to include scholarly articles on members of the Housman family and their works, a "notes and queries" service, a report of work in progress on the Housmans, and reviews of recently published books relating to the family. Contributions are invited for the editor's consideration: Graham Speake, 74 Duns Tew, Oxford.

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Creative misreading

HAROLD BLOOM:

The Anxiety of Influence
A Theory of Poetry

157pp. Oxford University Press. £2.70.

In American criticism today the oracular style seems to have taken the place of the businesslike. The brisk disposal of other people's fallacies has gone, and the tidying up of critical language is no longer a central activity. The shaman prepares to go into a trance, and, amid dense fumes of incense, fragments of gnomic wisdom fill the air. There are no ordinary evenings in New Haven. The tension is very high, and problems of literary composition are discussed in terms of blindness, coitus—complete or interrupted—self-murder and parricide. Phenomena akin to the revivalist "speaking with tongues" occur. Or perhaps it is in deference to the Delphic origins of this manner that so many Greek words make their appearance, often in senses unknown to Liddell and Scott, and common words are employed in senses foreign to the normal lexicon. There is a profusion of abstract nouns, but at key points mythological figures are regularly preferred to concepts:

> The Sphinx, as Emerson saw, is nature and the riddle of our emergence from nature, which is to say that the Sphinx is what psychoanalysts have called the Primal Scene. But what is the Primal Scene, for a poet *as poet*? It is his Poetic Father's coitus with the Muse. There he was begotten? No—there they failed to beget him. He must be self-begotten, he must engender himself upon the Muse his mother. But the Muse is as pernicious as Sphinx or Covering Cherub. . . .

The people who like this kind of thing will no doubt like *The Anxiety of Influence* very much, and Harold Bloom is a master of the style. But to a large extent it seems to defeat the purpose of the book, for beneath all the toil and trouble a quite modest and lucid critical argument is to be discerned.

In summary it goes like this. Poets are influenced by previous poets, and this influence is something they must both accept and overcome. The conflict between these duties causes anxiety and struggle. Out of the struggle with great predecessors poetry is born. A successful outcome for a young poet depends on creative misreading of his precursors, and this misreading can be of several kinds. Professor Bloom finds six of them, and gives them fancy names, but in essence they come down to three possible relations with earlier poetry: the modification of a previous tradition; its completion; and the deliberate refusal of an earlier kind of achievement. Since the Enlightenment—that is in all Romantic and post-Romantic poetry—the struggle with the precursor has become particularly acute, and both poetic history and the work of individual poets can be better understood by taking it into account.

Much of this is accepted common ground, though the fact is disguised as far as possible by a liberal use of capitalization, italics and incantatory words of power. The notion of creative misreading, however, is original, and it well deserves to be followed up. Unfortunately Professor Bloom's method makes it very difficult for him to do anything of the kind. He first darkens the room with vapours from a thick potion of Blake, Nietzsche and Freud—unnecessarily, for the argument looks very well in daylight. He likens the relation between a poet and his predecessors to the Freudian version of the relation between child and parent—but draws no useful consequences from this jejune trope. And when a promising idea starts up it is almost stifled at birth by a clatter of conjurer's assistants—the Sphinx, the Covering Cherub, the Idiot Questioner, Behemoth, Oedipus and Prometheus are all trundled on to make as much hubbub as possible. The six kinds of creative revision are called Clinamen, Tessera, Kenosis, Daemonisation, Askesis and Apophrades. These names may well dazzle the sophomores, but they provide no other illumination. Above all, if anything is to be made of the ideas they are to convey, exemplification is needed, copious and fully expounded; but most of the time we are fobbed off with glancing illusions, or nothing at all.

Things get better as we go on. The air becomes clearer and the background noise is toned down. The last two varieties of poetic influence, askesis and (heaven help us) apophrades are plentifully illustrated, and the examples have freshness and point. They deserve more detailed discussion than they get, but Professor Bloom believes in le[...] reader to do a good deal [...] for himself—perhaps rightly [...] even reach at the end a fi[...] lization of the whole thei[...]

If this book's argument is [...] then the covert subject o[...] poetry for the last three c[...] has been the anxiety of i[...] each poet's fear that no [...] work remains for him to p[...]

This is persuasive, and ce[...] worthy of discussion. It is [...] the subtitle claims it to be, t[...] of poetry. It is perhaps a cha[...] the theory of poetry, or the [...] of a chapter. As theory it la[...] with those that see poetry u[...] contained activity. But pos[...] many things to think about [...] their relation to other poem[...] are not arrested in a pr[...] Oedipal hang-up, as Professo[...] seems to suppose. A right [...] tion to the poetry of the pa[...] necessary but not a suffici[...] dition for the growth of new [...] Beside the ties to the poetic [...] tors and the struggle again[...] there is an ever-changing rel[...] the world.

Even the limited thesis [...] essay needs a fuller historical [...] cism if it is to be made good. [...] from paucity of illustration [...] times from the acceptan[...] received ideas. We have [...] testimony that Milton regarded [...] ser as his "great original", and [...] become fashionable to cite th[...] is the kinship really so close? [...] see Milton as the Urizen of th[...] lish poetic tradition has becom[...] conventional that even if it [...] it needs a new examination. [...] sor Bloom has some pregnant [...] tions about the perpetual prese[...] Wordsworth and Keats in the [...] nineteenth century, but they [...] suggestions. In modern poetry [...] especially interested in the [...] Whitman-Stevens line; and th[...] welcome change from the [...] accounts of Modernism. But [...] fertile if more obvious area of [...] tration could be found in the [...] sure of the late Victorians on the [...] poetry of Eliot and Pound.

A theory of poetry cannot be [...] out of one good idea, and e[...] good idea needs exemplificatio[...] support. This is a tantalizing [...] because it promises a great de[...] would be satisfying to see m[...] the promises fulfilled.

After strange gods

DAVID WARD:

T. S. Eliot Between Two Worlds

304pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £4.50.

David Ward is unlike earlier critics of T. S. Eliot in being able to discuss the recently published manuscript drafts of *The Waste Land*, but the advantage they give him in elucidating the poem is more apparent than real, and the originality of his book lies in his account of Eliot's debt to the Cambridge anthropologists of the early twentieth century. He finds the source of Eliot's belief in tradition and impersonality in some ideas of Gilbert Murray about the possible corporate authorship of the Homeric poems, and the superiority of an ongoing and lived tradition to mere self-expression.

Mr Ward's argument is plausible, but it underplays the fact that Eliot's idea of tradition was complex and, in psychoanalytic language, overdetermined. If tradition was on the one hand an anthropological concept; it was on the other hand an ideological tool, at least as Eliot inherited it from Babbitt and Maurras. It is notorious that Eliot was himself much given in his criticism to saying "on-the-one-hand-this, on-the-other-hand-that", and Mr Ward does in fact find such oppositions at the centre of Eliot's own thought and art. Indeed, his careful tracing of these binary oppositions, so reminiscent of more recent anthropology, is generally rewarding, and points to the "two worlds" in the title of his book. The nature of these opposi[...] tions varies from one aspect of Eliot's work to the next; sometimes it is tradition versus the individual talent; sometimes Augustine versus Buddha, as representatives of different ascetic modes, one aspiring to perfect love, one to self-abnegation for its own sake. Most interestingly, Mr Ward sees a crucial opposition in the phrase, "Unreal emotions, and real appetite", from a deleted passage of *The Waste Land*.

Mr Ward brings to his study of Eliot a wide acquaintance with anthropology and religion, and a taste for philosophical discussion. He also knows his Bible more thoroughly than most contemporary critics; he can see both parallels and oppositions between Eliot's Christianity and the fertility myths studied by Frazer and others; and although not a Christian himself he writes about Eliot's religious development with sympathy and curiosity. He is well equipped linguistically, and at times his avid pursuit of possible etymological evidence leads him into futile elaboration. In discussing "Phlebas the Phoenician" he tells us that *phlebas* is the accusative plural of the Greek *phleps*, meaning vein, and that the Greek for Phoenix and Phoenician are identical, "so Phlebas the Phoenician is Mr Veins who is reborn". We are then invited to look at further suggestive parallels with Marvell's "A Soul hung up, as 'twere, in Chains/Of Nerves, and Arteries, and Veins," or Yeats's "the fury and the mire of human veins". This is explication taken to the point of idle free-wheeling, and Mr Ward goes in for too much of it. On another occasion he eagerly heads off down a wrong trail to ... [...] of Eliot's supposed sources. He claims [...] the original of "that Shakespe[...] Rag" might have been an early [...] by Irving Berlin called "That [...] terious Rag", published in 19[...] far more immediate source is [...] "That Shakespearean Rag", a [...] 1912 by Buck, Ruby and Stam[...] this was first pointed out by [...] R. McElderry, Jr, in the *Ame[...] Quarterly* in 1957.

Nevertheless, when Mr [...] leaves sources alone his c[...] of *The Waste Land* has real [...] and distinction, reflecting bo[...] dislike of many aspects of the [...] and his reluctant recognition [...] power. How astonishing it is, [...] observes, that so many reader[...] ready to assent to Eliot's addr[...] them as "hypocrite lecteur", [...] adds, "astonishing, except that [...] of *The Waste Land's* readers [...] more deeply preoccupied with [...] an inheritance from one side [...] complex Christian tradition, [...] they will readily admit". On [...] later poetry and plays Mr Ward [...] calmer and more pedestrian, [...] discussion of the *Quartets* [...] explicatory rather than cri[...] though still capable of [...] expected insights, as when [...] compares Eliot and George [...] bert in his remarks about sec[...] of "Little Gidding". On [...] *Elder Statesman* Mr Ward [...] positively genial; as literature [...] he acknowledges, "very m[...] might say a failure", but it did [...] that Eliot's heart was at last [...] right place: "Personally, [...] spiritually, it is his most [...] achievement." The sentiment [...] Mr Ward credit; but as a critic [...] more credible in his anguished [...] ling with *The Waste Land* [...] offering shall [...]

Brother officers

BRIAN MONTGOMERY:

A Field-Marshal in the Family

[...]pp. Constable. £3.50.

Brian Montgomery, younger brother of Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery, has written a book which is bound to give great pleasure to many since, apart from its virtues as a footnote to history, it has an instant appeal as a revelation of a thoroughly sympathetic, honourable and entertaining man. Straightforward honesty is conspicuous in every sentence, and equally evident is a skill in narrative and in the portrayal of character which was not perhaps to be expected in a man whose first and principal profession was the regular army. As often happens with biographies which are really well done, in this book the writer is as interesting as his subject.

The British have generally done well to employ Irishmen as commanders-in-chief in really serious wars, such as those against Napoleon or Hitler; they were less well-suited by a Scotsman in the war against the Kaiser. Alexander, Alanbrooke and Montgomery are the leading examples; Dill, Gort and Auchinleck, the other three Field-Marshals of the Second World War, also had Anglo-Irish connexions. Irishmen tend to have large and interesting families. The first part of Colonel Montgomery's book, almost a third of the whole, is devoted to the early history of the clan, most engagingly narrated. The grandfather was the famous Sir Robert Montgomery, the man who saved the Punjab from being engulfed in the Indian Mutiny and who later governed it. His father was Bishop of Tasmania; his mother was a daughter of Dean Farrar. Colonel Montgomery deeply loved his father and admired, trembled at and obeyed his mother. Bernard's affections, in his brother's interpretation, were engaged elsewhere.

He has always loved success, and has led, there is no doubt, to an enormous admiration for himself and his own influence." This summing-up comes from the final chapter, and it has been skilfully led up to from the beginning. From an early age the Field-Marshal was convinced that he was always right; he did his best to impress the same conviction on his parents and his brothers; and in the army he carried the campaign to the point of insubordination. Some spectacular instances are recorded here; they reinforce the evidence drawn from the successful careers of other eccentric soldiers that the British army between the wars was one of the most tolerant institutions in the world, one where, in contrast to the conception immortalized in Low's Colonel Blimp, conformity was not the passport to promotion. However, Field-Marshal Montgomery, according to his brother, was not himself tolerant. He kept a black book of officers whom he proposed to sack. He would never agree that anyone but himself deserved credit for anything, particularly not someone who stood close to him.

"Increasingly during his official life, though chiefly from the time he became famous, my brother developed an absolute fixation not to allow any person, no matter who it might be, and including members of his own family, to appear as though he or she should have the main credit (on occasions it would be any credit) for the achievements attributed to himself." The sentiment is inspired by the shabby treatment given to General Sir Francis de Guingand, his faithful and brilliant chief-of-staff, who was to Montgomery what Berthier was to Napoleon. No doubt the reason at the back of his mind for excluding de Guingand from the ceremonies of the German surrender and the Victory Parade was that he had indeed earned some share of the credit for the success of Eighth Army and 21st Army Group; more irrational and even less becoming was the treatment of his mother. She was invited to a luncheon in her son's honour in Newport, whose mayor and council were bestowing on him the freedom of the city; "Disaster followed, for when my brother was told of it he intervened, and insisted that she should not be allowed into the luncheon room."

Colonel Montgomery thinks that the more unpleasant traits in the Field-Marshal's character were brought out and reinforced by the premature death of his wife, the only person beside himself for whom he felt a deep and lasting affection. No doubt also his good fortune in coming to high command in the third year of the war, when at last the resources were available to match his particular style of generalship, confirmed him in his habits. So far as regard for others was concerned, they had not changed much since he had been involved in a serious case of bullying when a cadet at Sandhurst.

When he comes to a narrative of the war years, Colonel Montgomery bases himself principally on the Field-Marshal's memoirs, unreliable though they often are on matters of fact. He has, however, done a good deal of independent research; he has, for instance, profited by consulting Brigadier Sir Edgar (Bill) Williams, the Field-Marshal's outstanding head of intelligence. He draws on the Public Record Office for the evidence, which he prints, refuting the attack in the *Memoirs* on Field-Marshal Auchinleck; this contemporary evidence "confirms me in the view I have always held that Bernard's condemnation of Auchinleck on this point . . . was most unfair and wholly unjustified". Strong words, but not too strong, as every reader of the *Memoirs* knows. It is this sense of fairness, allied to the clarity and human warmth of the style, which makes the reader close the book with a feeling of sympathetic admiration for Colonel Brian Montgomery.

Top brass

R. W. THOMPSON:

Generalissimo Churchill

252pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £3.50.

In principle, there ought to be an open-minded welcome for a book denigrating Churchill as a war-leader. Great men should have their weaknesses critically examined and recorded as well as their strengths; and besides, if it is well done, it is not merely instructive but downright enjoyable. R. W. Thompson plainly considers that he has a gift for this kind of thing; he has already published one book on Churchill called *The Yankee Marlborough*, and another on *The Montgomery Legend*. Unfortunately, despite his penchant for picking holes and his ambitions to shine as a satirist, he does not show the ability to do it well. Those who are still looking for the book that will finally expose Churchill as a strategist must be warned that this is not it.

The theme of *Generalissimo Churchill* is that in his first two years as Prime Minister and Minister of Defence Churchill interfered too much with the commanders in the field. The argument is based almost entirely on the Middle East campaigns, and it has some force because admittedly his relations with both Wavell and Auchinleck were unsatisfactory. The trouble was basically a matter of incompatible personalities. Wavell, for all his genius, was too taciturn and professional for Churchill's taste, which had a certain weakness for the flashy; if only Wavell could have taken a few lessons in presentation from Wingate, he and Churchill would have been inseparable. Auchinleck was a rather similar character, and had the misfortune of being badly served by men whom he had picked. When he clashed with Churchill he was more often than not in the right; it is typical that after Auchinleck had been replaced in August, 1942, because he would not promise to mount an offensive before September, Churchill proved ready to accept from Alexander a postponement until the end of October. And with Alexander's appointment Mr Thompson brings his indictment to an end.

The story has been told before, and better, by Corelli Barnett and John Connell, on both of whom Mr Thompson draws extensively; the quotations from these admirable historians stand out conspicuously from the surrounding text. He is not to be relied on for military details and he can mangle wantonly the chronology of a campaign. (The choice of a wholly anachronistic map for the endpapers is another example of his disregard for the niceties of space and time.) Stricter attention to chronology would also have prevented him from arguing that the arrival of the German Afrika Corps in Libya was a consequence of Wavell's defeat of the Italians and could have been prevented if he had pressed on after Beda Fomm. It is startling to find him declaring, in a reference to the Albanian campaign, that the Greeks "had no intention of taking Valona", a port which formed in fact their main objective. But perhaps anything can be expected of someone who can write of Churchill in 1914-15 that he "longed to seize Bordeaux".

If we turn from the matter to the manner of the book, Mr Thompson does not gain. His violent and hectoring style is sometimes obscure, sometimes repetitive and sometimes risibly hyperbolical. Many people who knew "Chink" Dorman Smith in 1942 when he was Auchinleck's Deputy CGS (he later changed Smith to O'Gowan on retiring from the army to pursue an eccentric line in Irish politics) will be surprised to read that he was "perhaps the greatest staff mind of his time"; equally exaggerated is the assertion, twice repeated, that Lindemann's advice to Churchill was "invariably misleading". Was that distinguished scientist never right, not even by accident? But Mr Thompson's taste in words is idiosyncratic, never worse than when he feels particularly pleased with it. He repeats several times the remarkable judgment that "war is a choice of options" and regards it as so fine an epigram that he uses it as subtitle for his Part Three. On his title page he even attributes this pointless tautology to Wavell, of all people, an acknowledged master of a vigorous and educated style. What Mr Thompson probably has at the back of his mind is the quotation from James Wolfe with which Wavell defended his decision to send troops to Greece in 1941: "War is an election of difficulties."

Frontline Gunner

HERBERT SULZBACH:

With the German Guns
Four Years on the Western Front 1914-1918

256pp plus 23 plates. Leo Cooper. £3.75.

In 1935 Herbert Sulzbach published in Germany the diaries which he had kept during the First World War under the title of *Zwei Lebende Mauern*, a translation of which now appears nearly forty years later. The diarist was very much a frontline gunner who, with the exception of two or three weeks in Galicia, spent the fifty months of the war on the Western Front. In a foreword Terence Prittie gives a summary of Sulzbach's remarkable career, revealing the integrity and idealism which underlie these soldierly diaries.

At the outbreak of the war in 1914 Sulzbach joined a Frankfurt artillery regiment as a volunteer and was subsequently commissioned by the Kaiser. In 1940, after a period of internment in the Isle of Man, he joined the Pioneer Corps of the British Army and was later commissioned by King George VI; he had been forced to leave Germany because he was a member of a distinguished Jewish banking family. In each war he served with impeccable loyalty and enthusiasm for his cause. This unusual experience placed him in a unique position to work for Anglo-German friendship, for which his character well fitted him and to which he has brought no small success.

This book, however, deals only with the First World War. In it Sulzbach gives us a vivid and authentic picture of the lives of the junior officers and men at the front throughout the vicissitudes of the German Army during those fifty months; the euphoria engendered by the early victories of 1914 and by the success of Ludendorff's great offensive of March 1918; the bitter fighting, the reverses and withdrawals which intervened; relations with the peasant population of the occupied areas and periods of local and home leave; and the high morale which persisted among the best of the forward troops to the bitter end in contrast to the deterioration which set in on the home front and infected troops in rear areas. Perhaps the most evocative entries in these diaries are those recording the return of the best of the fighting formations to Germany after the armistice, their spirit unbroken as they marched back over the Rhine bridges, making the "Stab in the Back" legend at least comprehensible.

Sulzbach belonged to an Eingreif-division, liable to be thrown into the thick of any emergency at short notice, which often happened to him. As a contemporary document his diaries deserve to be read by all students and others interested in the period; they are engagingly written and full of interest, and they reflect the writer's strong sense of comradeship, his loyalty and the sincere belief that he was fighting to defend Germany against aggression; and there is a refreshing absence of that superficial mea-culpa-ism which is all too fashionable in other quarters today.

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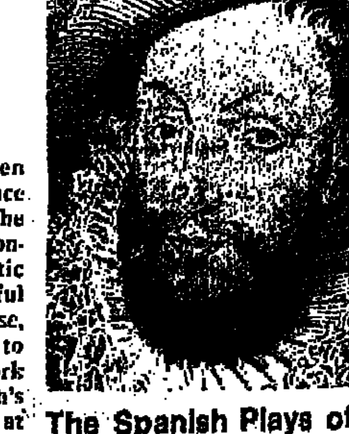

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TIMES PAST THE TIMES

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Viewpoint

BY JONATHAN RABAN

A CLOSE STUDENT of those advertisements which say that your pen can pay for your holiday, and that Mrs Y of Dagenham has earned £1,000 from her first script for the television, I nearly became a television dramatist, once. I whored after producers and script editors, and came away with a fistful of commissions. My plays were disasters. One was abandoned after costing (it entailed setting a Norfolk village on fire); one was rejected on its second rewrite by the BBC ("The trouble is that nothing actually *happens*, though we do like your dialogue"); one reached the screen, skulking under a pseudonym after I had removed my name from the credits.

The script of this last one looked fine on paper; it was full of rather racy, colourful exchanges, rapidly intercut and peppered with professional touches like "Slow fade on empty budgie cage" and "Wipe to bar living room". Even in the ruinous rehearsal hall on the wrong side of Vauxhall Bridge, there were still twitches of vestigial life in it. Neither the director nor the actors, dutifully striding from chalk-mark to chalk-mark, gave any sign that they were trying to resuscitate a terminal case. They were cheerier each day, applauded each other's laugh-lines, and got themselves up in in-character costumes. After a fortnight of rehearsal, we dragged the partly fleshed bones of the play to Manchester, where it was to be recorded in the Granada studios.

On the monitor screens in the director's box, it looked terrible. Lines which would pass innocently enough in a short story or novel become, on television, vastly amplified and over-extended. They have to support both the actor's delivery and gesture and the intense, promiscuous scrutiny of the camera. Everything is projected, blown up, illustrated. A brisk little row, with two people casually sniping at each other in an orderly marital fashion, is whipped-up to epic and murderous proportions: eyes blaze, feet stamp, doors slam. One can feel the actors struggling like swimmers to reach their invisible audience against the tide of machinery and technicians. "You are a bastard", says the girl; the line in my head was offhand, almost friendly, but isolated on the screen it comes across as the sort of remark which might reasonably start a Mediterranean family vendetta. I'd been quite pleased with the way I'd found objects for the camera to dwell on; they punctuated the play on the page, almost-symbols. But "slow fade on empty budgie cage" turned out to mean an unbearably long drawn out study of an Alcatraz for birds, in which there was time to count every artistically planted grain of seed on the cage floor.

My play was wildly over-written. In performance, it was slow, loud and thumpingly platitudinous. Television deals best, I suspect, with language at one of two extremes. It can thrive on the rhetorical totalitarianism of a writer like David Mercer, who rants through his characters with such a deluge of straight verbal metaphor that the illustrative process of acting and filming just has to tag along behind as best it can. Mercer's best work—*A Suitable Case for Treatment*, for instance—is so explicit and watertight in its wordiness that the cameras can do little more than transfer what is already there in the language on to numbered cans of tape. Or, as in good series-drama, it can use words as mere noises, like footfalls. The reality lies in the situation, in relationships which are more seen than heard. Elwyn Jones's superbly gruff and crackly handling of the Barlow-and-Watt double act in *Softly, Softly* depended on our knowing the characters so well and seeing them so clearly that dialogue was practically superfluous. Flat, grunting, matter of fact, it was picked up by the microphone as an afterthought. The picture of the characters is the thing, and it is language which has turned into the illustration.

My own play sank midway between these possibilities; it was at once too inexplicit and too much of a word-show. Where good dialogue in a printed story may be deliberately leaky, with lots of holes and crannies for the reader's imagination to come through, good dialogue on television has to be caulked and polished—by the time it is there on the screen it must be complete and impervious as an epigram. The qualities which make the plays of Mercer and Dennis Potter so successful on television make them read like communiqués from the imaginative police. Feel this! Think that! Cut to bloodied corpse of dead bear!

On the third day of the Manchester recording, grizzling in whisky in the bar of the Stables Theatre, I heard one of the technicians say, "I'm on this *awful* play. It's got a cat in it." I cut for home, got lost in fog over the Pennines, my exhaust pipe split, and my car limped down the motorway to London, growling like a tank. Better to stick to book reviewing than turn into the worst TV playwright in England. On the day the thing actually went out, I holed up in the only pub I could find which didn't have a television set and prayed that none of my friends would break the cover of my pseudonym. I still sometimes happen on copies of the script in the dusty bottoms of drawers; it's fat, pink and soggy—just the thing to give an unwary dustman a nasty turn.

More recently, ginger and chastened but still hooked on writing dialogue, I've tried radio plays. No one I know listens to Radio 3, which seemed a signal advantage to begin with; and since I'd already done a few talks and chat-programmes, I wasn't overwhelmed by the machinery of the business, which, by television standards, is minimal, friendly and perfectly comprehensible. You are simply invited to fill an hour or ninety minutes of empty time with voices. They can get into discussions, they can monologue, they can even speak in verse, if you want. The microphone, unlike the camera, is supremely attentive to what is written in the script; it doesn't stray, yawning, up to trays of bird-seed or mention, in a sly aside, that the director has a thing about Louis Quinze chairs or Victorian nutcrackers. It allows the actor to concentrate on interpretation and delivery, gives him the pure theatre of mind and ear in which to perform, without demanding that he be a tumbler and fashion model into the bargain. Some actors shrink from radio, precisely because it leaves them exposed at the most vulnerable, sensitive and expressive level of their craft; many of the finest actors—Gielgud, for example—love the sheer exactitude of radio and the opportunities it affords for laying and pointing words as finely as if they were bricks in a wall. Radio, unlike the smooth completedness of television, is a conspiracy between performer and listener; it is, in consequence, delicate, ambiguous, all tact and gossamer. For the writer, it is the only other medium which is as permissive and hospitable as the printed page.

The only established convention of radio is time; no proscenium arch, no unities, no budgeting of sets, no camera angles. If the words can congeal into something shapely and meaningful which lasts an hour, it is a radio play. For Louis MacNeice, the form was an epic extension of the verse eclogue; for Henry Reed, it is a cabaret; for Giles Cooper, it was the clarity and terrible illusionism of a nightmare; for Dylan Thomas, in *Under Milk Wood*, it was really a dramatized and lengthened version of a twenty-minute descriptive talk ("Quite Early One Morning"), written in the rhythm of spoken prose with the licence and imaginative elisions of verse. The one cloud on this open horizon at present is Broadcasting House's latest toy, the stereo studio—a place whose control room has been deftly modelled on the pilots' cabin in the Concorde. There a worrying amount of production energy is channelled into making voices come out of first the left-hand, then the right-hand speaker. It may not sound much, but it could be the beginning of a quite useless and limiting convention. ("Wouldn't it be a good idea if during this monologue we could hear him pacing from one side of the aural fireplace to the other . . . ?") The moment a word is physically placed in space, a degree of literalism enters the play which is entirely alien to the basic nature of radio.

Writing a script is a libidinously free-style affair. I've just finished my third radio play: it has a narration in rhyming doggerel, it's full of page-long monologues, it zig-zags gaily backwards and forwards in the period between 1942 and last year, and the characters end up machine-gunning giant lizards out of a helicopter in Mexico. When it gets on tape early next year, it may be another humiliating disaster; but if it is, it won't be because these things aren't possible on radio—the fault will be that I haven't written well enough, haven't sufficiently prepared the feast for the ear which even a middling radio play must be. The week of production will put the words through a fine and critical sieve; there is bound to be chaff, things wrongly and crudely said, failures of imagination, stupidities and cheap remarks. But there will be no distortion. The language won't be blown up way beyond its proper size, slowed to a snail's pace, or diminished to a trivial … effect to accompany … taking *coup de décor*.

Yet the very delicacy and … for words in themselves wh… radio's chief strengths do … make it rather a squishy medium … a listener, one has no text … over, to give one the sense that … is an object with an independent … of its own. Radio excites the private and suggestible area of … mind; we invent it as we … find reviews of other people's … let alone my own, hard to re… the reverie or mental jag which … play was for me. Mercifully … distorted by the machinery of … mission, the radio play turns … fodder for the distortions of the … It can be turned inside out, … say the reverse of what author … ducer and actor intended, … by one listener, turned into … of nightmare by another. More … than the printed page, radio … the word from the direction … control of syntax, leaves it … round the brain without … tone to govern its resonances. … weeks ago a play of mine about … girls in Notting Hill, … broadcast which several … found disgusting and brutal … *had* written-in scenes of … tion and imagined rape, but I … I'd kept them well in … whipping them down a … of sardonic comedy. Not … the air, for some listeners … these incidents—matters of … few words—broke loose from … context and set up shop … own, where they did a … trade in dirt and innuendo. … sion defines very exactly … shows: a rape is a rape … the libertarians and the … ladies are at least able to … they've seen the same thing … radio, simultaneously so … so precise, you can never … quite where the line falls … what you have heard and … have made up.

This tendency of radio, to b… down into atomic particles … disconnected words and phrases … its dark reverse side. In the … of the inattentive listener … meretricious programme … radio set turns into someth… a sunray lamp, a machine … which you bask in a barrage of … pointless aural stimuli. Switch … local station in the United … and you will hear a phone-in … tribution from a lady in … about Black loafers on … ("Good to hear from you, … . . ."); a mention that the … diggers are striking; … song; a political advert… ("My name is Wayne K. … am standing for election … warden for Coney County … beautify our town for less … a sentimental poem; an … chanted by a mass choir, … dynamic virtues of the Thunder… and a thirty-second interview … the high-school baseball team … hitter; all this in three minutes … Unfortunately, that too is … radio's real nature. Elated … covering it such a lovely and … medium to write for, I tried … ing it for the *Listener*— … failure to chalk up—and found … like describing one's bathwater … warmish, dullish, quite dirty … right to lie about all day in … what did you want to know … anyway?

Ralf Dahrendorf: The Sociological Man

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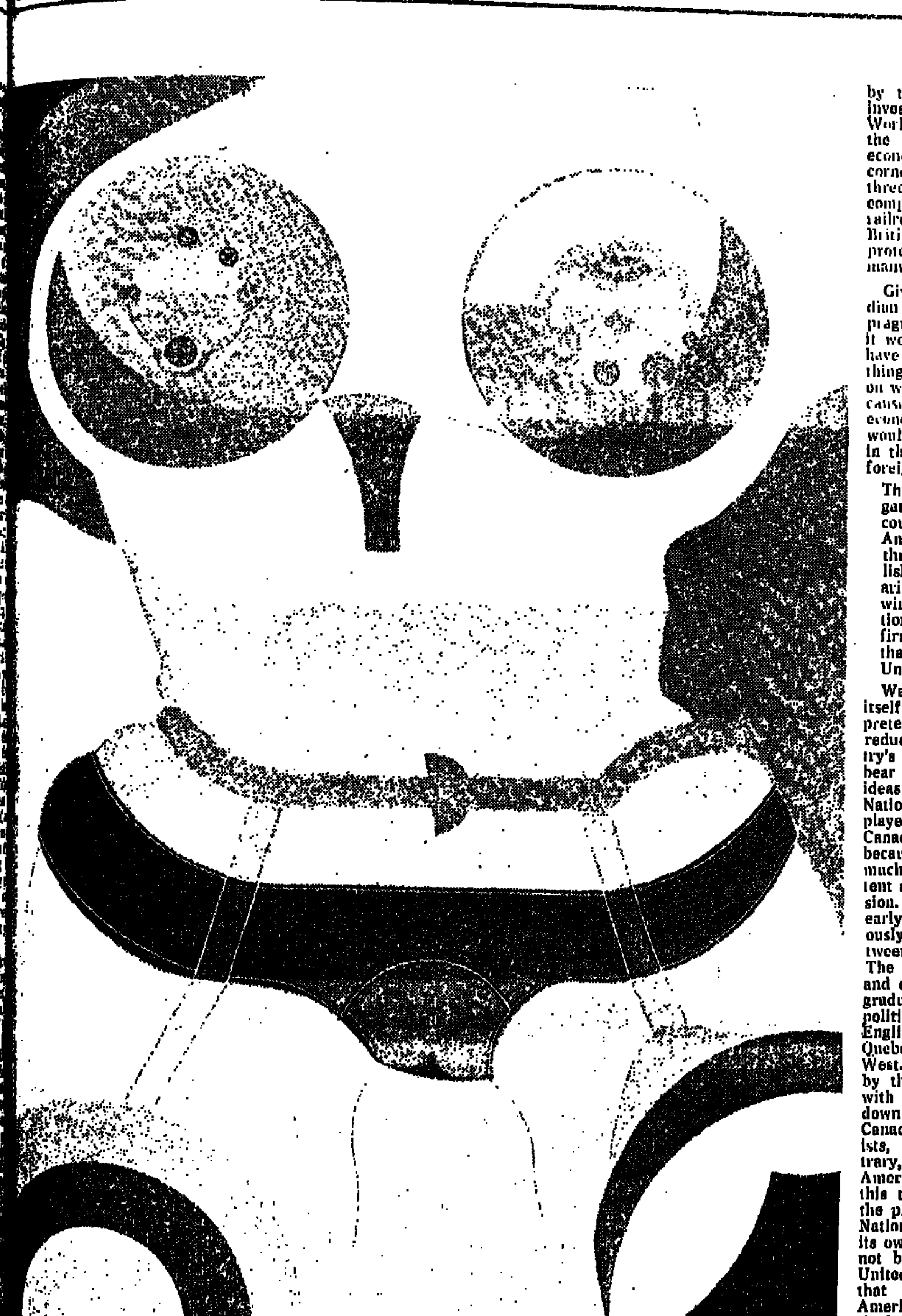

"*Mother, Earth, Love*" *by Dennis Burton, b 1933, Art Gallery of Ontario.*

A culture in search of an economy

BY BRIAN STOCK

…UT SIXTY YEARS ago, Wilfrid Laurier, then Prime Minister, asserted that this would be Canada's century. In an ironic sense the prediction has come true. To a degree it has been the United States' century, and since American … possess most of Canada, it has … been her century as … The turn of events has brought it an undeniable prosperity, … has left Canadians dissatisfied with their immediate past and uncertain of their future. What is at issue, broadly speaking, is an economic versus cultural interpretation of Canadian experience. The economy may only be able to survive at the price of surrendering political sovereignty, and the national culture in conditions that are economically unrealistic. The impersonal … which has created one of the world's highest standards of … in Canada now threatens to offer up its fragile union on the altar of unlimited growth. Unless the paradox is resolved successfully forces now at work may break up the federation; and even if it is, they will profoundly transform the love and hate relationship she has carried on with her southern neighbour for 100 years. In short, Canadian nationalism has become an issue of continental dimensions.

Two Nationalisms

In England and the United States, relatively little attention has been paid to the reawakening of nationalist sentiment. In both countries the contemporary image of Canada is somewhat out of date. It is still customary to think of it as an economy in search of a society. Nowadays it would be more accurate to speak of two societies in search of an economy. The economy, of course, has not vanished; it has merely passed out of Canadian hands. In English and French Canada this unhappy state of affairs has come about in different ways. Thus it is not surprising that different solutions are being proposed to remedy it.

The historical roots of English Canadian nationalism are well known: the British defeat in the American War of Independence, the subsequent flight of Loyalist refugees and the lingering hostility in Upper Canada to the formation of the United States. Yet, whatever its ideological roots, during the nineteenth century it assumed a predominantly economic character. Canada was born in the industrial revolution and weaned by the expansion of the Empire. Its first phase of growth was brought to an end by the general retreat of British investments overseas after the First World War. Even within the country the logic of Confederation was economic. The National Policy, the cornerstone of the union, rested on three fundamental points: the completion of the transcontinental railroad, the encouragement of British immigration, and a high protective tariff to aid nascent manufacturing.

Given the vast potential of Canadian resources and the hardworking, pragmatic nature of her people, it would appear that nothing could have gone wrong. Evidently something did. Even today opinions vary on whether there was any genuinely causal link between the Policy and economic expansion. Many students would support the view expressed in the 1968 Watkins Report on the foreign control of industry:

> The Canadian tariff, by segregating the Canadian market, encouraged foreign and particularly American firms to meet the threatened loss of sales by establishing branch plants and subsidiaries. Protected from the stiff winds of international competition, *both* domestic and foreign firms have performed less well than their counterparts in the United States.

Was this the fault of the Policy itself or the individuals who interpreted, transformed and ultimately reduced it to impotence? A country's dominant political ideas often bear an uncanny resemblance to the ideas of its dominant group. The National Policy, which might have played a determining role in the Canadian future, failed to do so because those implementing it had much more to gain from a consistent and calculated policy of subversion. Throughout the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries a curiously widening gap developed between prediction and performance. The rate of growth was sporadic and disappointing, and its structure gradually placed more and more political power in Toronto and English Montreal at the expense of Quebec, the Maritimes and the West. A comic touch was provided by the mixture of envy and scorn with which Upper Canadians looked down upon American achievement. Canadians, said the early nationalists, despite all signs to the contrary, were innately superior to the Americans. Had they not proved this through their loyalism? Later the plea changed somewhat. As the National Policy, through no fault of its own, had failed, and Canada had not become a serious rival to the United States, it was now affirmed that while Americans were bad, American money was good. The Yankees were allowed to buy Canada's body but not to possess its soul. By the 1960s the message had changed again. Even the business class that had engineered the sell-out was now having second thoughts. Some were speaking out against foreign capital. Others made the sobering announcement that Canada's sovereignty was threatened, when in fact it had never existed. At bottom the businessmen were worried because their own sovereignty was threatened. For in the multinational corporation they had finally met a force which no purely national policy could explain away.

If the origins of English Canadian nationalism are primarily ideological and economic, those of Quebec may be described as sociocultural. In its infancy English Canada, like other British colonies, possessed no distinctive cultural unity aside from that which it enjoyed within the Empire. Its immigrant experience did not weld its diverse peoples into a unified whole, but rather provided the service of an international transit lounge for travellers en route to the United States. As Marc Bloch long ago recognized, Quebec was the imposition onto the New World of a late medieval, agrarian society which subsequently lost its political autonomy. Its history ever since has been an attempt to maintain cultural survival at any cost. Separatism, aside from its revolutionary connotations, is Canada's oldest, most conservative patriotism. It is the only one in which the political future is viewed as the fulfilment of cultural as opposed to purely material objectives. As such it possesses some obvious attractions and some equally obvious problems. History, including contemporary events, is immediately and irremediably reduced to a linear drama. The drama, in its continuity at least, contains an element of truth; the suspension of

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civil liberties in 1970 seemed to many uncomfortably close to a repeat performance of Louis Riel in 1885. But in the last analysis it is the expression not of fact but of faith.

The facts are more sobering. Quebec was an urban and industrial society long before it developed a consciousness of either. Thus it was troubled for a long time by two irreconcilable images of itself, that of the frontier agrarian community, destined, as it thought, to fulfill a unique historic mission, and that of the developing nation, differing from others in particulars, but experiencing all the expected strains of modernization. The confusion of the two has always militated against the development of a unified critical tradition. It has also provided a convenient scenario for Ottawa to play the right and left off against each other. In the 1960s a more realistic separatism emerged. It was a product of the "quiet revolution", an essentially non-revolutionary movement that created the province's first bureaucratic society, and in its wake the social-democratic Parti Québécois. With its 70,000 paid-up members and some million sympathizers, the PQ is now the official opposition and Quebec's most dynamic cultural force. If elected, it will attempt to revoke the British North America Act, on which, it rightly claims, there has never been the referendum promised in Confederation.

Yet the PQ is not without its own internal contradictions. Quebec has never lacked nationalistic parties, but they have always tended to say one thing and to do another. The Union National was for years a gentleman's agreement between Ottawa and Quebec's social and ecclesiastical establishment. The authors of the quiet revolution now in federal politics have found the old arrangement too convenient to discard; so they have merely reshuffled the major characters. Who is to say that the PQ would not do the same? On the central economic questions, resource exploitation and foreign capital, they have maintained a curious silence. After "Independence" Ontario would perhaps still sell twice as much to the province as she buys. And American investors do not care who runs Quebec, so long as there is money to be made. It is difficult to see how the nationalists can liberate Quebec while putting it further into debt; to build a technocratic infrastructure while preventing the development of all but resource industries; or to promote greater participation in the political process while allowing most decisions to be made in an all too familiar authoritarian manner, in the interests of outsiders.

Common Economic Problems

If English and French nationalism differ so profoundly in origin and development, why has their own impetus not been sufficient to burst Canada apart? Two reasons are normally advanced. Ethnic and regional interests have never had much influence on economic decision-making, which, since the days of the National Policy, has been the virtual monopoly of southern Ontario and English Montreal. Moreover, the makers of public opinion have until recently managed to convince Canadians that their mutual distrust of each other was less important than *le défi américain*. During the 1960s some new thoughts made their appearance. Canadians of both languages began to realize that, with their consent, indeed, with their complicity, those who had been entrusted to preserve the national integrity had consciously or unconsciously bungled the job. This insight, documented as it was by irrefutable statistics, arrived at the very moment when the old elites of the "vertical mosaic", who had hitherto ruled all the hierarchies, were finally beginning to yield their power to others. Thus, towards the end of the decade, Canadians received a double shock. The economy, which they thought was going well, appeared in the long term to be headed for disaster, and those who were supposed to be managing it on their behalf had spent a good deal of time benevolently shielding them from the facts.

Pierre Trudeau, in a sense, stood at the crossroads. He was the last relic of the heroic "resource" age and its first martyr. The adulation with which he was taken up was a dying gasp of the old charisma. The bitterness with which he was subsequently dropped reflected not so much his parliamentary record as the fact that heroism was no longer fashionable. People were too worried about the irreparable damage done to the country. For by 1970 Canada was accurately described as "the world's richest underdeveloped country, the world's most highly developed colony".

Even at this critical point in their history Canadians were concerned with the wrong question. What bothered them most was foreign ownership of their resources, when what they should have been mulling over was the uses to which they were being put. They might also have inquired how it had all come about. For Canada emerged from the Second World War with its manufacturing sector well on the way to maturity. Up to that point its options were still relatively open. After the war it might have capitalized on a period of growth, but its planners and parliamentarians opted instead for giving excessive tax concessions to resource industries.

The exploitation of minerals became the central element in federal planning and with minor adjustments, mostly cosmetic, it has remained that way ever since. The Government has tried to justify the policy through the jobs it creates. But this reasoning can easily be broken down. The royalties from mineral licences represent only a tiny fraction of the immense, wholly exportable profits reaped by oil, gas and mining consortia, and the number of jobs created has had no permanent effect on Canada's chronic unemployment. The mining industry has proposed that it is still a "high risk" enterprise, that it "creates wealth". But the days of frontier prospecting and its myths are gone forever. In the national context the mining and petroleum industry looks much more like a classic monopoly; there were 824 firms in 1965 and only 218 in 1970. Its function is the transformation of publicly owned natural wealth into exportable liquidity.

Of course some of the profits have accrued directly or indirectly to Canadians, who have sacrificed the right to long-range planning in exchange for instant participation in the consuming society. But time is running out. Canadians used to be told that their resources were "inexhaustible". During the winter of 1972-73, Ontario, having long ago allowed its natural gas to heat the living rooms of Detroit and Toledo, faced a serious fuel crisis. Scarcities of other inexhaustible staples are now confidently predicted for the seventies. Eric Kierans, a former Cabinet Minister and the most outspoken critic of federal policy, has summed up the matter as follows: "Resource rich nations that continually yield up the value of their wealth in return for the labour employed in its exploitation will never be more than resource nations."

The irrational support given to the mining industry is the major reason why Canada has remained a developing nation, unable, despite the efforts of its best planners, to evolve an industrial strategy suited to its own interests. It may be argued that Federal policy since the war has only followed a traditional pattern of planning growth through the export of staple products. But what was advantageous in the days of the fur-trade does not necessarily provide a model for industrial society. By backing resource exploitation, the Government placed manufacturing under a serious handicap.

What are the results? Here the statistics speak for themselves. Between 1945 and 1964, foreign long-term investment in Canada grew from $2,700m to $15,900m, an increase of from 40 to 60 per cent of the total. Something like 80 per cent was American, nearly all of it as branch plants or subsidiaries. With a population hovering around 20 million, Canada accounted for 3% per cent of all American investments abroad, more than the total for all of Latin America or Europe. Americans now control at least 60 per cent of manufacturing, 75 per cent of petroleum and natural gas, and 60 per cent of mining and smelting.

A great deal of the takeover has been financed by earnings in Canada. From 1957 to 1964, American direct investment in manufacturing secured 7.1 per cent of its funds from retained earnings and depreciation reserves, a further 12 per cent from Canadian banks and only 15 per cent from American sources. Foreign control was thus financed by the sale of Canadian resources, the exploitation of Canadian labour and the sale of branch-plant manufactures to Canadians at protected prices. From being a capital exporting country between 1946 and 1950, Canada had by the eve of her centenary accumulated debts of $24,000m. With the clear blessing of the federal and provincial governments, Americans had by the same date acquired virtual territorial control over national assets valued at $40,000m.

Most of these figures are taken from the Watkins report and its two successors, Wahn and Gray. The conclusion of all three was that Canada should introduce legislation to screen takeovers, and if necessary to prevent those not in the national interest. But it was too little, too late. Already, serious, perhaps permanent damage had been done to the key sector of technologically based manufacturing. In October, 1971, the Science Council of Canada issued a stern warning:

> A deterioration has taken place in Canadian manufacturing over the last four years. . . . Many science-based industries are producing fewer goods than in 1968, and have considerably fewer employees. During this period, their profits declined even more rapidly. This deterioration places many of our recent investments in education, in borrowed capital, in social welfare in jeopardy. Our resource industries cannot fill this gap by themselves; nor can our service-producing industries, which depend on a profitable manufacturing base. . . . The Science Council is convinced that many manufacturing industries may not survive. . . .

Some 1.7 million people are presently employed in manufacturing, and the annual growth rate of the labour force is one of the highest in the West, at 2.5 per cent. The unprecedented expansion of the universities in the 1960s has resulted in an annual increase of engineers and scientists of close to 9 per cent. The irrational state of Canadian manufacturing will ensure that only a small fraction of either will find successful careers.

For the labour force there is the awesome possibility that, as more and more production is shifted to the United States, Canada may gradually become de-industrialized. For the educated the prospects are hardly better. Multinational corporations operating in Canada do most of their basic research in the parent companies, and Canadian firms, with rare exceptions, do not innovate but rather import piecemeal a technology they may only dimly understand. The use of foreign technology and the participation in a continental market over which Canada can exert little control have in their turn inhibited the development of entrepreneurial and managerial skills. Of course it may be argued that Canadians have never excelled in manufacturing. The pattern of investment, the intrinsic limitations of the market, the low productivity of labour and the ease of developing resource industries have all placed it in an unfavourable position. But if present trends continue, it will lose even the initial advantages of its natural wealth. Pierre Bourgault, author of the Science Council report, concludes gloomily that Canada is no longer in any meaningful sense a trading nation. It is merely "the world's leading importer, on a per-capita basis, of manufactured products".

The Cultural Revival

The debate on economic nationalism, which has raged in Canada for a decade, has contributed two notable insights. The first is the breakdown of the reassuring internal myth that it is a mature or developed country. However, else-

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concluded that, while all ... of humane reflective inquiry ... being unjustly neglected, ... was considerable pedestrian ... going on in recondite spe- ...".

... Canadians reflected more ... ained less, they might by now ... overcome the most crucial ... ness in their critical tradition, ... inability to find an appropriate ... for interrelating social ... -cultural issues. For there is ... the country a cultural ... alues of the naïve faith in the ... ms of economic liberalism. It is ... in the widespread belief that ... ral questions can be analysed ... the great tradition of literary ... culture. Canadians have always ... ssed that they could come to ... with the problems of society ... culture using the limited termi- ... of literary criticism. As the ... were often imported, or ... ded on imports, this meant ... culture was never related to ... realities but rather to an ... r model derived from a for- ... literature. A lot of good liter- ... criticism has been written by ... ians, but only because hermo- ... was for generations the only ... able form of cultural analysis.

... is instructive that there was a ... history in both languages ... a decade before the first ... into the reading public ... is hesitant appearance. The ... ble a combination of ... that has spawned some of ... pioneers of communications re- ... has tried very hard to pre- ... that it was not part of an ... ial mass culture. It has spent ... much time with T. S. Eliot, not ... with the Frankfurter School. ... the study of literature in ... to its positive values, has, ... absence of a sociology of ..., assumed an ideological ... It has given a false confi- ... and militated against the ... ment of intellectual maturity. ... it is comforting for Cana- ... to see themselves ... l mirror of the great national ... s in their make-up. The ... age is that almost all cul- ... analysts in such a framework ... divorced from experi- ... The great tradition, which ... should liberate the mind, ... a set of inherited, absolu- ... alues, transmitted without ... from a minority in one ... ation to a minority in the ... It has the status of a property ... who thinks the colonial ... is obsolete should glance at a ... white paper prepared ... Ontario government called ... Learning Society. This is a ... for transforming the edu- ... system into a vast empo- ... for the creative marketing of ... sophisticated counter- ... so to speak, of cable television. ... such thinking repre- ... a minority. A more important ... Commission was recently ... for the same government ... of Canadian publish- ... Publishers and Cana- ... Publishing is the most thor- ... and literate study of an aspect ... cultural culture since the Massey ... It is an important inquiry, ... happens to publishing, ... determine the fates of ... film, radio and local tele-

Outlook for ...adian Publishing

... problem in essence is as ... "By international stan- ... Canadian publishing has ... matured in the past ... two. It is therefore ironi- ... at the very moment that ... books are beginning to ... their places beside the finest ... publications ... the future ... Canadian book industry as a ... enterprise seems to be in ... Some of the reasons for the ... are transnational, like the ... of the textbook, upon ... so many publishers have ... based their steady reve- ... there is also an important ... make-up of the reading ... In 1971 the maternal lan- ... 12,973,810 Canadians was ... 5,793,650 French, and ... other tongues. From the ... sandpoint, Canada is a ... heterogeneous, geographi- ... bounded market, lacking a ... centre of distribution. A ... limitation arises from the ... unique role of publishing. ... enormous quantities of ... are produced ... Canada, as ... the eyes been made to develop secondary industries like printing. Again it is a question of exporting a natural resource in its crudest state. In English Canada publishing accounts for only 0.06 per cent of the national income. The comparable figures in the United States and Great Britain are four times larger.

Canadians were relatively uninterested in the native book culture until their territorial instincts were aroused in the late 1960s. A wave of takeovers had reduced their share of English-speaking houses to just over 50 per cent, and the resulting chauvinism obscured the real problem, which, as the Royal Commission pointed out, was to distinguish between Canadian publishers and Canadian publishing. The great imbalance, as in other technologically-based industries, lies with the United States. In 1971, book exports from the United States were worth $177m, of which 45 per cent was purchased by Canada and 12 per cent by the United Kingdom. In the same year Americans imported books worth $101m, of which only 11 per cent came from Canada. As in the case of film and television, restrictive legislation, often supported by nationalistic unions, freezes Canada out of the wider continental market. Yet north of the border more printed matter is bought from the United States than in all other countries of the world combined.

But if the United States has not really helped Canadian publishers remain independent and healthy, has it had an equally detrimental effect on Canadian publishing? This is a much more difficult question to answer. In 1971, of 631 books produced in Canada, 345 were published by native and 286 by foreign firms. In numerical terms outsiders would appear to be supporting indigenous authors. However, of 170 titles of poetry or fiction only forty-six were handled by foreigners. With the exception of Macmillan and Oxford, almost all creative literature and nationalistic writing is put out by Canadian presses. Foreign publishers thus behave like other manufacturers in making Canada part of a wider market. Perhaps they cannot be faulted for their reluctance to underwrite publications destined for minority-sight trade booksellers distributed over a thin belt 3,000 miles long. But that is beside the point. The simple fact is, the more Canadians allow others to publish for them, the less chance they will have in developing native cultural industries. And while it may be useful to open bookstores abroad, their presence will not change the facts of life at home.

The Royal Commission on publishing illustrates how dangerous a game Canadians have played in isolating discussions of culture from the economics of industrial society. History may well regard the 1960s as the period in which the permafrost of moral superiority in national arts and letters finally began to thaw, as both French and English set about dismembering the myths which had paralysed their societies so long. Massive studies of education, biculturalism, poverty (an official and unofficial report), science policy, industrial strategy and urban affairs have in fact placed so much information at Canadians' feet that their governments have often found themselves on the defensive before the committees of inquiry set up to justify their actions.

Yet in a land where ideology had tiquious past and their precarious future. The new gods, where they have been articulated, are much more realistic than the old mythologies of empires based on limitless resources and the heroism of hockey-stars. At the same time all the major political questions remain unanswered. Recent governments have merely sidestepped the constitutional, bicultural and regional economic issues. Until they are resolved, Canada will know no lasting internal tranquillity, and thus be unable to devote her attention to the important task of relating her new cultural values to the economic realities.

In view of the changing relationship between Europe and America, the lack of initiative on the latter problem is undoubtedly the most disappointing feature of the present scene. For Canada, one should not forget, has a unique heritage, neatly divided between the old world and the new. She was born with one foot not quite out of the Middle Ages and the other not quite in the Industrial Revolution. The country was not only founded on the idea of *deux nations*, but as a more audacious experiment in offering an alternative to the United States. The nature of the alternative was never spelt out, and perhaps that was just as well. Canadians, by remaining uncommitted to a secularized messianism, have perhaps been more willing to laugh at their beginnings. Yet even the modest goals they have now set themselves will remain unrealized if they lose their half of the continent by default. It is time they awoke from the Edwardian afternoon in which they have been slumbering and created their first frontier. It is unfortunate that, at a time when Canadians appear willing to allow all they have to slip through their hands, many Americans regard their country, with all its weaknesses, as North America's last chance for a genuinely democratic society.

Professor Brian Stock teaches medieval cultural history in the Pontifical Institute, Toronto, and is the author of "Myth and Science in the Twelfth Century" and "Medieval Latin Lyrics"

Over the Edge

All my dead people
seeping through the riverbank where they are buried
colouring the stream pale brown
are why I swim in the river,
feeling now rather closer to them
than when the water was clear,
when I could walk barefoot on the gravel
seeing only the flicker of minnows
possessing nothing but balance.

FLEUR ADCOCK

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DENNIS DOBSON

To the Editor

Abolishing the Ph D

Sir,—In an earlier letter I expressed my views on the question raised by Clifford Leech (September 28). May I briefly comment on a sentence in the letter of G. S. Rousseau (October 19), who, whilst disliking the Ph D octopus, feels bound to admit that in preparing a dissertation the American student at least learns how to write—learns, he says, for the first time, since "undergraduates are too occupied exploring themselves and the new universe of learning to take writing seriously". I know that many American undergraduates write very badly indeed; but—one asks as mildly as possible—how on earth do they explore themselves, etc, if they can't use words with some sensitiveness and precision? Most of us do our thinking with and through words, and if an English major can't use words he can't think. It's as simple as that. So in a way he didn't quite intend Mr Rousseau supports the point I was trying to make. Most graduate students in the humanities need further education (which is not—once more—"training"), so that they in turn can help undergraduates perhaps even school pupils, to discover the creative excitement that comes from first-hand experience of the power of words; though of course in doing that they would necessarily be doing very much more. In short, the Ph D has to be seen as part of an enormously larger educational problem—how even to begin to set about creating a genuinely literate college and school population. If the universities collectively were to set their sights on that—needless to say without neglecting real research or the advancement of new thought—it would go some way towards solving not only the Ph D problem but the mass of problems (not peculiar to the United States) springing from non-communication or bad communication.

L. C. KNIGHTS.
57 Jesus Lane, Cambridge.

Sir,—I am sympathetic to (Dr) Clifford Leech's thesis (September 28) that the Ph D should be abolished; however, I do not think it likely that his views will prevail. In the period of over seventy years since William James published his article on "The Ph.D. Octopus", the grip of the octopus has grown stronger, and so has "the squirting of ink which is its main reflex", as Jacques Barzun expressed it nearly thirty years ago in another essay bearing the same title.

The following solution to the problem was proposed nearly 200 years ago by (Dr) Samuel Johnson in *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*:

> The indiscriminate collation of degrees has justly taken away that respect which they originally claimed as stamps, by which the literary value of men so distinguished was authoritatively denoted. That academical honours, or any others, should be conferred with exact proportion to merit, is more than human judgment or human integrity have given reason to expect. Perhaps degrees in universities cannot be better adjusted by any general rule than by the length of time passed in the public profession of learning. An English or Irish doctorate cannot be obtained by a very young man, and it is reasonable to suppose, what is likewise by experience commonly found true, that he who is by age qualified to be a doctor, has in so much time gained learning sufficient not to disgrace the title, or wit sufficient not to desire it.

IAN McCAUSLAND.
Department of Electrical Engineering, University of Toronto, Toronto M5S 1A4, Canada.

Anglo-American Musicology

Sir,—May an unlettered bookseller, with no pretensions to scholarship, express his astonishment that Professor Howard Mayer Brown, on learning that his earlier remarks have caused offence, should compound that offence by patronizingly naming four scholars and implying that they represent the sum total of English achievement in musicology (October 19)?

Sir, more than thirty volumes of Musica Britannica have now appeared, displaying high editorial standards; a young American who has chosen to live and work here is probably the greatest expert on the music of Bellini, Donizetti and Mayr; several of the learned editorial board of the New Berlioz Edition are English; our most scholarly and elegant critic has produced the first authentic version of *Don Carlos* by meticulous study of the original sources, while at the same time making a much-admired translation of the *Ring*; the British Museum and several university libraries boast scholars whose modesty is equalled only by their distinction; one of the world's greatest authorities on Byzantine music is an Austrian who has made himself part of the English scene over a long period. I could continue but I would weary you and your readers.

JOHN MAY.
5 Horham Road, London, SW15.

Semiotics

Sir,—I note that Thomas Sebeok in his article (October 5) refers to von Frisch's well-known description of bee "dances"; but he does not mention that nowadays we know something of the sound signals associated with these and other bee movements, particularly from the work of the Soviet biologist E. K. Es'kov (articles in *Pchelovodstvo, Zoologichesky Zhurnal, Problemy peredachi informatsii*, etc). Several of these articles are available in English from the Bee Research Association, Hill House, Chalfont St Peter SL9 0NR, and are of great interest.

DOROTHY GALTON.
The Garden House, Peacock Lane, Holt, Norfolk.

Sir,—The article which you published (October 12) under the title "Different cultures, different codes" was one of Yuri Lotman's earliest explorations towards a typology of culture, having first appeared in its Russian version in 1967.

Since then Professor Lotman and his associates have tackled the problem of cultural universals from several new and probably more fruitful theoretical angles. Abandoning the idea of degrees of "semioticity", which underlies the article you published and which is based on a confusion between "code" as a set of abstract rules and "code" as a value system, they have gone on to examine the fundamental problem of a meta-language of culture; they have attempted typologies of culture defined, for instance, by the spatial concepts of the given collective, by the interrelation of "text" and "function", or by the collective's self-awareness of itself as a dynamic and self-regulating whole (the criterion of "organization" here being opposed to "chaos", as "information" is to "entropy").

Their latest ideas are to be found in the *Theses on the semiotic study of culture* presented by Professor Lotman and his group (V. V. Ivanov, A. M. Pyatigorsky, V. N. Toporov, B. A. Uspensky) to the Seventh International Congress of Slavists in Warsaw in August this year.

ANN SHUKMAN.
Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.
L. M. O'TOOLE.
Language Centre, University of Essex, Wivenhoe, Colchester, Essex.

'The Devil's Decade'

Sir,—Having been away from home I have only just seen your review (October 12) of my book *The Devil's Decade*.

Not too late, I hope, to comment on some points which I think are of general rather than particular interest. I say this with the more confidence because I seem to have read this article over and over again in numerous publications over many years, a fact which does suggest that the views expressed in it have some wide and enduring appeal.

Russian policy: Your reviewer writes that I represent it as "virtuous". I make no such moral judgment at all. I describe what I, as a student who over many years had exceptional opportunities for personal observation and inquiry, believe it to have been. I describe the moves on a chessboard. It is your reviewer who injects the moral judgment, and then attributes it to me. This has some general importance because first it is the automatic reaction of many English writers to such descriptions as mine, and secondly what it implies is that no such account is acceptable unless it represents Russian policy as villainous.

Gossip: Skimming over the fact that about 80 per cent of the events—domestic and foreign—portrayed in the book can be verified by reference to newspapers and archives, your reviewer declares the book to be "history as gossip". By "gossip" he seems to mean first-hand information acquired by the observer or reporter—the person who was there. If every diarist from Pepys to the de Goncourts were to be disregarded on the ground that "we have only their word for it", the history books would be thinner. And if that is what your reviewer wants he should say so, rather than blur the issue by muttering "gossip" in his strictly pejorative sense.

He complains that I do not give my sources for certain statements about Edward VIII. Some good reporters have been rebuked from the bench, and a few have gone to jail, for refusing to disclose their sources. I could have named four of the informants on that particular matter. I should thus have betrayed a trust and my publishers have faced four libel actions.

Corroboration: Your reviewer admits that what I state was said in newspapers about the unemployed could "obviously" be found in the newspapers, but complains I do not "corroborate" the fact. How many thousands of words of newspaper comment would satisfy him as constituting "corroboration"? And how huge would that have made the book?

I perfectly understand your reviewer's reaction to the book. It is one with which I am familiar. But he should defend his position with more candour and less obfuscation.

CLAUD COCKBURN.
Brook Lodge, Youghal, Co Cork, Ireland.

Postscript my letter October 20 stop/Reviewer will be happy to learn that following his describing me as Small Demonic I placed psychic bet on Flash Imp which won Cesarewitch at 25 to one.

Chambermaid and Prelate

Sir,—Your reviewer's "frivolous quibble" with Anthony Quinton in his review (October 19) of the latter's new book obscures an interesting episode.

Although Godwin did not threaten our grandmothers he did indeed ask us to choose between our mothers and Archbishop Fénelon (*Political Justice*, Toronto: Toronto University Press, 1946, pages 127-28). Godwin originally posited a choice between Fénelon and his chambermaid (first edition, 1793), contrasting the principle of utility with that of respect for the fairer sex. Then, in the following paragraph, he asks us to prefer the archbishop even if that chambermaid had been our mother or sister, contrasting familial affection and utility.

The hard-line utilitarianism of *Political Justice* was too much for some contemporaries, and, interestingly, in the later editions (1796, 1798) the choice between chambermaid and prelate seems to have been one of those passages on which the author, in his preface, confesses himself not to have "meditated with a sufficiently profound reflection". But it is not the conflict between family feeling and utility that is removed from our consideration, but that between utility and regard for womankind; and the choice now becomes, initially, one between Fénelon and his valet, and subsequently one between Fénelon and our fathers or brothers in that role.

It may be that Godwin's increasing delicacy towards woman resulted from his growing intimacy with Mary Wollstonecraft during the period when the second edition was being prepared for publication (*Letters*, edited by R. M. Wardle, London: Constable, 1967). It would be consoling to see strict, if benevolent, abstract principles yielding to the impact of a human personality.

I. W. HAMPSHER-MONK.
Department of Politics, University of Exeter, Exeter.

Byron and the 'Grecian Urn'

Sir,—In a well-known passage of his journal-letter to George and Georgiana Keats of September, 1819, Keats wrote:

> You speak of Lord Byron and me—There is this great difference between us. He describes what he sees—I describe what I imagine—Mine is the hardest task. You see the immense difference.

The context does not indicate which poem or poems he had in mind in making this distinction between Byron's poetry and his own. But there are good reasons for believing that one poem he would recall was the "Ode on a Grecian Urn", written a few months earlier.

Despite a great deal of scholarly investigation of possible influences, literary and visual, on this poem, a major source of Keats's inspiration seems to have escaped attention. This is the opening of Canto II of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, possibly the most famous of all poems in Regency England.

The first sixteen stanzas of the Canto are, in E. H. Coleridge's phrase, a "dramatic intro[...]" before the narrative of Harold's journey from Spain to Alba[...] resumed. Byron writes fir[st] about Athens. He invokes [...] Athene, goddess of wisdom, wh[o] kept her serenity as "Mid [...] Heaven", despite the destruc[tion] of war and "ages slow". Sta[nding at] the foot of the temple of O[...] Zeus, he has the Acropolis in [view]. With his mind half on Lord E[lgin's] continuing depredations [in] Athens, he addresses an imag[inary] passerby, a "Son of the Morn[ing]" or native of the East:

> Come—but molest not yon de[...] less [...]
>
> Look on this spot—a na[...] sepulchre [...]

There follow two stanzas of [...] tion on the need for man to [...] stand that on earth not even tem[...] are permanent,

> Vainly his incense soars, his [...] bleeds [...]
>
> Is't not enough, unhappy th[...] to be [...]
>
> Thou art?

Byron then sums up this part of his reflections, and comes back to the funeral urn, which he sees as [...] a message for man:

> Still wilt thou dream on futur[e] [...] and w[...]
>
> Regard and weigh yon dust before [...]
>
> That little urn saith more [...] thousand homilies [...]

Two stanzas later, he quotes a s[aying] of Socrates which is clearly in accord with the wisdom of the [...]

> Well didst thou speak, Athe[na's] wisest son [...]
>
> "All that we know is, nothing can be known."

It is unnecessary to argue in [...] for the relevance of the whole [pas]sage to study of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn", but a few points [may] be noted as being of particular [inter]est. Keats's urn, feminine like [...] "Maid of Heaven", and [...] like her with wisdom, is "still ravished"—a pleasing thought [for] Keats, given the Elgin Marbles con[tro]versy. The urn produces from the poet a sustained meditation on the search of permanence amidst [...] and, at the end, it speaks. [What] Keats's urn says seems to be deliber[ately] contrasted with the pessimistic saying of Socrates in Childe Harold. Whereas Byron denies the possibility of any knowledge, Keats makes his urn utter words of assurance. [This] is in keeping with his original [concep]tion of the theme; nowhere, for instance, has he identified his [urn] with a funerary purpose. In a [sense] the ode is a reply to Byron, a [...] tion of the aesthetic faith of [...] individuals like B. R. Haydon, [who] welcomed the Elgin Marbles in [Eng]land (cf James A. Notopoulos on [the] "truth-beauty" phrase in relation [to] the Elgin Marbles, *Modern Language Review* 61, 1966, pages 180-182). Keats was indebted to Byron [for] more than a bleak view to [...] with and refute, and the [...] dramatic idea of making the [urn] speak. A little later in the same Canto of *Childe Harold* Byron [...]

> Yet in famed Attica such lovely [...]
> Are rarely seen; nor can fair [...]

And in connexion with the death [of] Sappho he makes an ironical [ques]tion about art:

> Could she not live who life eternal [...]
>
> If life eternal may await the lyre,
> That only Heaven to which [...] children may aspire [...]

Byron's influence on the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is pervasive, [...] comparison must end, as it be[gan], [in] recognition of the truth of [Keats's] remark: "He describes what he [sees] —I describe what I imagine— [Mine] is the hardest task. You see [the im]mense difference."

DONALD A. LOW.
Department of English [...], University of Stirling, Stirling.

'Natural Symbols'

Sir,—The revised edition of [...] Douglas's *Natural Symbols*, published this year by Barrie and Jenkins, carries the same text as [the] paperback edition published by [...] Your review of Septem[ber] [...] can. Your review the paperback [...] refers to the paperback [...] modified version of our [...] edition. This is not so.

CHRISTOPHER [...]
Barrie & Jenkins [...] bury Crescent, London, N5 [...]

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Michael Joseph

Commentary

[...] traveller across Canada, that [...]'s search for a national [...] becomes almost a cliché and [...] " almost a dirty word. [...] constantly reminded that two [...], English and French, under[...] raise complex questions [...]; but if he adds to these [...] warring, dissident) factions representing Indian, Eskimo, [...] Italian and extraneous [...], he begins to ask himself [...] a specific Canadian culture [...] defined. Possibly (if he is [...]) he will conclude that for [...] it can't; but where [...] he look for clues? In Ralph [...]'s *The Foreigner* or the early [...] Leacock; in the modern [...] in criticism of Northrop [...] Margaret Atwood; in the [...] of Farley Mowat; [...] novels, say (leaving aside for [...] Morley Callaghan and [...] Richler) of Robertson [...], of Audrey Thomas or of Rudy [...] last a Mennonite who [...] with delicacy and feeling not [...] his own people, but also [...], whose spokesmen are [...] more articulate than [...] their kind who provide the [...] in Banff with their tourist [...]?

[...] are other sources that [...] escape scrutiny: for in[...] the report of the Royal Com[...] on Book Publishing, whose [...], as Brian Stock points out [...], have done something to[...] revitalizing a sickly native [...] publishing industry; the [...] the arm given to it by the [...] Government ($1,700,000 a [...] three years) relies on some [...] self-help from the patient. [...] a third of this sum was [...] to an export drive, and this [...] in cooperative action by [...] publishers and the setting [...] three book centres in Lon[...] and New York. The [...] bookshop-cum-showroom of [...] Ltd, was opened at 19 [...] Street last week and made [...] display, set off by the [...] murals of its previous ten[...]. The books shown are, of [...] a small fraction of the [...] (of some 2,500 titles) [...] Books Canada's catalogue [...] through most categories [...] on librarians' shelves. The [...] to Read Canadian is writ [...] the hope is that eventu[...] it's very much a long-term [...] publishers will com[...] their British and American [...] on terms that will en[...] talented native creative [...] to seek first publication at [...] than abroad.

[...] are these writers to come from? Although Toronto and Montreal are the two great publishing centres, there are many little presses operating outside Ontario—in Edmonton, for example, and on the West Coast. These tend to be regional in character, but they offer new writers, especially poets, platforms for experiment; and, after all, it was with poetry that the literary expansion of Malthusian proportions which Margaret Atwood refers to on page 1305 began.

* * *

In 1933, Wilmarth S. Lewis started work on an edition of Horace Walpole's correspondence; in 1978, all being well, he will finish it, fifty volumes of *The Yale Edition* later, recognized ever since it began as likely to be the most complete and meticulous work of literary scholarship of the century.

On October 19, Dr Lewis's fortieth anniversary as an editor was celebrated in New Haven with a reception, a dinner, a concert of eighteenth-century music, publication of Volumes 35 and 36 of the *Correspondence* and exhibitions in the Beinecke and Sterling Libraries of Dr Lewis's incomparable collection of Walpole material.

At Beinecke, the thirty-six published volumes are on show (together with proofs or typescripts of the next seven), open at pages mentioning objects—books, manuscripts, pictures, memorabilia — displayed alongside them. These range chronologically from a coloured drawing made by Walpole when he was nineteen to the last codicil to his will, written sixty years later.

Dr Lewis owns several thousand autograph letters by Walpole, but sensibly—a mass of letters is monotonous to look at—the exhibition shows only one, to Mme du Deffand in 1775. The exhibits in fact are splendidly various: Paul Sandby's watercolour of Strawberry Hill; the manuscript of the French translation of Walpole's *Historic Doubts* made by Louis XVI, the snuff-box left to him by Mme du Deffand, together with a portrait of her dog, Tonton, which also became Walpole's when she died; the manuscript of Walpole's important *Short Notes* of his life; his copy of Gray's *Odes*, endorsed "the first book completed at Strawberry Hill"; his grandmother's record of the birth of her nineteen children (which fixes the uncertain date of Sir Robert Walpole's death as 1676); Walpole's invaluable *Book of Materials*; Allan Ramsay's 1758 portrait of him; Bentley and Chute's drawings for Strawberry Hill; the manuscript journal of the Strawberry Hill Printing Office; the unpublished manuscript of the *Memoirs of the Reign of King George III*; and many books written or owned by Walpole. A few more substantial items, such as the front door of Walpole's London house and the great lantern from Strawberry Hill, could not, understandably, be transported to New Haven from Dr Lewis's home in Farmington.

The exhibition in the Sterling Library contains eighty-four caricatures from the 8,200 at Farmington, covering such matters as fashion, arts and letters, amusements, politicians, and the loss of America, and making an admirable visual addition to the written annals.

Together the two exhibitions answer, irrefutably, the criticisms sometimes made of the collection of books and manuscripts. They represent not an arid bibliophile's hoard but a collection on which rests an invaluable work of scholarship on eighteenth-century England. Two illustrated catalogues to the exhibitions have been published: to Beinecke, *A Guide to the Life of Horace Walpole* (Yale University Press. $3.95); to Sterling, *The Age of Horace Walpole in Caricature* (Yale University Library, $3).

* * *

In Oxford, at the weekend, British historians of Italy (and other historians, too) met Italian historians of Italy to discuss the new, huge history of that country which the firm of Einaudi has just begun to publish in six volumes (two are already out and a third is due within a few weeks). Anyone churlish enough to demand a rationale for the encounter might find one in the introductory remarks of the publisher himself, Giulio Einaudi, who declared that "the significance of a meeting such as this is to bring face to face two different approaches to history, the English and the Italian, and to see how English historical empiricism judges this attempt to rewrite the history of Italy".

A flattering notion, that, for our native sceptics, to be seen as a proper test-bed for the speculations of other historical traditions. In fact, the scheduled topics of the Oxford meeting, New Approaches to Italian History, Progress and Nationalism in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, The "Original Characteristics" of Italian History, were a bit too extensive for the one-and-a-half days allowed for their debate. They were chosen to tie in with the contents of the two volumes of the Einaudi history already published, on the *Original Characteristics* of Italy, taking in matters such as topography, language, literature, folklore and religion, and on the *History of Italy from the early 18th century to Unification*.

Needless to say, the discussion of themes in Italian history turned out to be a discussion of general historiographical themes: Is continuity or discontinuity in national history of the greater significance? Can the birth of new ideas be related (should it be related) to economic and social structures? Does comparative history destroy the concept of national history? There are no precise or generally acceptable answers to questions like these, but the asking of them is a valid enough reason for historians to convene.

* * *

The British prize season is with us again. While the Booker and W. H. Smith selection committees flex their muscles, Whitbreads announced their annual awards at a luncheon on Tuesday. Although not a prizewinner, the presence of Jeremy Thorpe helped to make this a congenial occasion, and those who increased their bank balances by a cool thousand apiece were Shiva Naipaul for his novel *The Chip Chip Gatherers* (Deutsch) and John Wilson for his Life of Campbell-Bannerman (Constable). The prize for a children's book went to *The Butterfly Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast* by Alan Aldridge and the late William Plomer (Cape).

Smithy's world

PETER NIESEWAND:

In Camera
Secret Justice in Rhodesia.

209pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2.50.

Peter Niesewand, as he stares at the end of his book, was lucky. Being white and a journalist, having a wife who knew how to use publicity, and being well known overseas, he had great advantages over other Rhodesian detainees, particularly black ones.

His detention, and his trial, in secret, on flimsy charges under the Rhodesian Official Secrets Act, his conviction and subsequent acquittal by the Court of Appeal, are the subject of this personal but objective account. The experienced reporter is here writing about his own case, while standing outside it, as it were. The exercise is well worth while, not because Mr Niesewand, with his advantages, is untypical but because from his special position he is able to unveil and draw attention to an all too typical facet of Rhodesian life.

His account devastatingly exposes the realities of Ian Smith's world. Far from being a haven of civilized standards and a bastion of democracy in a kind of African wilderness, it is shown to be a country where the desire of a privileged racial minority to remain in power has outweighed almost everything else. The rule of law, the rights of individuals, the willingness to question and criticize people in power, the readiness to learn the truth, however unpleasant, through a free press, all these have been sacrificed. The Smith society demands the unswerving, unquestioning support of the totalitarian state. Critics are allowed to voice their criticisms only so long as there is no chance of anybody taking them seriously.

Mr Niesewand's fault was not that he was overtly hostile to the regime. Indeed, his political caution was such that he did not even vote in elections so that he could maintain professional detachment. His fault was that he saw his role as being to report and interpret facts and not to act as a propagandist.

Three of his reports to *The Guardian* and the BBC were put in as the crucial schedules at his trial. Any normal person in Britain, reading these or similar reports, would not give them a second thought. They were not great journalistic scoops, but straightforward records of a situation already quite widely known—the fact that Rhodesian forces were playing an unofficial part in the campaign against guerrillas in Mozambique.

Yet the whole power of the Rhodesian regime moved in on Mr Niesewand (quite clearly as a means of intimidating the already emasculated Rhodesian press), with these reports as the pretext, or rather the *post hoc* justification since he was detained before charges were brought. Even to the layman, reading the transcript of key parts of the trial, it is clear that the prosecution's case does not stand up. To the magistrate, it was not clear, and between evidence and guilty verdict there is only the most tenuous connexion.

The international protests at the verdict appear to have taken the regime by surprise, which emphasizes again how much they are out of touch with reality. The lesson which Mr Niesewand's account drives home is indeed exemplified by this. Rhodesia is not governed by statesmen, but by people of mediocre talent, supported by third-rate officials.

There are exceptions. The prison staff at Gwelo, for instance, emerge as of altogether higher calibre than their Salisbury counterparts. In general, however, the story is one of petty people corrupted by power, their actions condoned by the herd instinct which leads most white Rhodesians to accept erosion of liberty and manifest injustice as the price to be paid for maintaining the status quo.

If this unpleasant truth is more widely recognized as a result of Mr Niesewand's volume, it will have served a greater purpose than merely that of recording a personal drama.

MicroLibrary of the ILO Legislative Series

1919-1970: Full Set £550 (or £600 pre-paid) until 30 Nov., 1973, thereafter £600 (index included).

Available Nov., 1973.

This *Series* is the authoritative reference on social legislation. Invaluable to the student of law and the social sciences, and used extensively in commerce and industry. Essentially, all back issues are out of print; early issues are deteriorating, often to the degree of seriously impairing their use. In this microfiche edition, the some 65,000 pp of material published in the *Series* (1919-1970) is collated, in accordance with recommended practice, by year of enactment. The official ILO citation number of the legislative item is shown on each fiche for quick reference. A hardback *Consolidated Index* combining Subject/Chronological Indexes (by country), updates all references to 1970, and is an integral part of the *MicroLibrary*. (This index is sold separately at £20 per copy.) Special segments of the Set are available: 1919-1929: £145. 1930-1939: £132. 1940-1949: £132. 1950-1959: £132. 1960-1970: £145. The 1971 vol will be available on fiche at end 1973, the 1972 volume at end 1974, etc., at £15 p.a., with supplement to the *Index*.

The Theory of National and International Bibliography: with special reference to the Introduction of System in the Record of Modern Literature

F. B. F. (Frank) Campbell

New Introduction by G. H. Spinney, Superintendent, The British Museum State Paper Room

1896 £11 Cloth. Paper Student Edition £5.

Available April, 1974.

This privately printed book, long out of print, covers the entire range of the thinking of one of the 'founding fathers' of government documents, a pioneer of the idea that documents be recognised as a specialty within the Science of Librarianship. This title is the first in a new series: *Studies in Government Documents*. The Student Edition contains blank pages for *Notes and References*.

Recherches de Science Religieuse

1910-1960. Full Set (plus Index) £480

All 48 vols. ready by April 1974.

Founded and edited by the Society of Jesus and published with the cooperation of Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique, *Recherches* is a serial of international repute: the most quoted authority in scholarly theological works: the recognized medium for serious academic enquiry into the subject of religion, including the history and philosophy of religions, the sources of ancient religions, Christian origins and patristics, archaeological and historical findings of religions of the Middle East, the formation of Christian dogmas, exegesis, ecclesiology, Church-State relations, etc. Essentially, all back issues are out of print. Initial print runs were small and many libraries have not been able to acquire complete sets. This new edition of 48 vols. plus index will be uniformly bound in buckram. To assist librarians to fill gaps, single vols. (including index) are available. £11 a copy. The publishers pay packing, freight and insurance costs on prepaid orders.

The Chronicles of the East India Company Trading to China 1635-1834

Hosea Ballou Morse

5 vols. (Oxford, at the Clarendon Press: Humphrey Milford, 1926, 1929). Leather £55 Cloth £35. Paper Working Copy £17.50

This verbatim reprint is published under licence, and all 5 vols. will be available by June, 1974.

The scope of this work is exactly indicated by its title. The English trade between Canton and London was preserved as a strict monopoly for the benefit of the United Company of Merchants of England Trading to the East Indies, commonly referred to as the Honourable (English) East India Company. From the Canton records, in which we have a graphic representation of the doings of the Company's agents in China, every fact has been extracted which could be of economic value to the student of the commercial history of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

Contemporary review in *The Times Literary Supplement*:

In compiling these chronicles Dr. Morse has added one more to the many obligations under which he has laid all students of Chinese affairs. His ripe scholarship and personal knowledge of the Chinese trade give him special advantages for dealing with the Company's Canton records.

The Working Copy has blank pages for *Notes and References*. It is available to subscribers to the leather and cloth editions on a set-for-set basis.

MicroFile of UN Press Releases

1973: Full Set £150

Ready Feb., 1974.

This *MicroFile*, on standard microfiche, makes available *all* Press Releases, Press Features, Press Conferences and Reference Papers issued in 1973 by the Office of Public Information, UN, New York, grouped alphabetically under the 94 issuing sources of UN information, plus all material from the Centre for Economic and Social Affairs. These documents (approx. 18,000 pp) represent the day-to-day record in co-operative world government of some 150 nations. A monthly current-awareness service on fiche will update the *MicroFile* from January, 1974.

INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY PUBLICATIONS

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Shaw as symbolist

MAURICE VALENCY:

The Cart and the Trumpet
The Plays of George Bernard Shaw

467pp. Oxford University Press. £5.75.

Maurice Valency is one of the most distinguished critics to have written at length on modern European drama. His study of Chekhov, *The Breaking String*, and his book on Ibsen and Strindberg, *The Flower and the Castle*, are highly regarded for solid scholarship, sensitivity of response and, most rare in this field, urbanity and elegance of style. *The Cart and the Trumpet* is a worthy contribution to what will be, if we are fortunate, a continuing series of related books on European theatre, and as an integral study it can be recommended as one of the best critical introductions to Shaw's career. Much of the book is devoted to analyses of the plays, and the general reader will derive pleasure and benefit from Professor Valency's erudition, perception and wit. Those who have specialist knowledge of the subject will also find much that is fresh or freshly presented, and they will eagerly pursue the main critical issues raised for debate.

The central argument of the book is radically new, and since it comes from such a perceptive critic, it demands serious attention. As the blurb phrases it, "Above all, Professor Valency establishes, for the first time, Shaw's position as a symbolist, and his relation in this respect to Ibsen, Strindberg, Wagner and Mallarmé." We hear a good deal in this book about symbolist poetry, opera and drama, and we are regularly offered such propositions as that *Man and Superman* is "a full-scale example of symbolist drama", or that *Heartbreak House* is written in "the proper style of nineteenth-century symbolism". Professor Valency is very good at summing up the qualities of various symbolist artists—Wagner, Poe, Baudelaire, Maeterlinck, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Verhaeren, Mallarmé, Yeats, Lugné-Poë, and so on—but his elaborate attempt to include Shaw in their number is uncharacteristically awkward. And the awkwardness is confessed with embarrassment by Professor Valency, who is accustomed to being effortlessly adroit:

> French symbolism, with its secondary attributes of decadence, aestheticism, and alienation, had no attraction for Shaw: he had no patience with the affections [*sic*] of Wilde or Whistler, and no great admiration for Yeats. One looks through Shaw's critical writings in vain for any indication that he was aware of symbolism as a cult. He occasionally makes mention of Maeterlinck, Yeats, or Joyce, but not as symbolists, and there is no evidence that he felt the slightest interest in the exotic ideas recently imported from France by Arthur Symons and George Moore. Probably he would have repudiated energetically any imputation of French symbolist influence. . . . In general, the mood of Shaw's plays is as far removed as possible from that of symbolist drama. His mood is, on the contrary, the mood of the gymnasium, alert, athletic, and aggressive. Nevertheless, in the major part of his career he was a symbolist. If this seems to involve a paradox it is only because here, as elsewhere, Shaw transformed what he borrowed into something that was peculiarly his own.

Just so. Shaw took some of the materials and techniques used by symbolist authors and transformed them for his own non-symbolist purposes.

The case is clear enough, and the paradoxical element has been superadded by the critic. Nowhere in the plays or prefaces does Shaw use the word "symbolist" or "symbolism", and he always employs the term "symbolic", as Charteris does in the third act of *The Philanderer*, to mean the same as "allegorical". For the symbolist artist it was crucial to make a distinction between these terms. Yeats might have had Shaw specifically in mind when, in *Ideas of Good and Evil*, he contrasted the function of what he meant by "symbolism" with the function of allegory, the former being an appeal to imagination and instinctive feeling, and the latter to intellect and knowledge. Yeats was a symbolist and Shaw, by his reckoning, was an allegorist; a man possessed of the hateful ability to "eliminate from the mind all emotional implications". A symbol for Shaw was a token with precise, definite conceptual reference. Of all the great writers of English in the nineteenth century, Shaw was the one least capable of dealing in uncertainties, mysteries or doubts; his whole mature life was an irritable reaching after fact and reason; "negative capability" was not one of his many talents. In taking over some hints or devices from symbolist writers, Shaw transformed them utterly, for he was wholly antipathetic to the symbolist disposition.

Professor Valency is much more convincing when he sees Shaw in this, more normal, light:

> For Shaw . . . a play was chiefly valuable in terms of its meaning. The idea of art for art's sake made no sense to one for whom art was essentially allegorical. . . . He was at bottom an allegorist. . . . Shaw wisely avoided the intricacies of a type of introspection for which he had no taste, and possibly not much aptitude. . . . [His characters'] motives are rooted in a purely philosophic conception, for Shaw made no effort to sound the depths of the soul below the rational threshold. . . . Unlike the contemporary symbolists in France and England, Shaw was not content simply to contemplate the mystery of being. The metaphors on which his plays are based are all decipherable; and he himself abundantly provided whatever was necessary to unravel his conceits . . . [Symbolist] dramatists refrained from the literal representation of an action, and aimed . . . at an evocation of the sense of the mystery of being. . . . Shaw, however, could not stop short of certainty.

The whole issue of "Shaw's position as a symbolist" is a red herring, and it is most unfortunate that it should have been "established" by such a good critic in a book with so many virtues.

The main virtues are the shrewdness and delicacy with which Professor Valency leads us through a reading of three dozen plays, describing the various kinds of excellence and relating them to Shaw's various purposes. Always the descriptive accounts are perceptive and illuminating, but Professor Valency regularly finds himself at odds with the disposition of his subject, rejecting as "faults" or failures some aspects of the plays which Shaw purposefully laboured to achieve. Twists of plot are dismissed as "quite lacking in verisimilitude" or "motivated not by psychological considerations, but by some idea of dramatic symmetry". Of a characteristic utterance the complaint is made that:

> Such speeches lend sparkle to the dialogue, but not realism. Napoleon would very likely have acted in accordance with this thought, but it is doubtful that he would have expressed it.

Shaw would have approved of this analysis, but the tone of complaint would have puzzled him, coming as it does from an admirer, for Shaw thought that this attitude to his characters was the essence of his art:

> . . . it is the business of the stage to make its figures more intelligible to themselves than they would be in real life; for by no other means can they be made intelligible to the audience. . . . All I claim is that by this inevitable sacrifice of verisimilitude I have secured in the only possible way sufficient veracity to justify me in claiming that . . . the things I represent these . . . exponents of the drama as saying are the things they actually would have said if they had known what they were really doing. And beyond this neither drama nor history can go in my hands.

Professor Valency never tires of expressing his dislike of this attitude to character creation:

> This is an inherent drawback of the type of drama that is intended to demonstrate a thesis and is therefore under constant control. Drama that deals with living beings, as in the plays of Chekhov, is less amenable to the author's direction and, since it exhibits a fantasy that is in some degree emancipated from rational control, it depends for its effects on inexplicable impulses and indefinable motives. In the theatre such plays create an [illegible] life; they are in th[illegible] degree realistic, but [illegible] they prove nothing [illegible] meaning is a matter [illegible] ture.

Professor Valency is [illegible] critic of Chekhov; but his [illegible] lian sympathies lead him [illegible] Shaw with debilitating re[illegible] complaining at times [illegible] achieves his purpose, or [illegible] for example over *Saint Jo*[illegible] a play may be read as [illegible] portrayal of human suffering [illegible] than the intended drama [illegible] The critical stance is [illegible] when Shaw's approach to [illegible] and situation is recognized [illegible] it was and accepted as a le[illegible] approach for some sorts of p[illegible]

> The characters . . . [illegible] types and as such neither [illegible] unreal, but merely more [illegible] apt for their special [illegible] Shaw found it conv[illegible] remove his situations fur[illegible] further from the everyda[illegible] in order to emphasize the [illegible] bolic nature of his narra[illegible] The silliness of the ma[illegible] these plays is, in fact, [illegible] to produce the type of [illegible] which Brecht thought [illegible] to a dispassionate argu[illegible]

We hear too much in [illegible] about Chekhov and the pri[illegible] Chekhovian drama, and no[illegible] enough about Brecht, who[illegible] and theory offer a positive [illegible] stone for the appreciation of [illegible] achievement.

In such a long and closely [illegible] book some discrepancies are [illegible] expected. The uncomfortable [illegible] lation in Professor Valency's [illegible] tudes to symbol, charact[illegible] situation in the plays is most [illegible] tunate. Less worrying, but [illegible] surprising, is his shifting est[illegible] of the marriage which is of[illegible] a significant turning-point in [illegible] life. On page 64 we are give[illegible] customary version of the [illegible]

> . . . they reached a [illegible] union cleared of all "[illegible] est, happiness interest, [illegible] rest of the vulgarities of [illegible] riage" seemed conve[illegible] tolerable. As a condition [illegible] marriage it was stipulat[illegible] their relationship should [illegible] tainted by any suspicion of [illegible] contact, since sexuality [illegible] Miss Townshend with [illegible] her husband with uneasi[illegible]

But by page 283 the marri[illegible] become significant because it [illegible] means by which "Miss Payne-[illegible] shend rescued him from [illegible] bacy". Shaw was paradoxical[illegible] himself; he is also, unfort[illegible] the cause of unhelpful par[illegible] others.

Patriarch of the liberal imagination

PHILIP GARDNER (Editor):

E. M. Forster: The Critical Heritage

498pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £7.50.

If "critical heritage" means critical reception, then Philip Gardner's collection does its intended job as well as one could wish. His 184 items cover the entire sixty-six years of Forster's publishing life, from a *TLS* review of *Where Angels Fear to Tread* (1905) to a *TLS* review of *Maurice* (1971), and include virtually every important reviewer over that long period: Bennett, Katherine Mansfield, Rebecca West, Desmond MacCarthy, Rose Macaulay, Leonard and Virginia Woolf, Priestley, Middleton Murry, Connolly, Muir, Pritchett, Steiner. The obscure and unknown are also represented by, among others, reviewers for the *Springfield* (Massachusetts) *Sunday Republican*, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, and the *Western Mail*, and the Indian view of *A Passage to India* appears in notices from the *Times of India* and the *Statesman* of Calcutta. To these public notices Professor Gardner has added a few private letters and journal entries, some of them extremely interesting—Katherine Mansfield going for *Howards End* with her claws bared, Edward Carpenter gently approving of *Maurice*, Bennett puzzling over what *A Passage to India* was all about. Altogether it is a comprehensive and frequently entertaining collection.

From these items certain cautious (and not very surprising) conclusions may be drawn. Until the appearance of *A Passage to India*, Forster was regarded as talented but not exceptionally so, secure in the second eleven but nowhere near the first team. Reviewers again and again call him "clever", and then begin to hesitate and qualify. Rose Macaulay, in the course of praising his one great novel, summarized very well the general reviewers' attitude toward the earlier ones:

> He has quite lost the touch of preciousness, of exaggerated care for nature and the relationships of human beings, that may faintly irritate some readers of his earlier books. He used once to write at times too much as a graduate (even occasionally as an undergraduate) of King's College, Cambridge (perhaps the most civilized place in the world), who has had an amour with Italy and another with the god Pan.

A Passage to India changed all this. It was recognized at once and by everybody as a masterpiece; even Bennett conceded that the central part of the book was "a magnificent piece of work". Professor Gardner shrewdly inserts into his record at this point three general essays on Forster, all published in 1927, and a fourth short piece of the same date by T. E. Lawrence, comparing Forster to D. H. Lawrence to Forster's advantage. One may conclude that it was in 1927 that Forster made the first team.

From this point on Forster's status as a novelist was secure. As it became clear that he had given up fiction for life, he entered into a curious literary condition—a figure out of the past who went on being present. [illegible] died, Galsworthy died—and so could he be considered retrospectively—and Forster began to be treated in rather the same way. Yet he went on writing, and indeed wrote more books after *A Passage to India* than before. None of these last books would have had much chance of an independent and permanent success (who now would read *Marianne Thornton* if it had been written by a Thornton?), but they were received respectfully, as though they were the lost works of a Dead Eminence, and they go on living on Forster's earlier work. And so, for that matter, did Forster, for nearly fifty years a sort of dowager duchess among novelists.

These general changes in Forster's status, as reflected in reviews of his books, are recorded in the items collected here. But is this the Forster heritage? Are these notices and letters a trustworthy depiction, as Professor Gardner asserts they are, of the growth of Forster's reputation? The trouble with this assertion is that it seems to imply that book reviews will tell the whole story, and this has not usually been true of modern reputations, and is surely not true of Forster's.

To take only one example, the greatest single force in the making of Forster's reputation was unquestionably Lionel Trilling, who published the first full-length study of Forster's work in 1943. That book created the image of Forster that still survives, the Patriarch in the Church of the Liberal Imagination. It also established (and, what an extraordinary achievement it was, when one thinks of it) the inflated reputation that [illegible] joyed for years after. Yet Professor Trilling's book does not appear in these pages, because it was not a review.

What we have then, in this Critical Heritage volume, is a collection that might better be called "Selected Book Reviews (together with assorted journal articles and a few letters)". Much that is included is of considerable interest, and one is glad to be reminded once more of what gifted reviewers Rebecca West and Rose Macaulay were, and how bitchy Katherine Mansfield could be. But the book scarcely attains the high goals set by the general editor of the series. "On one side", B. C. Southam writes,

> we learn a great deal about the state of criticism at large and in particular about the development of critical attitudes toward a single writer; at the same time, through private comments in letters, journals or marginalia, we gain an insight upon the tastes and literary thought of individual readers of the period. Evidence of this kind helps us to understand the writer's historical situation, the nature of his immediate reading-public, and his response to these pressures.

At some points in history this might be so; but for the twentieth century it ought to be amended. What exactly are these book reviews evidence of? We learn from them a good deal about the state of book reviewing; but that is not the equivalent of criticism in our time, surely. We learn something about taste, and about reviewing styles (there are [illegible]). But we should be very cautious [illegible] ing inferences about the rea[illegible] lic from them, and more [illegible] still about judging Forster[illegible] sponse. His response, one mi[illegible] was simply to withdraw fr[illegible] field of fiction; but there is [illegible] in these reviews to explain [illegible] drawal, or to suggest that it [illegible] thing at all to do with the [illegible] he got.

Given the nature of the [illegible] Professor Gardner has perfor[illegible] task with admirable indus[illegible] and judgment. The number of [illegible] reviews that he must have [illegible] the course of his preparati[illegible] depressing to contemplate [illegible] can scarcely quarrel with his [illegible] tions (though Gosse on *How*[illegible] would be an amusing additi[illegible] Auden's review of the [illegible] biography is worth recalli[illegible] introduction, a sort of revi[illegible] views, is thorough and inf[illegible] and his editing is modest and [illegible] whole accurate.

Whether the book will [illegible] the labour is not really [illegible] for the reviewer to [illegible] worth it if enough people [illegible] either useful or entertaining [illegible] will want to read it straight [illegible] but many Forsterians [illegible] good browsing, and no [illegible] dents will repair here [illegible] what has been said about [illegible] or that one (though they [illegible] warned that this is not a [illegible] of the best criticism). And [illegible] haps Professor Gardner [illegible] to the "one more critical [illegible] Forster" that he seems [illegible] promise at the end of his [illegible] ation [illegible]

The humiliations of Canadian French

BY BETTY BEDNARSKI

There is no immediate threat to the survival of English in Canada, but the future of French on the North American continent is [illegible]ly called into question. The pre[illegible]usness of language is a basic fact [illegible] the French Canadian experience, which French Canadian literature mirrors and, by its very existence, defies.

[illegible] the act of writing can be an [illegible]ing struggle in a context of bi[illegible]alism we know from countless [illegible]monies by French Canadian [illegible]rs. Heirs to a language recovering from the effects of isolation and [illegible]ing to regain its hold on reality, [illegible] are confronted by the powerful [illegible]tions of English. Fernand [illegible]llette speaks of insecurity and [illegible] and of a painful process of re[illegible]ing. Gaston Miron describes his [illegible] to grapple with an inadequacy [illegible] to loss of memory. All feel [illegible] constant threat of silence and con[illegible]. Victories are hard-won and, [illegible] few cases, maintained at the cost [illegible] self-imposed exile. Thus Anne [illegible] lives and works in Paris, and [illegible]Claire Blais writes novels from [illegible] Cod retreat. Each has chosen [illegible] free from linguistic strife.

[illegible] most writers prefer to remain [illegible]me and, for those who do, the [illegible]vidual struggle for style only [illegible] on its full significance in the [illegible] of a collective ordeal. Through [illegible] language they share with others [illegible] discover the insecurity of their [illegible]atriots, an insecurity the man [illegible] street may be unable to ex[illegible], but which they, with their [illegible] interest in language and their [illegible]ened awareness of its function [illegible] mechanism, are drawn naturally [illegible] explore and to define. They dis[illegible] what Gaston Miron has called [illegible]antic perversion on a national [illegible]", a malaise so profound it [illegible] them to re-examine their rela[illegible]ship to society and the very validity of the act of writing. For most, [illegible] need to identify with French [illegible]da and to express its plight be[illegible] more than ever an overriding [illegible]rative. To translate this plight [illegible]ically is the challenge each [illegible] meet, asking himself, as does [illegible] André Langevin, how he will [illegible] through language people [illegible] fundamental characteristic is [illegible]ability to express themselves, [illegible] he will transpose, without be[illegible] it, a debased language.

[illegible] the writer goes the step further to political consciousness, look[illegible] beneath the linguistic symptom [illegible] the social and economic causes, [illegible]alysis of the situation may lead [illegible] to engage in direct political [illegible], or to write literature which [illegible] the force of a political act.

[illegible] have become major pre[illegible]tions of French Canadian [illegible]ture—or of Québec literature, [illegible] now prefers to be called—one [illegible] of this new territorial preci[illegible] being to do away with diffuse[illegible] and reduce the language factor [illegible]endable proportions. The past [illegible] years have seen a whole range of [illegible] to modify or revolutionize [illegible]age. In the novel, in poetry [illegible] in the theatre there have been [illegible]tures from a generally accepted [illegible] of literary expression, in the [illegible] of honesty and a sense of solid[illegible] with the people of Québec. The [illegible]ds and the positions adopted [illegible] but the fundamental nature of [illegible]cern is the same.

[illegible] all the literary genres only [illegible]y analyses itself to the point [illegible] language becomes a major [illegible], and the poetry of Gaston [illegible] is undoubtedly the most moving and the most anguished expres[illegible] of this theme. While other [illegible] of his generation—poets like Guy Pilon or Gatien Lapointe—[illegible]lked in general terms of being [illegible] to language and of the need [illegible] rediscover the primitive coinci[illegible] of words and reality, Miron [illegible]scribed the specific agonies of [illegible]eckers.

[illegible] believes that the state of a [illegible] reflects the particular prob[illegible] of a society; his poet's com[illegible] to language has become [illegible]cally a commitment to [illegible] Canadian society, which he [illegible] as being in a state of colonial [illegible]dence. As long as language is [illegible]ned and the existence of his [illegible] threatened, he refuses to go [illegible] limits of his individual poten[illegible] refuses to create for himself a [illegible]ged existence through poetry. [illegible] than personal liberation, he [illegible] seek to bring about the libera[illegible] of his people.

[illegible]nced that this liberation can [illegible] achieved through political [illegible], Miron has devoted much of [illegible] to political action, and [illegible]mpted for a time to give up [illegible] altogether. His one book [illegible] published until several [illegible] after the composition of most [illegible] poems and, as it were, in spite of Miron. For he had written these poems over the years, not with a book or collection in mind, but rather with the idea that it was false to aspire to the creation of any such composite and homogeneous whole, conditions in Québec rendering any form of completeness illusory. He had written them sporadically, in response to events and his own painfully evolving consciousness, content to read or recite them to groups of friends, letting some be published individually in revues, rewriting constantly, refusing always the fixity of book form. Not until 1970 were friends able to prevail upon him to let them be gathered together under one cover, *L'Homme rapaillé*, which has been called "a book on the present impossibility of writing a book".

To the poems he has given us he assigns a specific role: to expose alienation, beginning with the alienation of language itself, and to help remove it by encouraging a new self-awareness. He seeks thus to serve society and at the same time to further the cause of poetry itself, by contributing to the creation of a climate in which an authentic literature can exist. For the moment he is obliged to write something less than the poetry he dreams of, obliged to write of the *non-poème*—his term for all the conditions which prevent him from fulfilling himself and his poetry from having autonomous life. The *non-poème* negates poetry by negating a people and its language. Poetry can only exist to the extent that the *non-poème* is eliminated. Miron therefore sets out to expose it, first by evoking its atmosphere in passages of nightmarish confusion, of "raving alienation", in which English words play a vital part, then by naming and analysing it in a language deliberately, laboriously logical and exact.

Abstract terms have sharpness and precision and, as Miron uses them, the ponderous weight of accumulated blows. Offensive, defensive, they attack and resist confusion. Often he must resort to didacticism, a mutilated form of poetry, necessary in the reign of the *non-poème*, and often quite simply to prose.

His poetry thus carries the burden of all the destructive forces at work in his society. He cannot merely tell, he must demonstrate, and in so doing risks the life of his own work. Miron's poetry speaks with a rare immediacy; it is poetry in suspension, poetry telling why it cannot be now, cannot be yet, poetry struggling to reverse the conditions of the present, anticipating a future, willing it to be.

Miron's most significant achievement and his greatest victory over the *non-poème* has been to repatriate elements of French Canadian usage which vary from the norm of standard French, and which acquire new dignity in the context of his poetry. He also stresses concrete terms, everyday words of nature and the land, which are the legacy of his mother tongue and enable him to possess at least part of his reality intact. These are the "gnarled words of our endurance", the "bare chill words of our inheritance", which he brought with him to Montreal from the country, and which bind him still to Québec, while the city, with its linguistic pollution, remains foreign, the bastion of the *non-poème*. These words redeem, have an almost sacred quality, give rock-like endurance to a poetry threatened by impermanence. And Miron's poetry redeems them for Québec.

Miron is probably the single most influential figure in French-Canadian literature today. His teachings have inspired a whole generation of militant young writers, passionately committed to social and political revolution, and to the urgent task of defending the national language of Québec.

In the mid-1960s a group of young poets and novelists associated with the left-wing revue, *Parti-Pris*, and influenced to a large extent by Miron's ideas, decided to write in *joual*, the jargon of Québec's working-class ghettos. Other writers, including Miron, condemned the move, declaring *joual* to be a non-language which could never become an adequate instrument of thought. The group persisted, however, and their movement, one of the most talked of in recent times, has had a profound effect on attitudes to language in Québec.

It can be seen first of all as an expression of regionalism, for it represented a need to identify with French Canada as opposed to France, to seek the particular and avoid subservience to a norm and standard established elsewhere. But above all it was intended as a gesture of solidarity with the class that spoke *joual*, and as a rejection of bourgeois privileges and ideals. One striking characteristic of *joual* is its low level of resistance to English words, which contaminate it, barely disguised. Spoken by the most humiliated element of French Canadian society, *joual* itself was seen as a degraded form of speech, the reflection of Anglo-Saxon domination, which must be exposed.

The *joual* group were in fact singling out a most extreme case of the linguistic alienation Miron had denounced. They never intended *joual* to be a source of pride, but by raising it to literary status they hoped to erase shame.

Shame had played too devastating a role in the long history of French Canadian humiliation. And they made it clear that by choosing *joual* as their means of expression they were assuming not only linguistic idiosyncrasies, but the whole burden of that humiliation. Echoing Miron, the group's main spokesman, Gérald Godin, stressed that what ailed French Canada was not linguistic in origin and reaffirmed the need for a political solution to the language problem. Given healthy conditions, French Canadians could hope to grow nearer to accepted standards of French. In the meantime, any personal fight for correct or elegant style was as dishonest and irrelevant as public campaigns to promote better speech—dishonest and irrelevant and tantamount to betrayal.

The group accepted the consequences of their gesture, agreed to run the risk of perishing once their point was made. For the most part the literary achievements of *joual* were not great. Whereas Miron had made present limitations the very substance of his art, the use of *joual* was not elaborated into anything resembling an aesthetic principle. In the writings of the group there is often an absence of inner necessity, the language appearing artificial, an exercise in transcription, no more. An aesthetic principle of violence and immediacy, based on the idea of the political poster, was drawn up by Paul Chamberland. But although he was one of the *Parti-Pris* group, Chamberland never wrote in *joual*; he sought rather to reproduce its uneven respiration, its "gasping", in the disjointed rhythm of his poems.

The most successful use of *joual* to date has been in the theatre of Michel Tremblay. In 1965 Tremblay began writing plays in which the characters, members of Montreal's poor working class, spoke a kind of *joual*. He was not associated with *Parti-Pris* and came to *joual* instinctively, in a desire for realism, not as a result of any political or linguistic theories. Tremblay himself is from the milieu he portrays, whereas Godin and most of his group were of middle-class origin. Perhaps because of this, Tremblay's *joual* seems less artificial—though artificial it is, inevitably; like any writer transposing speech, he stylizes to a certain degree and selects only those elements which serve his purpose. More significant is the fact that *joual* is better heard than read. It is neither a language nor a dialect, but a way of speaking; delivery and pronunciation are as much a part of it as crude structures or a hybrid vocabulary, and it therefore comes into its own in the theatre.

But above all the success of Tremblay's technique lies in the perfect coincidence of characters and language. His characters have the same tenuous hold on their own lives as they have on language. In Tremblay's world speech is distorted and despair makes monsters of people; *joual* becomes what the writers of *Parti-Pris* always said it was: language worn down by the frustrations of an intolerable existence.

Few are shocked by *joual* now. As Godin says, it "has come out of hiding". But, ironically, while writers like Godin and Tremblay continue to hope for its ultimate disappearance, it has become for a great many Quebeckers an object of intense and often aggressive pride. In the years that followed the *joual* group's affirmations there developed what can best be described as a trend, which took its initial impetus from that group's ideas, popularizing them, but leaving aside a lot of qualifications and refinements the writers had been careful to make.

It became fashionable among intellectuals to speak *joual*—or a kind of *joual*, for definitions soon blurred—and to proclaim this as the true language of Québec. Whereas the *joual* writers had been extremely careful to stress the temporary nature of their gesture, never for a moment renouncing their right to aspire in the future to "le bon français", the fashion was now to talk of a permanent break with French, in keeping with Québec's separate identity. The original nature of the group's political protest was thus obscured and the idea of a unique identity came to the fore.

Although few writers openly endorsed this trend, theoreticians were not lacking. The more daring even went so far as to prophesy the coming of a new language, *le québécois*, born of *joual*, which would eventually oust French, a new language as different from French as French is from its Latin source. A few months ago the theoreticians and the trend were angrily denounced in *La Joual de Troie* ("The Trojan Horse": *joual* is a corruption of *cheval*—"horse"—common in popular speech).

Godin and his friends had spoken of betrayal by the defenders of elegance. Jean Marcel, a critic and university professor, brings the argument full circle. He sees in the encouragement of *joual* the ultimate ruse devised by Québec's enemies to drag his gullible compatriots to their doom. His book is a biting attack on the pseudo-linguistics of the theoreticians, though not on the original literary movement, and an urgent plea to Quebeckers not to allow themselves to be flattered into the deadly trap of mediocrity and linguistic isolationism.

Miron and the *Parti-Pris* group are by no means alone in stressing the political dimensions of the language problem. Since the 1960s the great majority of writers have come to political awareness through their contact with language, and of these many have made similar attempts to find a mode of expression in keeping with present limitations. Not surprisingly, there is a good deal of very explicit political protest, as in the poetry of Michèle Lalonde, who has forsaken hermeticism to explore the use of slogans and clichés.

In her poem, *Speak White*, Miss Lalonde has given us one of the starkest political statements on the language question. The two languages confront each other, English the language of the oppressor, French of the oppressed; English itself, used against the English, becomes an instrument of accusation and revenge.

Against this background of limitation and protest the work of Jacques Ferron stands out as a unique endeavour. Of *joual* Ferron has said that its only dignity would be to one day serve as the jargon of a conspiracy; and while he affirms the political nature of the language problem and is himself not averse to making political statements, nor indeed to politics themselves, he has adopted with regard to his own language a position which sets him apart from many writers. Ferron, a medical physician, discovered the uncertainty of his people in Montreal, where all around him the language of the masses was becoming contaminated—"for want of a government to take on the responsibility of public health".

He has pledged himself to help remove that uncertainty, striving through his writing to say again what has been said imperfectly, translating Quebec's experience from a weakened language into an ennobled one. Ferron writes plays, novels and short stories in a style of great elegance, an imposing style which recalls at times the classicism of France's seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. To young critics who reproach him for not taking more liberties with language, he replies that he feels an urgent need for the discipline of dictionaries and grammars. He sees French in Québec as being particularly vulnerable, emerging as it is from an oral tradition, and lacking the structure and fixity a long written tradition can give.

The only reflection of the present language situation to be found in his style is the gallicized spelling he invents for English words, taking possession of them for Québec with a sly wink. Ferron's writing takes language beyond the level of its present humiliation, beyond the level of direct political protest; it recuperates, consolidates, strengthening a young tradition, providing a bulwark against erosion.

It may be that more and more writers will free themselves from the need to make immediate political protest through their language. Speaking in 1970, Miron implied that a turning-point had been reached. Québec literature had come of age, and a political party had come into existence, to express the social and political needs of the people. Literature was now free to explore all levels of language, was no longer obliged self-consciously to prove its identity, no longer limited by political necessity. A burden had been removed and latent forces could be released.

It remains to be seen what the 1970s will bring. Young writers affirm their right to experiment in ever more daring ways, taking language apart and questioning man's relationship to words. But beneath the colourful anarchy of poets Claude Péloquin and Raoul Duguay, or of novelists like Victor-Lévy Beaulieu, one senses still a fundamental insecurity. The immediate burden of politics may have been removed, but the survival of Québec's language is not yet guaranteed. Writers may dream with Jacques Ferron of one day writing in peace, without thought for Québec, "as writers do in normal countries". They cannot escape the uncertainty of the present. This uncertainty is at the same time a burden and a challenge, a hindrance and a powerful motivating force; from it springs the fragile and courageous compromise of their literature.

Mrs Betty Bednarski is in the Department of Romance Languages at Dalhousie University, Halifax. She recently translated into English Jacques Ferron's "Tales from the Uncertain Country".

The origins of originology

ROBERT COLES:

Erik H. Erikson
The Growth of His Work.

440pp. Souvenir Press. £3.50.

IN THE PRE-EMINENT influence and respect which Melanie Klein and Donald Winnicott enjoyed among psychoanalysts in this country they may be said to have their counterpart in Erik Erikson in the United States. But the directions in which the psychoanalysts moved, and the theoretical position they came to occupy, were in violent contrast. In *Erik H. Erikson: The Growth of His Work*, Robert Coles has emphasized the integrative aims of Erikson in his dominant effort to combine anthropology and history with psychoanalysis; such an achievement was far from Mrs Klein's intention.

Born in Denmark, but brought up in Karlsruhe, where his step-father practised as a pediatrician, Erikson attended the local gymnasium for eight years, acquiring a good grounding in Greek and Latin and ancient history. He did not then go to the university but led a wandering life, drawing and painting as he went through the Black Forest, the Alps and Northern Italy. After a year of this unsettled existence he came home to Karlsruhe, where he applied himself to drawing, wood-cuts and sketching. Still restless, he went to study in Munich and then in Florence, as the preliminary to a career as art teacher. Meanwhile a friend of his, a young biologist living in Vienna and acting as tutor to the children of a wealthy American expatriate under analysis by Anna Freud, suggested that Erikson should join him in running a small progressive school maintained almost entirely by analysands from America. When Erikson was established in this post, which suited him admirably, it was inevitable that he would before long become analysed. This began in 1928 with Anna Freud as his analyst. He associated closely with the circle around Freud, where he was accepted with the minimum of formalities, although he had not acquired the customary qualifications—a medical degree, a university training, and enough money to pay for the analysis, etc.

In the early 1930s the Americans were compelled by the financial situation to return home. Political developments in Austria and Germany were likewise threatening. In 1933 Erikson and his family emigrated to Boston, where he was given a good position as a child analyst at the Harvard Medical School and the Massachusetts General Hospital. He formed close links with anthropologists, particularly Margaret Mead, Gregory Bateson and Ruth Benedict. He also established contact with the psychologists at Harvard and at Yale. In 1936 he was appointed assistant professor in the Yale Medical School, again in close touch with the anthropologists. Two years later he seized the opportunity to observe children of the Sioux Indians on a reservation in South Dakota. His study of the way in which the customs and culture of a non-European society affect children's development attracted considerable attention. Rather surprisingly for a psychoanalyst, he found that, whereas systematic regulation of functions and impulses in earliest childhood is a safeguard for later effective functioning in Western society, the Sioux child is not subjected to social forces and pressures from his society until he is independent and sure of himself.

In 1939 Erikson moved to the University of California at Berkeley, where he continued the same line of work. He studied another Indian tribe, the Yurok. The outcome of this work was published in 1950 in his book *Childhood and Society* and in an illuminating monograph. In it Erikson gave evidence of his agreement with the ego-psychologists Heinz Hartmann, Ernst Kris, Edward Glover and Rudolph Loewenstein, who stressed the significance of the ego in settling conflict. Dr Coles puts it as follows:

> Erikson began to give both them and himself the clinical and cross-cultural evidence, the hard concrete facts that are necessary if a theory is to be more than an expression of intellectual virtuosity . . . he was trying to prevent his profession from abandoning Freud's views to rigid veneration [in] the subculture of white middle-class Americans who have taken to psychoanalysis as if God himself were the author of its various tenets.

He coined a term "originology" to denote the psychoanalytical habit of thinking which reduces every human situation to an analogy with an earlier one, and most of all to that earliest, simplest and most infantile precursor which is assumed to be its "origin".

In 1942 Erikson published a paper on *Hitler's Imagery and German Youth*. This was the first of a number of pathographies in which he related the development and power of the outstanding individual to the conditions of his time and his upbringing. The specifically psychoanalytic contribution to this essay was however minimal. Erikson believed that an extreme personal experience may fit a universal latent conflict so well that a crisis, when it comes, is an experience conducive to a representative position. He saw Hitler as an untamed adolescent, a gang leader who kept his followers together by creating terror and by shrewdly involving them in crimes from which there was no way back. Subsequent pathographies—on Luther and Gandhi—were more penetrating and more detailed but depended for their material on the same sources as his later studies. He analysed Hitler's imagery; he examined the data provided by German prisoners-of-war, and he conducted clinical interviews (on the same model as in his studies of the Sioux and the Yurok) for his investigation of American soldiers and sailors who found it difficult to take up their ordinary lives again after they had left the armed forces. To the fairly conventional speculations which he made about the social conditions which favoured Hitler's rise he subjoined a companion piece on Maxim Gorki. He made a thematic analysis of the Russian character and circumstances, dwelling particularly (like Gorer and Rickman) on the supposed effects of swaddling in infancy:

> In order to evaluate the significance of an item of child training such as swaddling in the totality of a culture's configuration, it would be necessary to assume not a single one way chain of causality in the sense that Russians are the way they are—or like to appear or to appear themselves—because they have been swaddled. As in our discussion of other cultures we must rather assume a reciprocal amplification of a number of themes.

The style, like the idea, is flabby but represents a stage in his development.

In 1950 Erikson had to take two important decisions—one theoretical, and one practical. The practical decision concerned his post at the University of California. The appearance of *Childhood and Society* had drawn a good deal of favourable attention to Erikson's work. As Robert Coles puts it,

> psychoanalysis was in danger of becoming a stuffy, obscurantist field—at once removed from medicine as well as from the universities of the West—and very much a piece of property to be possessed or petitioned by all sorts of mutually suspicious and antagonistic cliques. Erikson's ideas offered a way out of, a way round, hair-splitting conceptual and methodological arguments, and though his book did not put a stop to rancour and narrow-mindedness in the psychoanalytic movement, he and his viewpoint did become a rallying ground for younger psychoanalysts and psychiatrists, not to mention interested laymen.

At the same time the Regents of the University of California, yielding to popular clamour, required all members of the staff to subscribe to a demeaning pledge. Erikson was one of about ninety members of the Academic Senate who refused to sign this contract. Dr Robert Knight, the energetic head of the Austen Riggs Center in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, hearing about the imbroglio at Berkeley, invited him to move to the Stockbridge Center. He accepted and through a subsequent appointment to Harvard he was able to stimulate widening circles of students and professors of literature, history and political science. Dr Coles estimates that Erikson's influence as professor there was like that of Paul Tillich.

While he was still at Berkeley he was approaching the significant theoretical decision to make "identity" a corner stone of his system. By "identity" he meant certain comprehensive gains which the individual, at the end of adolescence, must have derived from all his pre-adult experience in order to be ready for the tasks of adulthood. In very craggy technical terms he wrote that

> from a genetic point of view then, the process of identity formation emerges as an evolving configuration—a configuration which is gradually established by successive ego-syntheses and resyntheses throughout childhood; it is a configuration gradually integrating constitutional givens, idiosyncratic libidinal needs, favoured capacities, significant identifications, effective defences, successful sublimations, and consistent roles.

From it he derived the concept of identity diffusion, identity ... and moratorium, the last ... psychosocial stage between ... hood and adolescence, ... during which an individual ... achieve an outer and inner ... ence leading to self-respect ... adult system of ethics.

During his years at the ... Riggs Center, Erikson prod... extensive biographical ... Martin Luther and Mahatma ... In the first of these essays ... explained his purpose: "I ... indicate that Luther, in his ... foundation for a religiosity ... adult man displayed the attrib... his own hardwon adulthood ... renaissance of faith portray... rigorous recovery of his ... initiative." A good deal of ... vant matter than this was ... porated in the essay. W. H. ... found it full of wise observ... not only about Luther but ... human life. The pros and ... psychoanalytic training, the ... vance of the analyst's general ... posture, and the treatment of ... as a forerunner of Schopenhauer ... Freud constitute readable ... decidedly peripheral specula...

The psychology of ... Gandhi is accorded similar ... ment in a spacious chapter ... pages. Erikson tries to ... his conflicts and his failures ... as his strokes of genius, but ... sider any attempt to reduce ... of Gandhi's stature to earlier ... as bigger and better ... traumatic [sic] both ... method and evil in influence ... psychoanalyst and the ... must concern themselves with ... cess, in which part of the ... poses itself on our awareness ... claims continued actuality.

An imaginary letter from ... to Gandhi (supposing that ... was still alive) ventilated ... truths; for example:

> It is, therefore, not without ... passion that I must point ... your life-long insistence ... "innocence" (meaning ... ness) of children is matched ... by your inability to recognize ... Demon King in yourself.

Dr Coles explains in his ... that the book is not primarily ... ventional biography. It would ... been better if it had been. The ... is anything but succinct and ... the mercy of his numerous ... digressions. He labours hard, ... not quite successfully, to define ... defend Erikson's attitude ... psychoanalysis:

> (One has to be aware of those ... want to dilute fatally the ... precise and important ... of Freud. . . . And that said ... is no point, really, in ... Either it is all clear or ... I can only emphasise ... many of us feel that ... rancour continue to ... decent and honourable ... sion; psychoanalytic ...

The paths of paranormality

LYALL WATSON:

Supernature

347pp. Hodder and Stoughton £3.25.

In spite of its question-begging title this most stimulating book is in fact concerned with new natural discoveries, a few of which illuminate the field of the paranormal. Because its material is so interesting the confusion of thought and lack of critical appraisal with which it is written are peculiarly exasperating. Lyall Watson assembles, describes and connects a great variety of recent scientific developments and hypotheses about living creatures. Some of these are verified, but by no means all. The bibliographical sources include careful research work, popular reportage, science-fantasy bordering on science fiction, and the claims of some Soviet scientists who have not yet published the detailed experiments on which these claims are based.

There is a fascinating account of how the recurrent rhythms—daily, monthly, yearly—of light and darkness, moon and tides and gravitational pull, interact with the longer cycle of solar eruptions to influence the birth, reproduction and death of individuals and species. A response to magnetic fields is traced in worms, snails, termites and rats, and is suggested in man; and periods of sunspot activity, which affects such fields, are correlated with great epidemics on the one hand and political upheavals on the other.

Here Mr Watson's unfortunate taste for pontification breaks through. "Behaviour", he asserts, "is governed by physiology"—ignoring the fact that the ideas which explode in such upheavals have been germinating and spreading for many years. Another such dictum is that "a rose is a rose, but it is also a robin and a rabbit" because all three are made of the same chemical elements. Without disrespect to robins and rabbits this is just about as meaningless as it would be to say that a cathedral is also a latrine and a bomb-factory because all three are built of the same bricks. "Matter, mind and magic are all one in the cosmos" is equally resonant, and even sillier. The trouble is perhaps that outside his own field—biology—Mr Watson does not think very clearly. Even inside it, he has curious lapses. Thus he claims that since ravens can be taught to choose a food dish because it is marked with a certain number of spots, it follows that they can "form abstract concepts". Surely (unless the spots are arranged in different positions every time the choice is made) this is a matter of conditioning and association with a certain pattern. Again, he lists urticaria, warts, and allergic reactions among "skin conditions . . . produced almost entirely by . . . emotional stress". Urticaria is often produced by contact with nettles and some jellyfish, warts originate in a virus infection, and many allergic reactions are genetic, and "run in families".

The fact that they can all be treated by suggestion demonstrates the extraordinary power of the psyche over bodily processes, a fact concealed by the author's simplistic generalizations.

All this is a very great pity, because he has put together so much exciting and genuine material. It includes the observed effect of music upon plants, first immortalized in the legend of Orpheus and his lute; a study of hypnosis, both experimental and spontaneous, as between predator and prey; and a discussion—oddly enough without reference to Lorenz's work on animal ritual—of the use of "body language", involuntary gesture, variations in skin colour, sweating, and smell, as a means of communication. There is a survey of what has been done to investigate human electrical fields, a suggestion that psychokinesis (as exemplified in poltergeist hauntings) is a phenomenon connected with such fields, and a reference to John Beloff's hypothesis that psycho-kinetic action works most effectively at a sub-atomic level.

Mr Watson examines also so... the evidence for extrasensory ... ception, from the all too ... card tests to such less-known ... as that recipients of telepathic ... muli have been observed ... significant changes in blood ... sure at the moment when ... tionally charged "message" ... transmitted, though they ... unconscious of its existence ... that (like schoolchildren) ... rats labelled Clever or Stupid ... the experimenters' expectations ... carrying out various ... when, unknown to those ... ters, the labels have been ... from one group to another.

With Teilhard de Chardin ... Watson believes that some ... awareness inheres in ... things, and ingeniously ... that since the cells of ... "recognize" foreign substances ... producing allergic reactions ... is probably an unconscious ... tion between self and ... early on in biological ... even at the level of protoplasm.

It is sad that his book ... its learning and liveliness ... comes much more than a ... dron bubbling with ... You may fish out a brilliant ... ate, a doubtful datum, ... piece of something ... ending or a well-filled ... container. But the effect ... while.

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Like thy neighbour

GENE OUTKA:

Agape
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...pp. Yale University Press. £4.75.

...ape is a distinctively Christian ...rd for a distinctively Christian ...y of living. As such it assumes, and ...deed derives from, certain distinc...ely Christian beliefs. It is now be...g taken into common usage as a ...eral description of "the Christian ...ic", with neighbour-love as its ...mative ethical principle, and ex...ined in a secular framework with ... first commandment tacitly left ... Does it then still mean the same ...ng? That question is always hover... over this book and Gene Outka ...self is fully aware of that, but ... not explicitly discuss it. This ...dy is not concerned with meta...ics or theology but with ethical ...lysis.

No ethic that claims to be univer...ly normative can live in a private ...serve of its own, immune from ...ical investigation of its content ... its validity. It must enter the ... field of moral philosophy. But ... first thing is to know what it ...lly is; and, oddly enough, var... Christian writers have given ...parently variant accounts of it. ...fessor Outka has made an ex...ustive examination of the vast ... growing literature on the sub..., both continental and Anglo-...erican, and produced a volume ...cked with information about the ...commandment in the context of ...re general ethical discussion.

What is the actual content of ...ighbour-love? The minimal ...swer to that would be equal ...ard for him, not preferring my ...erests to his. Almost any Chris... would say that it means prefer... his interests to my own. A ...ist like Kierkegaard will main... that its key principle is self-...egation. All concern for the self ... be excluded. There is little room here for Butler's "cool self-love". But must that mean what Professor Outka calls a "blank cheque"? Is there no moral duty to the self if it is to serve the neighbour effectively? A self that has gone to pieces will not help him much. Again, it is urged that loving my neighbour means regard for him simply as a man, irrespective of any merits on his part or of anything in which he differs from other men, class, colour, race, creed and so forth. That is the foundation of the Rights of Man. Every man, simply as a man, has inalienable dignity and value. If we ask in what that value consists, the Christian will say his relationship to God. Apart from its Stoic and Christian religious sanction does natural law theory still hold water? Are the self-evident truths all that self-evident? (Bertrand Russell observed that without the theology Locke's law of nature "has no clear logical foundation".)

In his influential *Agape and Eros*, Anders Nygren argued that erotic love is totally incompatible with agape. Eros is possessive, agape pure self-giving, seeking neither response nor reciprocity. It is God's impartial love for his creatures, alike for the just and for the unjust, of which human agents are but the pipes or channels. (This, incidentally, seems to imply a monism to which Christian theism is allergic.) True love can never be seeking its own needs, whether orientated towards God or man. But what about the heart desiring the waterbrooks? Professor Nygren appears thus to rule out what the neo-Platonist Augustine believed to lie near the heart of true religion ("Inquietum est cor nostrum . . ."). And he seems to lead to the absurd conclusion that Christian marriage cannot be based on agape! Are there, in fact, any heights of love which do not embrace some erotic content? Grace does not destroy nature, it sanctifies it.

Yet the neighbour is also the neighbour of other neighbours and must always be seen in his own "moral landscape". In the world of today the neighbour may be a group, the TUC, perhaps, or the CBI. Here we enter the field of conflicting interests, claims and counter-claims and their adjustments, where love, as complete harmony, is not possible and justice must be the regulative principle. Hence, said Reinhold Niebuhr, the law of pure love cannot supply a viable social ethic. It is transcendental and eschatological—the challenge of radical perfectionism. Turning the other cheek, for example, can never be formulated as a law (and we are not told to turn other people's cheeks) If a man does not volunteer for the second mile he may fall short of Christian ideal, but he cannot be regarded as morally culpable. Yet without such a challenge conventional moral standards tend to sink to the minimum we can get away with.

On the other hand, without moral and legal imperatives, without a body of action-guiding prescriptions, can there be any social ethic at all? Here we are involved in another set of questions, about the relation of love to law, about a Christian "morality without rules" and formulated principles of conduct, "legalism" and situation ethics. And these are but a few of the leading questions.

Agape, according to its blurb, is "the most comprehensive account to date of modern treatments of the love-commandment". There is probably no comparable volume which collects so much between one pair of covers. It will therefore be very useful in the colleges. But what we are offered in this massive work is materials for a study to come, rather than a constructive presentation of a moral philosophy of agape, such as one hopes Professor Outka will now undertake.

God lives!

...EZSLAV GARDAVSKY:

...d Is Not Yet Dead
...nslated by Vivienne Menkes

...pp. Penguin. Paperback, 45p.

...plicably late comes the English ...ion of one of the more remark... products of the Czechoslovak ...ng. These essays, in which a com...ist philosopher grapples in ...ly original ways with some of the ... affirmations of Christianity, ...re first published in 1966 and 1967 ... the late and much lamented ...nal *Literarí Noviny*, which ...s bold before its time and one of ...first victims of Soviet "normaliza...". When these pieces were ...ten Vitězslav Gardavsky was Pro...or of Philosophy at the Czecho...k Military Academy; today the ...or counts himself lucky to have ...b digging up the past on an arch...logical site.

...the time of the Soviet invasion ...fessor Gardavsky was lecturing in ... West. He chose silence at home ...her than the success and publicity ...ile. But his essays (and a re... play) were published in West ...many as early as 1968. The English text, five years later, is a translation from the German. Its most serious omission is any sort of introduction putting the material into its historic, philosophical and theological context. The English reader not familiar with Czech thought and the events leading up to 1968 is left guessing. This book could only have come from a Czech pen. Even so, it is a universally valid treasury of penetrating and challenging thought.

Professor Gardavsky rightly knows that the Marxist classics do not attempt to deal with what Christians call ultimate questions, death among them. He is determined to dig down to roots and in his introduction justifies that as a service to Marxist thought, which was never meant to be static. He then examines the whole Western theological tradition, from its Old Testament basis to Augustine, Aquinas and Pascal.

The two sections which follow are called "Theism takes a look at itself", a critique of many theist assumptions, and "Atheism takes a look at itself", an even more stringent exercise in Marxist self-criticism. The book ends with what can only be described as an atheist's hymn of praise to love. A study of Hegel, Feurerbach and Marx leads to the affirmation that in a love for man as deep as Christian love, lies inspiration and faith for modern Communism.

God Is Not Yet Dead reflects at its most profound the dialogue between Christians and Marxists which, by 1968, had reached a most advanced level in Czechoslovakia and was a major aspect of the revisionist scene so disturbing to Soviet ideologists and politicians. When the spiritual and intellectual history of the Prague Spring comes to be written, it will be seen how far Christians and communists had gone in humbly learning from one another and struggling together for that new humanity which found expression in socialism with a human face. Professor Gardavsky's thoughts are a significant part of the tip of a great iceberg which had started melting. Their significance for eastern Europe has not lessened. In the West they pose a threat just as great if we read the book not as medicine for communists but for ourselves. It will purge, but there is no bitter taste.

Interpretations

THOMAS FAWCETT:

Hewbrew Myth and Christian Gospel

325pp. SCM Press. £3.75.

To those unversed in theological jargon "mythical" means "fictitious"; and even scholars have taken the same attitude. F. C. Conybeare, for example, defined myth as "a religious narrative which claims to be historically true but is not". So for the Bible to be "true", they argued, there must be in it no mythological elements. For our forefathers the Bible stood in a place of magnificent and unchallenged isolation, not to be compared with the sacred books of other faiths—for these contained or were even built on myths, and spoke about things which had never happened. The Bible was truth, vouched for by God. But with the rise of comparative anthropology this isolationism was bound to be breached. *The Golden Bough* introduces a new epoch. Because now "to the scandal of particularity was added the problem of similarity". Were all religions equally mythological? And if so did that mean that all were equally false or (to put it at its lowest) equally man-made? The impact of this on the Gospels was shattering, and there followed the hectic period of the Christ-Myth. It was maintained that the Gospels, so far from being historical, were built up from the myths of pre-Christian cults.

That controversy largely belongs to the past now. But the presence of mythical elements in the Gospel is still an embarrassment to many Christians, who therefore attempt either to deny or eliminate it—in the current idiom, to demythologize. Whatever exactly Bultmann means by myth, it conveys, in his view, no cognitive information, whether historical or metaphysical.

In *Hebrew Myth and Christian Gospel*, Thomas Fawcett opens a new approach. The attempt to distinguish myth from history, as though one dealt with fiction and the other with fact, is "an arbitrary judgment derived from modern positivistic assumptions. . . . The imposition of our modern scientifically derived metaphysics on the thinking of the early Christians is entirely unwarranted, because it attempts to understand them by the use of categories which were not only alien to them, but antithetical to their beliefs." They believed that in the Christian events and in this Man's life there had been an irruption of forces from the divine order into the contingent world of history, and the Gospel story moves in two planes at once, the historical and the transcendental. "The myth and its models enabled them to interpret and proclaim the significance of Jesus as the Christ who is of one substance with the Father." But the myth was used to interpret the events; the events were not constructed out of the myth.

Many scholars protest that there is no need to demythologize, since the biblical writers have done the job already. All traces of polytheism, for example, have been purged away from the Creation saga. The whole thrust of the prophetic teaching led to the substitution of linear history, as the sphere of divine activity, for a mythological structure in Hebrew thought. But how far did that go in the popular religion? And certainly vivid mythological elements persist in, or were reintroduced into, the scriptural narratives as they have come down to us. The Exodus, for example, is described in the imagery of the Creation myth: the Red Sea becomes the primordial deep or chaos, and Egypt the Monster (Rahab, Leviathan). These and like motifs not only continued but were highly developed in Rabbinic Judaism as part of the furniture of the religious mind.

Dr Fawcett holds that, consciously or unconsciously, they were used in the composition of the Gospels to interpret the more-than-history in the events. "Mythological thinking is not the working of a certain type of mind"—such as Levy Bruhl's pre-logical mentality—"but a certain manner of apprehending the world through symbols". What Jesus was and what he had done was something unique, so completely new, that they saw in his life a re-enactment of the central event in Hebrew myth—the creation itself. This is brought out here in discussing the Baptism.

Another pervading theme is the Rock ("The Rock was Christ"), the Stone that the builders rejected, the foundation, the rock on which the Church is built, the source from which living waters flow; and all these allusions become a significant whole in the light of primitive Hebrew mythology. But the myths are not only used, they are transcended, for that to which they had pointed is now "among us". Thus the whole complex of imagery relating to the Temple, the Mount of God, the Holy City, the heavenly Jerusalem, is seen gradually to be fused into one single vision focused in the person of the Christ of faith.

It begins to appear that he, not the temple, is the "place" of God's redeeming presence ("Neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem"). His "going up" to the Father's house in Jerusalem is also his "going up" to the Father's side. His transfiguration on the "holy mount", his appearance on the appointed mountain in Galilee, indicate that the heavenly city is now here, the tabernacle of God is with men. Jesus himself is the living water of Paradise, the Vine, the Bread of the heavenly feast.

Conservatives may well be shocked by some of this. But the treatment, based on deep learning and research and inspired by a strong Christian devotion, is restrained, constructive and highly illuminating. Imagination could easily run riot, and some of the author's allusions and suggestions may seem to some readers a bit strained or fanciful. But Dr Fawcett has known where to stop. He shares what he himself describes as "the cautious spirituality of Judaism".

In the final chapter we are warned that a literal-minded rejection of the mythological element in the Gospels has too often meant a reductionist christology, blind to what the writers were trying to say. Is the myth expendable? If we try to dispense with it, would that mean a different religion? The evangelists were able, he says, "to set forth the transcendent dimensions of one man's life so that it could function as the originative myth of a new humanity. This it continued to do till its transcendent character was increasingly eroded to leave the Christian trapped in the relativism of an empirical prison." The quotation makes plain the author's own attitude.

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The bull who bearded the Terrible Twelve

COLIN LUCAS:

The Structure of the Terror
The Example of Javogues and the Loire

411pp. Oxford University Press. £9.

Colin Lucas's study of the institutions and personnel of the Terror in the Loire, following the federalist crisis of the summer of 1793, is a brilliant pioneering book, combining meticulous and exhaustive research, even down to the level of several hundred municipal and village records, with rigorous analysis, a light and pleasing style, a sympathetic and direct understanding of groups and individuals, a constant awareness of the bitter persistence of provincial rivalries, a general grasp of the whole history of the Terror throughout France, and, above all, a wonderful feeling for place. The choice of the Loire, a Department formed quite accidentally, but corresponding nonetheless to a much older unit, during the period of the high Terror, is a particularly happy one, since it includes an area of recalcitrant contrasts: mountain and plain, poor communications and virtually no communications (especially from West to East), a very mixed economy, opposing dialects, with undoubtedly the most colourful of all the Terrorists, a group not, however, lacking in individualists.

One could hardly go wrong with a personality as extravagant and as untamable as that of Claude Javogues, a man who could surely claim a leading place in France's long line of *grands exaspérés*. Since Javogues is much the most important single character in the book, his impossible and unpredictable behaviour lends to what might otherwise have been rather an austere work on the interrelations and proliferation of institutions a totally human and often attractive dimension, as well as a sort of bizarre, wild unity. For, if Javogues nearly always behaved unpredictably, his mood changing almost from hour to hour, there was at least a predictability, a weird coherence, in the fact that he could be relied on to behave either badly or worse.

A welcome in the bed chamber

Very occasionally, and totally unpredictably, he would lapse into a sort of boisterous affability. A number of *Représentants en mission* appear to have been fairly impossible people, vain, touchy, *protocolaire*, loud-mouthed, but Javogues is in a class quite of his own. Whether receiving the members of a municipality, at midday, in his bed, between his two female "secrétaires", or throwing nuts at a delegation, or pulling the hair and stamping heavily (he was a huge, brutish man) on the feet of petitioners, while pouring out a flood of drunken abuse and murderous threats, in dialect, or suddenly displaying a bluff compassion for someone whom he had threatened with death the previous day, Javogues is never dull.

Indeed, the sudden emergence of a temperament both incandescent, totally intransigent, swinging wildly from protestations of friendship to semi coherent abuse, obtuse, largely unaware of danger, is perhaps the most puzzling problem posed by the book. Here was this blustering *bellâtre*, foaming and roaring up and down his native Department, even biting people, the veins sticking out of his enormous, bull-like forehead, shaggy eyebrows, a revolutionary giant, nearly always with food in his mouth, frightening women out of their wits, pinching their bottoms and making course references to the size and spaciousness of part of the female anatomy, apparently living in an almost permanent state of rage. And yet there was little in his earlier life to give so much as a hint of such violence, wildness and foolhardiness. He had not hit anyone at school and he had led an obscure existence in a fairly affluent legal community. Indeed, once back in Paris, he seems to have been remarkably mild, prudent and even quiet, at least during the rest of Robespierre's red summer and much of the Thermidorian period.

Dr Lucas wisely refrains from too many comments on the subject of his extraordinary central figure, allowing the man to reveal himself in his expletive proclamations, in his wild, meandering, often unfinished letters, or portraying him through the eyes of others, of those who, in fear and trembling, had been ushered into the terrible presence, and who left accounts of occasions remembered over a lifetime, often in the heightened colourfulness of the Forézian *patois*. The man was clearly not totally mad, not completely unbalanced, and sometimes he could even pause, in his precipitous path towards political and personal disaster, to display something like calculation and cunning, in order to win a point or to come to the rescue of one of his favourites, the rather unpleasant Lapalus and the mysterious Duret. But he does seem to have been drunk much or most of the time. There are frequent descriptions, some of them from political allies, fellow terrorists, some of them containing too a *soupçon* of admiration for the man's sheer, animal capacity, of the number of empty beer and wine bottles rolling about on bedroom floors or in committee rooms (he was clearly a man best avoided in the morning), tripping up the unwary petitioner, as the Représentant bellowed, throwing himself about like a wounded bull.

Javogues was "une force de la nature". There was no limit to his foolishness. He thought nothing of defying the Committee of Public Safety—the Terrible Twelve—which took his screaming letters so mildly, nor of denouncing one of its members, Georges Couthon, who belonged to the hated Auvergne, as a counter-revolutionary. Much of the correspondence that he received from Paris, from Lyon or even from Saint-Etienne, went straight into the bin; his "secrétaires", one of whom was apparently an illiterate peasant girl, were there for other purposes. Here was a single individual defying, over a period of months, what has so often been described as the strongest government that revolutionary France was ever to know, and, for a long time, getting away with it. Here he was invading the territories of other *proconsuls*, arresting their agents and denouncing them as counter-revolutionaries.

Of course, there had to come an end, but it was surprisingly long in coming. The Committee of Public Safety preferred not to take on such a bull full-face, warning him obliquely by having his two favourite agents guillotined. He did eventually return to Paris. Not unnaturally, he lent the power of his iron lungs to attempt to shout down Robespierre in the Jacobins on 8 Thermidor (what would Robespierre have made of such a splendidly untamed Savage?) and rejoiced at 9 Thermidor. Later he subscribed to Babeuf's paper, and, once more, conformed to type, predictably getting himself shot in 1796 as a result of the so-called Grenelle Conspiracy.

Dr Lucas is thus unencumbered with the undramatic details of retirement, exile, family life, political turning of coats and adjustments to changing circumstances. No other Représentant of the Year II vintage comes anywhere near Javogues's intemperance and tempestuousness. Carrier was extremely prudent in his dealings with the central government. Le Bon was a boring, scraping bureaucrat of Terror who killed people administratively. Dartigoëyte, once off the theme of the Bible Story, could be quite reasonable. Even Taillefer could hear the warning bells. It is easy to see why Claude Javogues should have had such an insistent appeal to one of his descendants, Georges Javogues, a retired and impoverished schoolmaster. There was certainly nothing petty about such a specimen.

It is this happy combination of man and place—Javogues was one of the very rare Représentants to have been sent to his home area, though, oddly enough, this did not make him any more effective as a terrorist—that makes *The Structure of the Terror* so highly readable. Dr Lucas writes of places that he has seen; there is probably scarcely a *commune* mentioned in this long book that he has not visited, and his old Citroën made him far more mobile and adventurous than many of the revolutionary *gendarmes*, who would have thought twice before risking their horses in snowdrifts and mountain passes. The place-names roll out like poetry; he has been to Saint-Just-la-Pendue, Saint-Just-en-Chevalet, Saint-Romain-en-Jarez, Saint-Symphorien-de-Lay, he has been over the top, on the old highroad from Lyon to Paris through Roanne, and he has patiently followed the torrentuous course of the Upper Loire. He has even acquired a liking for Saint-Etienne, its Rue Longue, its *crassiers*, its clanking trams and its inward-looking Stéphanois, and he has penetrated the various *patois* of a region situated right onthe great linguistic divide.

Talking with present-day *Foréziens*, he has recaptured their deep and traditional hostility to the neighbouring Auvergnats, and this awareness of ancient regional antipathies has given him an extra sensitivity to the political alignments of an exceptional period. His first chapter is a marvellous example of historical geography, comparable, though of course on a much more intimate scale, to Raymond Carr's memorable Introduction to his history of Spain. It colours, lends life and purpose to, the rest of the book. Dr Lucas has not written merely from the protective serenity of libraries and *dépôts*; nor is his vision limited to the eighteenth century (there is a telling quotation from *Le Monde* on the subject of the threatened closure of a branch line). It would be hard to find a more eloquent example of the absolute need for historians to go out and see for themselves.

Poverty invoked by the arch-terrorist

The rest of the book generally manages to live up to the promise of the first chapter. That on Javogues could not fail to be lively and interesting. It is revealing to learn that this arch-terrorist came of a comparatively well-to-do family. There was no rancid poverty to explain, as it would in the case of Robespierre, his commitment to militancy. He certainly found it natural to give orders, even though most of these were either incoherent or contradictory. Some readers may not be entirely convinced by Dr Lucas's claims for Javogues as a coherent political thinker—it is hard to think of him being coherent about anything at all—and as a firm partisan of what he repeatedly refers to as "the Democratic Republic". And it is perhaps rather silly to suggest that his order for the collection of gold and silver was derived from his aversion to these base metals, as obstacles to the realization of that Never-Never-Land: it was, as everywhere else in France, part of government policy, and was dictated by the urgent needs of economic mobilization.

Javogues spoke much the same language, uttered the same threats and adopted the same emergency measures as the general run of the more energetic *Représentants en mission*. His originality was in the bellowing tone and in the wildness of his statements. Although he was in an area far removed from the war zone, one is not really convinced by the argument that his decisions were in some way more political than those of most *proconsuls*. Nor did his conception of political and social democracy go any further than pious invocations to the virtues of poverty. His *taxe révolutionnaire*, like those adopted elsewhere, was a practical measure to raise funds for the Terror programme, not a consciously conceived effort at social levelling. Dr Lucas is reading backwards: Javogues n... read Babeuf in 1796, but he was not thinking like Babeuf in 1793-94.

As is the tendency with first books, this one often appears to make too many claims for what in fact closely follows a general pattern common to most of revolutionary France. This is particularly true of the rather long drawn-out chapter on the "sociétés populaires". It was not just in the Loire that they were seldom very active before the summer of 1793, it was not just in the Loire that attendance began to fall off in the spring of 1794, it was not just in the Loire that they proved themselves primarily concerned with the problem of provisioning their own markets and, more generally, acting like revolutionary *syndicats d'initiative*, in the defence of local interests and as instruments of "communalism".

And Dr Lucas is perhaps pushing his evidence too far when he asserts that these clubs—or some of them—were obsessed with the problem of creating social harmony and social justice. He seems to be much nearer the truth when he points out that individual members tended to exploit them in order to promote their own trade or professional interests. It was, for instance, useful for a painter to be a *sociétaire*, for he might thus obtain the job of repainting the church or hall in which the club met. Dr Lucas is sometimes too prone to spot ideology where self-interest would be sufficient to explain things, and to take the orthodox language of unanimity and egalitarianism at its face value, when, so often, it was merely an *exercise de style* and a harmless expression of conformism.

He is solid and extremely well documented on the other instruments of the Terror: the *comités de surveillance*, the *armée révolutionnaire*, the *commissaires*, the *Département*, the *Districts* and the municipalities, and the Revolutionary Tribunal. In the Loire—and this may come as a surprise to specialists of the period—the normal authorities, especially the municipalities, seem to have been rather more effective than the exceptional bodies (*autorités révolutionnaires*). He gives detailed accounts of their proliferation, composition and activities though, in this last respect, one would have liked to have heard a little more on the subject of the role of the Revolutionary Committees as instruments for the repression of the habitual crimes of the very poor, for, in other parts of France, the Terror was to weigh particularly heavily on the habitual lawbreaker at the lowest level of society. Indeed their crimes and misdemeanours often came to be interpreted as "crimes contre la République", that is, as thefts at the expense of the community.

Dr Lucas has a fine chapter on the Terrorists. Here we are far removed indeed from the rocklike and rigid collective definitions that Albert Soboul applied to the Paris *sans-culottes*. Dr Lucas is well aware of individual as well as of collective pressures, as motivations to militancy. Within an urban context he takes into account family and professional ties, friendship, shared experience, common tastes in leisure, common schooling, the fact of living in the same street or the same quarter.

What is more, Dr Lucas reveals that most of his militants, like Javogues himself, were relatively wealthy men, not the wealthiest, but very much in the middle ranks of a comfortable *aisance*. Nothing could be more unlike Soboul's *sans-culottes*. Students of the French Revolution will find this chapter on militants, on individuals, the most original and the most rewarding of this remarkable book. Dr Lucas combines perceptive historical "impressionism" with a firm statistical basis of tax rolls and *taxes révolu*... He probes much deeper tha... while, at the same time, be... man to attempt to make t... mentation say more than it ... says. His reluctance to ... little beyond the strictes... his evidence may also be ex... by the fact that the pres... closely follows the sequence ... doctoral thesis. He is now ... enced an historian of the re... ary period that in his future ... may be more willing to ri... theses which cannot be entire... tained by archival evidence ... he will allow himself occasi... hazard "I think it must hav... something like this". This ... "prophecy", but enriching ... ture. The worst that can hap... that the conjecture can be p... wrong.

The chapter dealing with the ... of Javogues—and what a job ... get the impudent, angry fell... to Paris!—is of general interest ... in the context of the applica... the Decree of 14 Frimaire and ... bitter political disputes of ... and Ventôse. The recall of Jav... is not an event in a void, ... could have been justified ... stage of his utterly turbulen... sion. Lapalus and Duret were ... executed as "ultra-révolu... naires" and "hébertistes", Ja... Vauquoy later in the summer ... it was claimed, was a curr... "hébertisme"; and, in the ... there, there was a violent ... by the "locals" against ... "strangers" (Parisians and ... nais), just as there was in the ... against the Auvergnats. There ... many direct parallels betwee... dating of the recall of Javogues ... events in Paris, in Lille and in ... Grimaud, too, when he got ... Moulins from Lyon, was hou... an "ultra" as well as an Auve... Thus Dr Lucas has added yet ... ther dimension to the many ... liferations of the Ventôse ... Javogues was lucky. The anger of ... Revolutionary Government was ... flected from his person on to ... of his two henchmen. But he ... eat humble pie and to apolog... Couthon. Couthon could wai...

The complexity of provincial life

Dr Lucas, who has worked ... long—almost ten years—in ... Rhône and in the Loire, as w... in Paris, is well placed to pe... the extreme complexity of the ... static life of eighteenth-centu... vincial France. He is aware of ... particularities of such differing ... tres as Saint-Etienne, Saint-B... Boën, Montbrison, Roanne, ... and Charlieu, and he is an abl... at the terrible administrative ... bles between rival *chefs-lieu*... rival Departments (one can se... Charlieu should have been so ... to get itself included in the S... et-Loire). So his description ... "federalism" is both acutely pe... tive and complicated. He is ... tainly right, too, when he e... sizes that, even at the height of ... Terror, the last word would b... the rural *maire*, secure in his ... ance, in his ability to cover u... in his *attentisme*. The Loire w... exception in this respect.

Nor was it in that of the pr... permeability by revolutionary ... and institutions of places on t... roads and in the valleys, th... *passages*, than isolated mo... villages. In the Loire, *la mon*... lived largely out of reach of the ... ror. Elsewhere, in the Mon... parts of the Hautes-Alpes and ... Isère, it was often the other ... round, with the mountain v... giving the lead in militancy, ... large attendance at the club, ... ally during the winter, whil... plainsmen, with travellers to ... with, had less time to give to ... ing the Republic". In the Al... least, it was often stated, ... nineteenth century, that the ... taineer was also likely to be ... literate than the plainsman, ... because education would off... easiest means of escape fro... isolation of a mountain comm...

Dr Lucas is certainly well pl... to insist on the uniqueness of ... Loire. But, of course, each D... ment was unique, and the Terr... it unique. His book is so good ... one feels like imploring him ... run after false gods, but to st... the Loire that he knows and ... There must be a follow-up to ... splendid book. Who better th... Lucas to pilot us through the ... midorian Marshes and the D... jat Badlands. In this wond... evocative Department?

Pioneer days

...S TIVY (Editor):

...Loving Anna
...s from the Ontario frontier

... University of Toronto Press
..., Canada). £3.75.

...s joy to read a book of such ...icity and honesty. Anna ...idge was a woman of warmth ...great courage, but there are no ..., no fights with bears, wolves ...ians in the backwoods of north ...gs County. Most of the letters ...m the 1880s, but in many ...ys life was harder and more ...tive than in the western Ontario ...ayed by Anna Jameson's *Winter ...es and Summer Rambles*, pub... in 1838.

...id Leveridge, Anna's husband, ...been a farm manager on an ... near Norwich. After losing ...t his entire savings to a hith...trusted friend, he took ship to ...a, where his family joined ...a year later, in the little village ...doc. Soon they moved north... some sixty miles, drawn by ...re of gold and other minerals ... streaked the rocky outcrop... marking the edge of the ...ntian Shield. Here they lived ... one-room shanty, made from ...unks of trees, 12 feet by 20— ...trees just as they were felled, ...the bark on". The roof was ... of bass-wood logs cut into ...s. Parents and six children ...ed the first winter without ..., sustained by a stove con...ly fed from the surrounding ...

...ok was difficult to find, and ...they could live off the land ...tions were sometimes desper... In one week, David walked ...than eighty miles in search of ...e that might give him semi...nent employment. The farm...eep their hired men (if they ... any), wrote Anna to her ...r in 1883, only during the ...season, "and work them from ...e to sunset. So I consider that ...labourers about here are no ... as well off, as they are in ...nd."

...il the rocky ground was ...—and the under-soil was ... to be riddled with stones— ...had to be imported from the ...st mill, five miles away; the ...d transport was a dollar. Beer ...obtainable, except in the town, ...whisky for years to come re...ed "the drink of the country ...the curse of it too". Most of ...settlers spun their own wool, ... their own sugar and killed ...own meat—pork, occasionally supplemented by venison, par...bear, and fish from the near... The early letters, despite ... efforts at cheerfulness, re... an intense loneliness. Anyone ... within three or four miles ...neighbour. "How nice it must ...see the shops and other town ...", Anna wrote in a moment of ...ssion.

"I often picture the windows ...ted up, and the market place. ... say you would be tired of ...hing but snow and bare trees, which is all we can see. . . . Still on the whole, I like the woods. It makes a difference to be able to look round and call the trees and fields our own.

One aspect of pioneer life has not changed with the times, as recent visitors to northern Ontario will appreciate. Hardly had spring released the Leveridges from their wintry prison than the balmy days of June and most of July were made miserable by plagues of vicious, noisy mosquitoes and savage, biting black flies. The only relief came from the smudge-pot; "A few chips in the bottom of a pail with leaves or green grass piled on top produced a heavy, thick smoke" which brought relief at the expense of near-suffocation.

None the less, neither heat nor black flies could extinguish all the pleasures of summer existence. There were Sunday School picnics—"25 cents a couple, eat all you like, the proceeds given to the minister". When the railway came closer to Coe Hill, small samples of city culture found their way into the wilderness. "What a strange mixture of a life we live here", Anna informed her mother. "One day we hear the wolves howl away in the woods, and soon after see an excursion train come in and hear a brass band play." Inquisitive travellers in search of adventure or romance began to appear. Any unusually literate or articulate visitor from the "Old Country" was almost certain to be taken for a member of the aristocracy, however decrepit in appearance. A doctor called one day, dressed in an old faded shirt and slouch hat, "his pants hitched up with a piece of string". He was quite obviously an Englishman—"people say the son of a lord".

By the beginning of the 1890s, Anna's pioneering days had come to an end. Each year had seen the fields expand, and better crops grown to feed the family, and the horses which had replaced "Buck and Bright", the slow-moving xen. But as the woody humus which had fertilized the thin soil diminished, crops were less plentiful, and the piles of stones turned up by the ploughs grew into little mountains. For those who had to supplement their farm earnings by outside labour, the mines offered spasmodic rewards; but Coe Hill could not compete with the vast iron ore deposits of northern Minnesota. By this time, too, the lumber barons who had built the railway into Hastings county, had ut down the neighbouring forests—great pines up to five feet in diameter and more th... 100 feet in height. "It had taken undisturbed centuries to produce such trees; one winter's work by man and they were gone forever." Today in northern Hastings, large, scarred stumps still stand like gravestones, mute testimony to the splendour and majesty that had once been.

It is sad that Anna Leveridge's grandson, who collected the letters and edited them with loving care, should have died only a year before the publication of this faithful and sometimes moving record of a not too distant past.

Indian assets

MARCEL TRUDEL:

The Beginnings of New France 1524-1663

Translated by Patricia Claxton.

323pp. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart (Books Canada). £4.

Nearly ten years ago a group of Canadian historians and the publishers, McClelland and Stewart, planned "The Canadian Centenary Series", a comperatively written history of Canada in eighteen volumes. Twelve of the eighteen, all but one by different authors, have now been published. The object of the editors to gather in the harvest of historical scholarship since the publication of *Canada and Its Provinces* more than half a century ago is now within sight of achievement.

In the first volume of the series the late Tryggvi Oleson surveyed 600 years of Europe's attempts to establish itself beyond the Atlantic. He paid particular attention to the failure of the Scandinavians to carry permanently their frontier of settlement beyond Iceland to North America. Marcel Trudel's second volume is an account of French success in a part of North America nearly as inhospitable and difficult as the scenes of the Vikings' failures. But success was only painfully achieved after nearly a century of false starts, abandoned projects and confused intents. A flavour of disappointment dominates the volume. Professor Trudel's devotion to the verifiable record has denied us the quickening romance of Dollard des Ormeaux's last stand, and the martyrdom of Brebeuf and Lalemant, worthy of E. J. Pratt's epic, is buried in a short sentence.

Like many historians, Professor Trudel has shaped his research, fixed the content of his narrative and determined the emphasis in his work by his knowledge of the outcome: in this case the establishment of settled communities governed from Europe and having at least in outline a European character. As a result, *The Beginnings of New France* reads more like the evidence presented to a Royal Commission on Planning the Use of Resources than an account of a contest of men in all their ignorance and intelligence, their bravery and weakness, their rascality and generosity with a formidable and frightening yet attractive and mysterious wilderness. Cartier described Labrador as the land which God gave Cain. Professor Trudel knows that this is not the opinion of the United Steel Corporation. For this reason he cannot feel about his subject as Garneau or Parkman or even Wrong did. Ulysses contended with the wine-dark sea; the trained Ph.D investigates a liquid with a use potential and a liability to pollution.

But if Professor Trudel has cast out romance and myth he has imported some new notions which oblige readers to revise their impressions of the past and its people. The Indians may have been primitive savages, but they showed a swift aptitude for commerce and, as communities, an extraordinary propensity to consume novelties, stimulants and articles both more comfortable and more efficient than the products of their own ways of work. Like other Europeans, the French came to America seeking wealth and an increase in their power in European politics. They entertained the common European notion that wealth is a sum of objects of which bullion was the universal expression.

In America they discovered that there is no wealth without manpower, and that in the areas where the French were destined to rule, manpower was scarce and hard to control. Trade, not the enserfment or slavery of the natives, was the means of exploiting people and resources. This happened naturally and in spite of the plans of the courtiers, bureaucrats and cardinals who thought in terms of agricultural settlements which could replicate in the new world the society of the old. Professor Trudel acknowledges the existence of the staple trade in furs, and he admits its importance, but always he concerns himself more with the people who planned and failed than he does with those who went to the heart of the matter in this stage of development. His excellent analytical chapter on land tenure and population, inserted towards the end of the book, indicates that in spite of the efforts of the colonizers agriculture was a minority occupation of Frenchmen in Canada, and that construction workers were the largest category of craftsmen. This suggests something of great significance—that the building and supply of trade centres was the fundamental fact in growth and development, and that this was the result of drawing into the world economy the specialized activity of the Indians who hunted and traded.

Although Professor Trudel, like the planners in France and their agents overseas, is less concerned with the facts of trade and the commercial exploitation of the natives and the resources of the wilderness, there is fundamental rightness in his and their concern with planting Europeans in Canada. There were serious limitations on what could be done with the Indians. Adapted as they were to their environment, and capable as they demonstrated themselves to be of a revolution in their lives in response to new opportunities, the Indians were inferior to the Europeans in the range of their technical capacities. The Europeans were disciplined and organized by the facts of their technology and the aspirations of their religion in a more dynamic and creative way than the Indians. They had a greater potential for power than the natives of North America, and from this derives the rightness of Professor Trudel's concern with the plans and activities of the French governments and the French Church. In the end they did make history, even though they went about it in a confused and confusing way.

The battle for the Civil List

...S PAQUET and JEAN-PIERRE ...LOT:

...age et pouvoir dans le Bas-... (1794-1812)

... Presses de la Université de ...

...subject-matter of this study by ... Paquet and Jean-Pierre Wallot ...sents familiar concerns of ...-Canadian historians, the form ...alysis proves far more unusual; ...Civil List of Lower Canada, as it ...constituted and employed in the ...before the War of 1812, is in...ated and interpreted with the ... formidable array of technical... drawn primarily from theoreti... methodologies developed by ...rican social scientists. This rep... an approach far removed ... that strict union of religion and ...nalism evoked by Lionel Groulx ...ing the survival of his society ... least in method, differs ... from the view of events ...ed by later, less devout but more ...pendantist historians. Against ...difficulties imposed by resort to abstractions and calculations may be set the evident and welcome neutrality of tone in which French-English relations along the St Lawrence is discussed.

The establishment of an Assembly for Lower Canada in 1791 did not, and was not intended to, inaugurate a popular centre of legislative power. The Governor, flanked by the executive and legislative councils of the colony, would remain the unquestioned source of authority. Yet the Assembly had been created as the only means by which a sufficient local contribution might be secured towards meeting the costs of imperial administration. Lodging executive and financial powers in distinct institutional bodies was bound to stimulate a conflict between rulers and ruled, though this did not occur in the immediate aftermath of the Constitutional Act. Prosperity, rather than poverty, provided the background to dispute: only after 1810, when deficits had given way to surplus in the revenues of the colony, did the struggle for control of the Civil List become significant. The offer of the Assembly to assume general responsibility for the supervision of funds was seen by Governor Craig not as a relief but as a threat: "No human consideration could I think induce me to stay here one moment after it becomes necessary for the officers of His Majesty's Government, to look up to them instead of the Governor, and that is the object they have in view." Such suspicions opened a period of enmity which would culminate in the rising of 1837.

The Civil List was an instrument of government and of patronage, functions not easily distinguishable at this time in the colonies or at home. The authors conclude that English inhabitants held a majority of posts at all levels. French-Canadians, although forming about 90 per cent of the population, never held more than 40 per cent of the positions paid from the Civil List, and probably received no more than 20-25 per cent of the total financial outlay. Few valuable offices were offered to the French, who were rebuked both for an obstinate rejection of assimilation and for unwillingness to appreciate that their inferior situation was an inevitable consequence of British superiority. Only a small group deemed aristocratic by their rulers was afforded special treatment and privileges.

The priority of emphasis given in this study to the creation of a theoretical structure compels much material of historical interest to seek refuge in extended footnotes. Whether this is a desirable order of precedence will most likely be judged according to the discipline more familiar to the reader. An historian might well be willing to sacrifice references to a number of methodological treatises for some acknowledgment of the work of Lewis Namier, whose understanding of the relationship of patronage and power in the eighteenth century one would have thought at least as profound. But uncertainty about means should not imply doubt about conclusions which, for the most part, confirm other views of the process of imperial government in these years.

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Shakespeare, London and Toronto

BY PETER HEYWORTH

"ONE THING I desire of you, to send me word of any noble spirited and Worthy Gentlemen, who are Masters of any Curiosities which we want, and are or may be willing to part with them to our Library. The things we want are these, Books, either MSS or Printed, Medalls & Coins, Antient or Modern, Pictures & Prints of Maps &c." When, in soliciting benefactors for Bodley in 1696, Humfrey Wanley wrote thus in a letter to John Bagford, he was both defining the seventeenth-century idea of what a public library should be and illustrating in his appeal the only way in which in earlier times that idea could be fulfilled. Today a chaster conception of a library prevails, and the ability of "noble spirited and Worthy Gentlemen" to respond to such solicitations is much diminished by tax inspectors and their limited view of the public good.

Such generous conceptions as Wanley's still persist, however, and (what is more surprising) "Masters of Curiosities" with the means and energy to realize them as emerged at the opening in the summer of the University of Toronto's new rare book library, when Sidney Fisher, of Montreal, made over his own collections to the university as a gift in his lifetime. Mr Fisher's benefactions are not parochial. He was responsible for commissioning the memorial to Wenceslaus Hollar (designed and cut by David Kindersley of Cambridge to replace that destroyed by a German bomb in 1940) unveiled in St Margaret's, Westminster, in June, 1972. And if his piety as an admirer of Hollar finds a more substantial (though not more graceful) monument in the magnificent collection of the engraver's works which have come with the Toronto gift, that is as it should be.

The Hollar archive is an offshoot of Mr Fisher's original interest in Shakespeare, and the Shakespeare portion of the gift must have constituted one of the finest collections in private hands in recent times. Beginning with the four Folios—the First Folio is the Drake copy, the Fourth (measuring 137 cm) one of the tallest copies of any Shakespeare Folio extant—it includes all the important later editions in English, copies of all the books that it is known Shakespeare used and of those containing references to Shakespeare and his works in his own lifetime and for a century after his death, and works illustrating the life, manners and thought of Shakespeare's England. There are about 500 Shakespeare items all told, mostly printed but with a small amount of manuscript material, the most interesting piece being one of the two known manuscripts (the other is in the British Museum) of the history of Richard III by Sir George Buc (Deputy Master of the Revels 1603-10, Master 1610-22) intended as a corrective to Shakespeare's view of him, printed (in a much edited version) in 1646. There is also a collection relating to English historical portraits, and a collection of about 400 engraved portraits, all with Shakespearean associations.

From this considerable beginning the Fisher Collection grew. The interest in Shakespeare generated an interest in the city in which the poet lived and worked and early purchases relating to the topography of Shakespeare's London laid the foundations of a collection on London's history from Roman times to the present. This is a specialized collection of books, prints, and maps for the most part, but also comprehending documents, originals where they could be found, relating to the ownership of particular pieces of property through the centuries.

The Hollar archive began modestly enough with the London views, which give an unparalleled record of the city from Hollar's arrival in 1636 as a member of the household of Thomas Howard, second Earl of Arundel (the greatest connoisseur of his time), until the destruction of so large a part of it in the fire of 1666. Hollar engraved fifty-two prints of London, eleven views of the city before the fire, four showing what it was like after it, and no fewer than eighteen prints of St Paul's. In them lie the only comprehensive graphic record of what, even fifty years after his death, was still Shakespeare's London; and it was, in large part, medieval London.

The London views in their turn led to an interest in Hollar as artist and topographer. The collection deposited in Toronto consists of more than 6,600 prints made from about 2,500 engraved plates. Only the Queen's collection at Windsor and that of the British Museum, both of which were largely put together in the seventeenth century, can claim more prints from distinct plates, but Fisher is much superior in the number of different states in which prints are represented. Especially fine are the three different sets of the "Four Seasons" of 1643, and there is a splendidly clean and sharp set of the "Ladies Muffs" series etched by Hollar between 1645 and 1647, when he was in exile, and a complete set of the rare and curious shell engravings (fifty-two in all) from the same period. There are about two dozen prints for which the Fisher copy is the only one known; and for those the originals of which are wanting (among them unhappily the only known example of the first state of the view of London from Lambeth, now at Windsor) there are full size photographic reproductions.

There are subsidiary and more modest riches besides the collections already described: a collection of music for Shakespeare's songs and plays, including eighteenth-century editions; a collection of early flute music, mostly eighteenth century and English, with a number of compositions in manuscript not otherwise known; a collection of some twenty flutes, mostly English of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and all playable, which illustrates the history of the development of the transverse flute; a collection of the music of and material relating to J. S. Bach, as well as the collected editions of the principal classical composers; an important Kipling collection (about 900 volumes); an almost complete collection of first and early editions of Lord Dunsany's works, and a considerable amount of unpublished material; a Norman Douglas collection (an almost complete set of first and early editions of his books, some manuscripts, and about sixty autograph letters); and, as a solid bottom for all this, a complete archive of material relating to the mills and millers on the Humber river in Toronto in the nineteenth century, this housed separately in the Toronto Public Library—in celebration of Mr Fisher's great-grandfather Thomas Fisher who came to York (as Toronto then was) from Leeds in 1821 and established saw and grist mills on the Humber, and after whom the rare book library at the University of Toronto has been named.

There is something breathtaking about such self-confident eclecticism; it belongs to a more spacious age than the second half of the twentieth century. And one is moved to wonder, approaching disbelief, that what is described here has been acquired in the past twenty-five years by a man distracted by the demands of a successful business (Mr Fisher is an electronics engineer) and a full public life. Nor, two accessions part, has the collection grown by bulk purchase. The books have been bought for the most p... ally, chiefly in London, ... auction, more often f... The four Shakespeare F... bought privately. The ... come in more or less eq... from London, Paris and ... about two-thirds from ... cluding the Fischl collec... prints—from Prague ... London and Paris), abou... private owners (includi... collection—880 prints—... by way of Toronto and ... And, while no special ... been made to obtain f... the printed books (with ... of the post-Folio Shake... tions, where distinctive ... ary bindings have been ... care has been taken to ... copies for use rather than ...

For the Fisher collecti... self-indulgent exercise ... seurship; they represent ... ate and systematic attemp... struct the past in order ... stand it more fully. As ... of his conviction that a ... responsibility begins at ... donation comes with a ... tical catalogue of Hollar ... supersede Parthey's cat... 1853, the outcome of ... work by Richard Penn... merly Librarian of McG... sity; a catalogue of the ... lection and the text of a ... for Lord Dunsany (the ... Fisher's brother Charles, ... the Kipling and Dunsany ... is); and a study of the ... by Miss Norah Story. It ... with the donor's hope ... seed new studies and fertil... ing ones at Toronto, and ... sion of the formal handing ... collection he spoke ... his own work on what ... "graphic archaeology" ... resources of the topograph... rial. Where present ... identifies the location and ... ance of about a hundred ... and possibly another hundred ... ings of Shakespeare's London, ... tracting information from ... books in his topographical ... and 350 prints and maps, ... ing it, he has identified ... other hundred buildings, ... in reach of a remarkabl... and accurate map of the ... Shakespeare knew and of ... knowledge of the appear... many of the principal buil... is to be hoped that Toronto ... up to Mr Fisher's example ... opportunities that his ... has made it free of.

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Putting a face on the news

ALLEN HUTT:

The Changing Newspaper
Typographic Trends in Britain and America 1622-1972

223pp. Gordon Fraser. £7.50.

The late Allen Hutt was one of the few who both practised and taught newspaper design, a discipline so specialized that most people would not credit its existence, even though they are influenced by it daily. The look of newspapers, as much as editorial content (often interrelated), helps to determine public preference, and it follows that today considerable thought is given to the physical make-up of the press. It was not always so, and in this, his last work, Hutt shows, with considerable graphic detail, how the presentation of newspapers developed in Britain and North America over a period of 350 years.

The first English newspapers, published in Holland between 1620 and 1621, were sheets made up in two columns of type; but when the first "corantos" appeared in London they reverted to the style of the book. A return to the Dutch two columns did not occur until November, 1665, in the *Oxford Gazette* (later the *London Gazette*).

Three columns came in with the *Daily Journal* in 1720, and by 1769 four columns were popular. This remained the standard, representing, as it did, the effective size limit of the wooden hand-press. Sheets grew larger as the iron hand-press and then the printing machine took over, but the forerunner of the rotary press—the type revolving machine—imprisoned newspaper typography in a style which persisted long after the type revolver had been superseded.

The type was set round a drum, individual columns being secured by wedge-shaped rules. This made any setting beyond single column physically impossible. The restriction was removed when curved stereo plates were introduced, but this made no immediate difference to the make-up of the pages. Hutt explains why:

> For generations newspaper head printers and their men remained pillars of typographical conservatism, ensuring that what had always been done would always be done; journalists were writing men, indifferent to the graphic look of their paper; a functionary called "the sub-editor" (singular) checked the copy and wrote the one-line label headings; the printer did the page make-up.

War and the Americans began to change all that. The banner, a full-page heading, was the product of the Spanish-American war of 1898. The London evening newspapers began to use double-column headlines, and in September, 1900 the *Daily Express* put news on its front page. From 1913 the *Daily Herald* began running double-column headings for the front-page lead.

Another war, in 1914, stimulated further change, and the streamer and double-column style became more general. The *New York Tribune* actually brought in a typographical expert in 1917, and the characteristic look of the full-sheet (or broadsheet) American newspaper can be dated from that time. The year 1919 saw the first of the "tabloids". Joseph M. Patterson copied the London *Daily Mirror*, but at first his New York *Daily News* was a failure. He altered his approach, keeping the half-sheet size and the pictures but using the brashest kind of journalism and the boldest of headlines. The "tabloid" was born.

The 1930s are seen by Hutt as a revolutionary decade, when newspaper typography eventually became an accepted part of a journalist's repertoire. The "new" *Daily Herald's* typographical experiments in 1930 caused a sensation in the newspaper world; *The Times* set up a committee which adopted Stanley Morison's proposals to transform that paper; and in 1933 Lord Beaverbrook appointed as editor of the *Daily Express* Arthur Christiansen, a journalist who had actually studied typography. His innovations assisted the *Daily Express* in its fight to achieve a record circulation.

At the same period the picture-paper formula of the *Daily Mirror* was failing, and Harry Guy Bartholomew and Cecil King deliberately turned the *Mirror* and its companion, the *Sunday Pictorial*, into American-style tabloids. No other newspaper followed this lead, but the example of the *Daily Express* was not missed in the "popular" broadsheet field. Each newspaper, in its own way, made changes. Hutt himself re-styled *Reynolds News* in 1936.

Another war, in 1939, and its aftermath, brought more changes, the shortages of materials leading to ingenious typographical innovations, but the end of restrictions and the renewal of competition led to a revival of interest in newspaper presentation. An Annual Award for Newspaper Design was instituted in 1954 and Hutt (an early winner) eventually became adviser to the organizing committee.

The year 1960 opened up yet another epoch of change and another newspaper desig... tion" was on—spurred by ... nical developments, ... those of photocompositio... offset lithographic printi... last chapter, "Economic ... nical advance", brings ... right up-to-date, and ... cates the future of ... design with such example... day, the Long Island ... described as a "seriou... and the *Minneapolis Tribu...* looks what it is—the crea... graphic artist.

Hutt did not like the intr... graphic artists into newsp... preferred the journalist to ... designer and looked forw... day when a new breed of ... journalist would emerge; ... can say whether he will ... be proved right?

This beautifully produc... erally illustrated book is ... a memorial to a remarka... who was part of the ... relates; but it is also a ... not merely for the ... but for the old newspaper ... well.

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Black fusing White

JOHN STORM ROBERTS

Black Music of Two Worlds

286pp. Allen Lane. £3.50.

WILLIAM J. SCHAFER and JOHANNES RIEDEL:

The Art of Ragtime

249pp. Louisiana State University Press. $10.

...R MOST OF this century Black music has dominated and moulded the demotic musics of ... White world also; and the reasons ... this superficially odd fact become ...er the more precariously White ...ization totters. The White young ...t in jazz, then in rock-and-roll, ... in soul music and reggae—res... to the Black man's music pre...y because its oral traditions pre... an emotional spontaneity and ...ctive corporeality which urban ... has lost; they are able to ...ify with the Black man's nega... protest against an alien, repres... increasingly mechanized society ...can hope to share in his positive ...ence and exuberant physicality.

...h the negative and the positive ...es are valid; but they are also ...simple, since to discard "Wes...' consciousness and the indus... technocracy that followed in its ...s not to nullify its effects. In... for Whites to discard it is prob... impossible: while most Blacks, ...from wanting to relinquish it, ... prefer to make it theirs.

... would therefore seem that we ... up against a paradox: it is ...tant that we heirs to Western ...zation should respond to the ...culture which is Black music; ... also important, because inevi..., that we should be more ...ectually aware of its nature in ...tionship to ourselves. So far, ...have not been good at this. A ... of words has flooded peri...ally around. Black music, par...ly jazz, but few of these ... have been an aid to under...ding. It is not surprising that ...te "about" an oral art is ...k; it is certainly time that a ...s effort was made to do so.

...ugh John Storm Roberts's ... hardly tackles this problem, ... could justifiably say that, in ...ing the whole range of the ... musics of two worlds, it is the ... attempt to define the prob... nature. It is concerned not ...ly with the impingement of an ... a visual and literate culture ...vice versa), but also with the ...s why, at this point in history, ...process acutely matters. The ... opens with an analysis of the ...onships between technique ... function in African musics; ...with an account of how both ...ique and function have been ...ed, but not radically changed, ... old cultures were transported ... New World, whether in South ... North America. Not unex...edly, links with the Old World ...in closer in Latin America ...re its industrialization is less ...ced; and are closest of all in ... most economically backward ..., such as Haiti.

... Mr Roberts's early chapters ...ve his most impressive, this ...obably unavoidable. African ... covers so geographically vast ...ea and so many varied, even ...adictory, types of music that it ... be adequately embraced ... a brief introductory chapter, ... by concentrating narrowly on ... elements which were to ...minate in American soil. Com...parily, the sections on sundry ... American musics leave the ... breathless; the roll-call of ...ally titled dance forms, ring ..., labour songs and what else sweeps us off our feet, so that we cannot remember which comes from where, let alone its presumptive relationship to an African prototype. This is more the fault of our ignorance than of the author's exposition.

Mr Roberts's own acquaintance, both in field conditions and on disc or tape, with this immense range of music, dance and folk poetry seems indisputable, and the information he proffers both fascinates and stimulates. From one's armchair one cannot, however, visit these miscellaneous countries to experience unfamiliar material at first hand; one has not even time to listen to all the specified recordings, assuming they were readily available, which most of them are not. So in these chapters more detailed analysis of less material might have been more helpful; though it seems unfair to blame Mr Roberts for his responsible comprehensiveness. Perhaps he might be persuaded to follow this general survey with separate monographs on the demotic musics of various Latin American countries. An analysis, by way of a few carefully selected examples, of how the interrelationship of music and dance, work and play, precisely functions could help us to understand both the nature of the experience and its relevance to us.

When Mr Roberts reaches the more familiar ground of jazz we are better able to appreciate how expertly he has marshalled his material. This is the most important area of Black music, at least for us, because it is the one that most powerfully manifests a synthesis of Black orality with White literacy and technocracy. Mr Roberts's account of the transition from "African" field holler to hymnic spiritual and country blues, from country blues to urban blues and the New Orleans and big city bands, is both level-headed and convincing, though he wastes unnecessary space in disposing of theories that are self-evidently woolly or untenable. Is it at this date necessary to say anything about the silly bickering over the so-called blues scale except that there is no such thing, since flat (not *flattened*) sevenths and ambiguous thirds are for physiological and acoustical reasons endemic to *all* folk monody; and the distinctive feature of Black jazz is the variously subtle ways in which such instinctual melodic procedures conflict with the sharpened sevenths demanded by the harmonized White march and hymn?

Similarly, is jazz rhythm really so mysterious, even though jazzmen, being oral musicians, are seldom able to be articulate about it? Indeed, if blue notes are an equivocation between folk melody and tempered harmony, is not swing an equivocation between the flexible oral rhythms that in instrumental no less than in sung melody spring from the nuances of the (Black) speaking and singing voice, and the metrical beat of time inherent in the (White) march's military discipline? Jazz swings because its melodic and often polyphonic lines are tensed against, or levitated over, the temporal beat; nor is the phenomenon exclusive to jazz, for on analogy one might say that the difference between a good and an inferior performance of Bach often lies in whether or not the music swings. Though the Negroes' body rhythm may be more obtrusive, the principle is the same: which is why Bach is a composer who has been used by jazzmen, and why comparisons between Bach and Louis Armstrong in full flight are not totally nonsensical.

Since such points are not the truisms they ought to be, Mr Roberts is justified in remaking them. He also suggests more original lines of inquiry, which deserve a follow-up: he is especially thought-provoking on the jazz player's concern with a *personal* voice within a *communal* style, and what this may tell us about the deeper significance of jazz in relation to our own society. This leads to the last section of the book: which is the most rewarding in that it deals with the future. Jazz itself, though its avant-garde exponents cultivate an African (and sometimes Indian) orality far more uncompromising than that of their traditional predecessors, has become a minority art; the new popular musics are those stemming from a fusion of South with North American cultures, and from the "emergent" African nations themselves.

The Black man enslaved took his African orality with him to his American New Worlds; the Black man (relatively) freed has—with the help of the instant global communication that is one of the products of White technocracy—carried American-metamorphosed Black musics back to the homeland. We need more experience of and knowledge about this prodigally rich synthesis of African, American, French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Caribbean musical cultures; and this has been difficult to come by, partly because African intellectuals have tended to deplore it as a betrayal of their birthright. Whether it is a betrayal depends on what is made of it; and this applies as much to Black society as to Black music. Mr Roberts's sketch of the new African scene—though he surprisingly makes no mention of the most musically sophisticated and accomplished new Africans such as Chris McGregor, Dudu Pukwana or the superb Dollar Brand—leaves us feeling that the potential is immense. He would seem admirably equipped to write the full-scale book on the subject which, by way of genuinely critical analysis, could at last approach fundamental problems of nature and function, of temporality and of non-temporality, of art and necessity, of meaning and value. Such a book would offer far more than musical insights into what is happening in the rapidly changing, often bewildering world in which we live. Meanwhile, *Black Music of Two Worlds* is one to be grateful for. Its usefulness is enhanced by the fact that both bibliography and discography, if highly selective, are also highly intelligent.

Mr Roberts attempts a panoramic survey of Black musics, almost all of which presuppose an oral approach to creation; embracing so much he can hardly avoid a degree of generality. The authors of *The Art of Ragtime* seem to evade this danger, for they deal with a form of Black music which is rigidly circumscribed both chronologically and in musical convention and which is, or came to be, literate and notated. Even in its mid-nineteenth century origins rag, as the Black man's conscious attempt to create an art music rivalling that of his White "masters", merged its Black folk sources into the White entertainment musics that flourished in the deep South. Or it would be equally true to say that rags were basically the White American march—that musical synonym for the New World's eupeptic bounce and self-confident aggression—which the Black man inevitably modified in the process of re-creation, for the obvious reason that neither aggression nor self-confidence could be his. So rag was a music of a wish-fulfilment which, springing from the South, became a marketable commodity, in printed form, in Northern cities.

The most talented of rag composers, Scott Joplin, certainly intended his pieces to be assessed as "art", comparable with White piano music; his decline into lunacy and an early death was in part due to resentment that this failed to happen, however commercially successful a few rags, including his own "Maple Leaf", may have been. William J. Schafer and Johannes Riedel thoroughly analyse the relationship between rag's White materials (march, quadrille, scottische, polka, "mazooka", ballad, minstrel show, even opera) and the Black treatment of it (the cross-rhythms and polyrhythms of the elegant figuration, the occasional pentatonicism that belies the march's harmonically disposed tonality).

It is, however, a pity that the authors comment on technical features generically shared by most rags, rather than offering detailed analysis of individual pieces: for only through the latter could they have sensitively defined the nature of the rag experience—its peculiar amalgam of jauntiness with a wistful vulnerability. In effect this means that their book, despite its restricted subject, tends (after all) to generalize rather than to particularize; and this may be why they press their claims extravagantly.

Rag is a minor art-form, and that it is such is a matter of some historical significance. It can be charming and, in the better pieces of Joplin, Scott and Lamb, sometimes subtle in texture, complex in tonal organization, moving in total effect. None the less, it is an art limited by its nature: by the Black man's desire to remake himself in an image collateral with the White man's. Psychologically and sociologically this renders invalid any parallel between Joplin's rags and Chopin's mazurkas in their refashioning of folk materials, and the patent disparity in musical value reflects this. What would be legitimate, and revealing, would be to compare the best rags of Joplin with the Negroid or exotic salon pieces of Gottschalk, an accomplished and literate art composer who used similar materials for similar ends approached, however, from the opposite angle.

Complementarily, there is no baulking the fact that the Black man, in rag, effected a conscious denial of the orality wherein he had embodied "the beauty of his wild forebears, mythologies he cannot inherit, nostalgias of another life". However admirable on its own terms, however historically interesting, rag is inevitably a lesser thing than the simultaneously tragic and comic orality of a Louis Armstrong, a Sidney Bechet, a Bessie Smith: and though this cannot be proved, neither can one prove that Beethoven is a better composer than Hummel. These are assumptions one has come to accept, through experience; whether our authors accept them is not altogether clear. Perhaps they do, for they seem to prefer Jelly Roll Morton's jazzed up, semi-improvised version of a Joplin rag to the composer's literal notation; and they rightly point out that in performance there was often no sharp distinction between rag and barrelhouse piano. None the less, the matter is so crucial that one wishes the authors had committed themselves unequivocally, instead of spending time shadow-boxing with long-dead critics who objected to rag on moral rather than musical grounds, or with living critics whose hostility to rag is more in the ears of these (in more than one sense) sensitive commentators than in fact.

On balance, however, this beautifully produced book is one to be grateful for. It has the academic virtues as well as the scholarly tendency to niggle; while covering the ground exhaustively, it is agreeable to read. Both bibliography and discography are scrupulous; and the music-type appendixes bring together a number of rags which, read sequentially, genuinely illuminate. The appendix on Joplin's *Treemonisha* pitches its claims too high but, with the hyperbole toned down, it makes sense. Though *Treemonisha* is not an opera, it may be something more interesting: a sketch towards a demotic music-theatre, incorporating rag along with various European conventions of "light" music, such as is now evolving in the "tribal" and mythological musicals that have superseded the old-style musical of hedonism or escape. Ironically enough, Joplin's new world dawned with the Black man's literacy.

...ussian spring

...DORE STRAVINSKY:

...rine & Igor Stravinsky: A ...y Album

...bered pages. Boosey and ...s £7.50.

...ures out of the snaps in this ...y album? A tiny, quick, alert ... man, huge intelligent eyes ... through the thick pince-nez: ...era is searched as if it might ...ty of a *bêtise*, or that alarming ...ration is bent on a drawing ... score of *Petrushka* or the ...ription of a blind muzhik's ... Even the back, hunched over ...er's bench for work-table, shows ... craftsman's absorption in his ... breakfast seems to be not so ... consumed as mastered; only ...ximity of Catherine's mild ...es or their growing brood of ...ren can relax into family plea... the artist's unwinking aware... All the world his stage; the ...man, like Wallace Stevens's jar ...essee, taking dominion of the ...y wilderness by his presence.

Theodore Stravinsky prefaces his album of their days up to 1920 with a pleasantly written memoir of his parents (like the captions, also printed in French and German). He has the Russian's total recall for the detail of a vanished world, the enormous family journeys and the delivery of a cimbalom and Diaghilev's pocketful of sweets and *nanya* Berthe, for whom the old composer was to call as he woke on the morning of his last birthday. By then he was back in Switzerland, where many of these snaps had been taken, and Theodore was able to visit him daily and cap the album with some beautiful, pathetic colour photographs. Stravinsky had long remarried, and the family been replaced by a retinue. It included Robert Craft, whom Theodore laconically calls "a musician living with them". Mr Craft, in *Stravinsky: Chronicle of a Friendship*, does not mention Theodore and meticulously describes the waiters. It is a far cry from the comfortable, settled Russian family of the album's earlier pages.

Critic in love

DAVID CAIRNS:

Responses
Musical essays and reviews

266pp. Secker and Warburg. £3.75.

This is a very personal book, by a personable critic. Most of the pieces are unabashed "enthusiasms", seeking to bring the reader round to David Cairns's admiration for the works and performers which have meant most to him as a listener. "It is better", he feels, "to admire than to find fault."

Most of the essays here accordingly become exercises in epideictic prose, eschewing technical analysis for the communication of "passionate private experience". Soul, not *solfeggio*, is what Mr Cairns is after. The vocabulary of praise is carefully varied, though it remains consistently abstract; one longs for an occasional Shavian metaphor. Furtwangler's conducting is "momentous" and "superhuman". Jon Vickers's singing contains "grandeur and veracity of utterance". Occasionally the rhetoric reaches Germanic levels of tautology, as in the proposal that "great singing is singing that involves us to the soul in the drama's fundamental being". If we can dimly perceive what such phrases mean, the point is surely that they don't mean very much.

More often than not, though, Mr Cairns carries us along with him in his enthusiasms, and in the longer pieces, notably those on *Fidelio*, *Idomeneo*, *The Trojans*, and Britten's *Gloriana*, he offers us abundant musical and historical detail to back them up. Some of the best writing, not surprisingly, comes in those few pieces designed to cavil rather than to praise: the humorous analysis of Rossini's *Otello*, the demolition of Anna Russell, the well-aimed pot-shots at the Fischer-Dieskau craze. Admiration may be nobler, but for the critic finding fault is always more fun.

DONALD WINDHAM
A NEW NOVEL
"TANAQUIL"
PRINTED IN VERONA BY
MARTINO MARDERSTEIG
LIMITED TO
250 SIGNED COPIES
BOUND IN AN ORIGINAL
PENCIL-SIGNED
LITHOGRAPH BY
TONY SMITH
$75
SANDY CAMPBELL
230 CENTRAL PARK SO.
N.Y.C. 10019

Passions submerged

JOHN GINGER :

Nothing and a Shade

254pp. Gollancz. £2.90.

Two men are dead, drowned in a storm on Lake Bolsena ; their papers, and the notebooks of a third party, also dead, are recovered by an editor who rather lamely explains his reasons for publishing them. The title, too, is his whimsy—*Nihil* and *Umbra*, epitaphs lifted from adjoining tombs in a Roman funerary chapel, a twin gesture of defiant self-obliteration which, 200 years later, gives off a peculiar melancholy. The grand gesture was not, in the opinion of the editor, worth the real oblivion now, so he borrows the epitaphs and fleshes them out with other men's letters, diaries, abortive literary efforts.

The drowned men are a priest, Gianpaolo Allegri, of the Gregorian University, and Mr Nicholas Gilray, sometime journalist, sometime adman, and between them they perform a ritual examination of conscience, a *pas de deux* in which they are painfully at cross-purposes.

Gianpaolo's last months are recorded in letters, written to a fellow-priest, Emilio Tardini, who has left the order and is hoping to have his vows lifted so that he may marry. Both priests are at that stage of life crassly described as the male menopause ; both took holy orders just after the war, in part because it was a way of rebuilding the world. Emilio's arguments, loaded by the question of marriage, are not given in themselves, but Gianpaolo understands him to feel suffocated by the church's preoccupation with form, precedent and dogma ; Gianpaolo's position is based essentially on humility and preservation. What doubts he has he accepts as part of the fabric, until he is confronted by a small but fatal failure of love in his own past.

Nicholas Gilray is the hero of a newspaper cutting, a passerby who leaps into the foaming Tiber to rescue a man—already seven hours dead. Why Nicholas, the hedonist, the cynic who enjoys disrupting and rearranging other people's emotions, should automatically move to save life puzzles him as much as it puzzles his victims. His diary shows him as an infant Machiavelli, a stylist with a vicious and destructive bent. His principal object in coming to Rome is to find Gianpaolo and hand over to him a burden of resentment and failure.

For Alice Gilray, Nicholas's wife, has left behind a notebook, a love story woven round Gianpaolo, whom she had met when she was an adolescent. Knowing full well that she was romancing, and that the priest's untouchability was his attraction, Alice fobbed off her real-life husband, and her death, though an accident, is for Nicholas the final statement of rejection.

The momentum of this novel, embroidered with dialectic, journalese and philosophy, is for a long time uneven. The pastiche operates like a burst of fireworks, leaving in its wake confusion and a doubt. Nicholas's diary is fashionably angry, Gianpaolo hovers on the edge of a dissertation on celibacy and authority. Death—and dogma—are used drily, as motifs.

Like Gianpaolo and Nicholas, John Ginger keeps his theme of love at arm's length, and it is not until Alice makes her clumsy, and even maudlin, statement on the subject that the author's cool and style find material for their cutting edge. Then, Nicholas's wrestling with his angel takes on a different dimension, and Gianpaolo, eschewing guilt, assumes a translucently tender responsibility for his fellow men.

Free-range sex

DEE WELLS :

Jane

287pp. Blond and Briggs £2.75.

Jane lives in a carefully planned world of black and white rooms and slate-topped tables, on which people chop chives into the scrambled eggs. Besides working as a movie critic on a popular weekly, she runs three concurrent lovers who, between them, cover the whole social and sexual spectrum: a latent homosexual lord, a sexy black lawyer and a gentle burglar. It seems unlikely that, at thirty-s x, Jane should find all these attributes indiscriminately appealing, and one does get the feeling that Anthony, Franklin and Tom exist simply to invite comment on every socialist preoccupation from women's lib to the evils of public school.

Creative imagination, then, is not Dee Wells's strong point; with Jane herself, an American expatriate who still dwells in fascinated horror on the "button-down collars and pent-up neuroses" she has escaped, she is on firmer ground. Jane speaks undiluted Dorothy Parker, but the book has more substance than its superficially glittering ... first suggests. Miss Wells ... credibility to the brink, but ... ther. Just as she is sensible ... to avoid the temptation— ... by Jane's "three string" ... of "Monday-muddled-with-Tea ... level farce, she senses what ... us a periodic glimpse of ... nerability behind the Jackie ... repartee:

> Unreal ? Me, unreal? God ... one shove you tip my ... out of the basket into the ... at Hyde Park Corner ... noon. When I start dodging ... cars to pick them up ... say stop being unreal. ...

Miss Wells's real talent ... ability to encapsulate ... English behaviour. An ... finishes *The Times* crossword ... you. In ink. He uses ... brush he sees lying around ... if it is wet. Periodically ... toiling attempts to wring ... of an unpromising opening ... too close to Morecambe ... for comfort. But despite ... over-enthusiasm, *Jane* is a ... sive and witty first novel ... the stamp of a good New ... pedigree.

On all floors

GRAHAM LORD :

A Roof Under Your Feet

208pp. Macdonald. £2.25.

Anybody who has read William Trevor's novel *The Boarding House*, will realize at once what kind of a book *A Roof Under Your Feet* is. In a lodging house in a London suburb each tenant leads a separate—or at least fairly separate—existence, and pursues his own modest aims.

Godfrey Makepeace Thackeray, the author of one unsuccessful novel, sits with his typewriter trying to write another ; Erroll Flynn Taylor lies in bed reading *Playboy* ; Mrs Prendergast loves cats and the Bible and is in touch with her dead husband Henry ; the nubile Georgia Shuttleworth shares her bed with a man called Owen (a pseudo-Welshman) ; in the basement a man from Bombay (Scottish merchant seaman father, Indian mother) lives with his Indian wife and a big Jamaican Negress and their five children. A new tenant, the relatively opaque and mysterious Patrick Kew, arrives.

All these goings-on, or not-goings-on, lead to some understanding of the human condition (loneliness) and some humorous and would-be-humorous dialogue. Graham Lord is inventive, though not always successful, in his descriptions ("the bus muttered away", "the shuffle of running bath water", "as the kettle bristled towards its climax"), and in general what is lacking is a sure sense of style.

The lesson one might learn from the book is that using another novelist's mannerisms does not make one as good a writer—though the reader who knew nothing of Mr Trevor might find this novel original and amusing. The melancholy truth is that he's a hard man to follow.

Deathly Venice

GIUSEPPE BERTO :

Anonymous Venetian

Translated by Valerie Southorn

78pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £1.25.

They meet on Venice railway station. She is "perhaps thirty-five . . . slim, extremely beautiful . . . dressed with studied casualness". But nothing, not even the "large crocodile-skin handbag", can "disguise the natural elegance of her body, the beauty of her walk". They meet. "At close quarters her face [appears] even more lovely, a face of beauty, one that [shows] also a certain strength of character." He is "a man in his forties, dressed in . . . a curious mixture of the shabby and the artistic". He lives in "a large artist's studio with merely the bed, a few books and the odd picture to show that it [is] lived in". She lives with a high-powered millionaire ("endowed with a paunch and a little thin on top") in Milan. The names of the pair meeting in Venice we never know, but they are married. He refuses to try for an annulment and divorce has not yet arrived in Italy. Officially he has called her to Venice to talk about their ten-year-old son, but in reality it is because he is dying of cancer. He walks and talks, plays his music, a condemned man. Any minute now it will reach his brain.

Admittedly the translation, as even those phrases show, is a poor one ; far too literal, it sounds verbose and stilted, and the dialogue seems sillier than it need be. But even allowing for this it is purest kitsch, from the situation and the characters to (most of all) Giuseppe Berto's attitude towards them. He takes them to heart yet they creak with phoneyness, with literary and cinematic cliché. Passionately in love yet unable to stay together, they recall the past in ridiculous detail to let the reader know about it, and nearly but not quite ... love as they used to, day and ... in the good old days. He ... everlasting artist, moody, ... impossible, irresistible ; she the ... lasting woman, beautiful, ... sexy, warmhearted, equally ... ible but not quite so ... Only a millionaire industrialist ... can buy her crocodile handbag ... likely rival, but, of course, ... not love him ("Don't ... Please. Don't mock him ... helped me a lot and he ... nothing but the best for me") ... are caricatures and totally ... esting.

All this is sad because Giuseppe Berto has shown talent in ... novels, particularly ... glumly funny work that ... compared with *Herzog* and ... and has won two prizes ... Viareggio and the Campiello ... find him moving into the ... magazine field 's strange ... sad.

Crime in short

ROY HAYES :

The Hungarian Game

343pp. Secker and Warburg. £2.25.

A lesson to the reviewer to keep an open mind when proffered apparently typical, overlong, American "agency" books. This first novel is untypical : it is gay and clever and exciting, and about, on the whole, reasonably pleasant and intelligent people. At the risk of being insulting, one can fairly say it reads British : one might guess Len Deighton to have been among its models.

PATRICIA MOYES :

The Curious Affair of the Third Dog

224pp. Collins. £1.70.

Like the good traditional writer she is, Patricia Moyes does her homework. This time she has done it on greyhound racing which curiously impinges on a suburban village ; and Scotland Yard's Henry Tibbett must do his homework too.

JOAN FLEMING :

You Won't Let Me Finish

192pp. Collins. £1.70.

For some time Joan Fleming's fictional interest has been in drop-outs, and these do not make good central crime material because they naturally act in *ad-hoc*, unplanned ways. In this latest, the meaningless spontaneity of most of the action is not sufficiently redressed by a guidebook Finnish setting and the *deus* figure of a charming, heart-broken ambassador.

DAVID DELMAN :

Sudden Death

192pp. Collins. £1.70.

Everyone who understands the phrase of sporting jargon that names this book will enjoy it. So will most other readers of this column. The ambience is the classiest American tennis, the characters an unusually closely-knit group of players, men and women, all capable, so far as motive goes, of having killed their outrageous colleague. Two small cavils: despite the ugly charm of the Jewish police detective, solution is rather by intuition than ratiocination ; and secondly, common to most coterie stories the average length of thriller doesn't give space for clearly distinguishing members of a largish group who all appear on page almost simultaneously.

JEREMY STURROCK :

A Wicked Way to Die

159pp. Macmillan. £1.85.

Like Georgette Heyer, Jeremy Sturrock, the Regency thieftaker narrator, forces speech of a Regency Wardour Street beyond credibility, but, this apart, his story of villainy unmasked in Regency London is a jolly enough romp.

JAMES McCLURE :

Four and Twenty Virgins

191pp. Gollancz. £1.80.

This meritless fantasy is mentioned only to express sad amazement that the first English story by James McClure should be so poor after the real excellence of his two South African police detections, *The Steam Pig* and *The Caterpillar Cop*.

ROBERT C. DENNIS :

The Sweat of Fear

168pp. Gollancz. £1.90.

Few fictional tricks are harder to use convincingly than super-sensory perception, but Robert Dennis manages it really well with psychometrics in his first novel. The narrator, an American architect, discovers his gift with repugnance and must supplement its limitations with his own intelligence to discover what the hippie tribe had to do with the murder in the English-style cottage with its odd annexe.

WILLIAM HAGGARD :

The Old Masters

183pp. Cassell. £2.10.

Few thrillers nowadays are countries for old men, but William Haggard's increasingly are—for conservatively orientated old men who can identify with Colonel Russel, now retired, this time saving the bacon in a country not a hundred miles (as they say) from Yugoslavia, and ending up where most old men, and young ones too, would like to be.

KENNETH ROYCE :

Spider Underground

222pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £1.90.

The crime techniques of Spider the Creeper are as good as ever, but Kenneth Royce can't go on having it off morally every which way. We gag too, but at, not with, Spider as he reads Shakespeare's sonnets with tortured conscience and does the worst things from the best motives.

MARGARET SIMPSON :

Sorry Wrong Number

256pp. Deutsch. £2.25.

One memorable idea is enough for any first novel Margaret Simpson's is about what could go wrong if we adapted the apparently sensible system of having each a single number for all purposes, with a credible nightmare on a possible deployment of power by private ill will.

ADAM HALL :

The Tango Briefing

256pp. Collins. £2.

Brilliant thriller, beautifully professional agent operating in and out of the Sahara, with final punch-ending crashing in its ingenuity.

EDWARD BOYD AND ROGER PARKES :

The Dark Number

167pp. Constable. £1.80.

In crime stories Glasgow is becoming the British equivalent of Los Angeles, and a lot of good recent British books have been set there. This story of Johny Maxen coming back to Glasgow to discover what happened to his corrupted wife and drowned daughter runs like a good one for most of its too few pages, ... loose, anticlimactic finale ... pointing.

EVELYN BERCKMAN :

The Victorian Album

204pp. Hamish Hamilton. £2...

The story of a spinster living ... ham with an adored niece, ... with an unpleasant landlady ... even more so with a Victorian ... ody in the house, revealed ... Documentation, partly by ... sensory perception. It's ... a nasty story and such ... if somewhat portentously ... Evelyn Berckman apparently ... her narrator attractive, and ... see how closely she mirrors ... wronged Victorian, but her ... enemy for whom the ... sympathy is chilling.

FRANCIS CLIFFORD :

Amigo, Amigo

192pp. Hodder and Stoughton ...

Like most good writers ... ford is uneven, but this ... largely successful, a ... story on a theme that is ... penned by a good writer ... dry : the Nazi leader ... another identity in Latin America ... Only the ending is cheap, ... that all this existed— ... ploitation, the discarded ... lonely priest, the villagers ... than before—only to ... alist hero a chance to ... so that he could go back ... and repair his broken ...

Books received

...eology

...A. *The City in Early Histori-... ...dia.* 98pp. Simla: Indian Institute of Advanced Study. Rs 17.

...is an archaeologist of inter... reputation. It is difficult to ... a worthwhile picture of ... early cities from surviving lit... material, which tends to follow ... typed pattern in describing ... There are well-recognized ... for scientific excavation, ... this is undertaken vital ... logical evidence is lacking. ... with which Mr Ghosh uses ... able material is evident. He ... that Indian urban life really ... the later Vedic age with the ... tion of the newly colonized ... Plain and that it was ... in origin. He is firm ... belief that there is no connex... between this, and Harappa and ... Valley civilization—the ... and spacial gaps are far ... to be bridged, and there is ... of connecting tradition. ... notes the energy and funds ... on the excavations at Har... other sites, and regrets the ... of interest in sites which are ... importance for a study of ... own civic origins.

...d Architecture

...AUX, J., MARTIN, N. and ..., F. *Hellenistic Art, 330-...* ...pp including 419 illustrations. Thames and Hudson. £12.50.

...the sequel to *Classical Art*, ... reviewed in *TLS*, April 6, ... has the same format and ... with additional illustrations, ... bibliography, and glossary. As in its predecessor, the ... are superb in *Hellen...*: there are plenty of mosaics ... which profit by col... as in the previous volume, ... sculpture section bronzes ... than marbles have very wisely ... for colour. The archi... section by N. Martin has good ... of the dramatic propen... Hellenistic architects, and ... of Hellenistic vaulting, in... the extraordinary under... chamber in the oracle of the ... Ephyra, are particularly wel... F. Villard deals with early, ... and late Hellenistic painting, ... coverage is admirably full. ... century BC and particularly ... are dealt with by Jean ...neaux, and it is sad that this ... edited after his death by M ... is the last that we shall ... his expert and eloquent ...

... J. MORDAUNT. *The Reform* ... 17pp. Reform Club. Paper... 25p.

...santly written little archi... history of the cradle of Lib... is more readable than that ... Survey of London volume of ... less exact in describing ... stages of the design. But ... successive stages in the club's ... decoration are more fully ... here, and a vivid sense of ... of the building is conveyed. ... a ground-floor plan and a ... illustrations. Whether or ... Thorpe's followers will enjoy ... that this building was also ... a mausoleum, it is un... the grandest cradle any ... party ever had and deserves ... useful tribute.

...phy and Memoirs

... *With Pen and Brush : Auto...phy of a Painter.* 100pp ... 56 plates. W. H. Allen.

...text surveys the career of ... painter and draughtsman ... Alweiss, who signs his ... is generally known simply ... He tells how he became an ... gives particulars of his ... experience and adds a ... view of "the contemporary ... The reproductions ... the varied phases of his ... from 1923 to the ... year, the latest state, follow... a return to figure paint... drawing. Quotations from a number of writers on art and an extensive bibliography bear witness to the impression he has made.

Eric and Ernie : The Autobiography of Morecambe and Wise. 214pp. W. H. Allen. £2.25.

Anyone who has enjoyed the performances of Morecambe and Wise will enjoy this book about them. Anyone, too, who is curious about how successful comedians are born and made will find it of absorbing interest. How a double act, which evolved in the pre-war tradition of the music hall, contrived to come to terms with the very different demands of television is a remarkable story. They have clearly cultivated self-regard but do not deny their own failings in coming forward with their testimony. The analysis of the constitution of their partnership is objective and cogent. The direct presentation of the material—most of it consists of either Morecambe or Wise telling his own story, with characteristic interjections from the other—is originally conceived, and Dennis Holmes has played the part of "referee" with discrimination and a good sense of the rules of entertainment.

History

LEVINE, MORTIMER. *Tudor Dynastic Problems 1460-1571.* 191pp. Allen and Unwin. £3.75 (paperback, £2.20).

All dynasties have had succession problems, but the Tudors were constantly haunted by the threat of extinction, and their subjects, thanks to royal propaganda, by the consequent risk of civil war. In his scholarly introduction, Mortimer Levine draws on the new learning about the Wars of the Roses to retrace the foundation of the Tudors and follows their history through political and religious crises until Elizabeth I recognized parliamentary statute as the constitutional means of regulating the succession. Four of the thirty-five illustrative documents are transcripts from unpublished manuscripts.

MORRIS, MARGARET. *The British General Strike, 1926.* 40pp. The Historical Association. Paperback, 36p.

As a chapter in the history of the Labour movement, the General Strike of 1926 is now remote enough for cool assessment by historians. This study of its origins, course and aftermath emphasizes that it was never the portent of revolution which it seemed to be at the time. That it began in support of the miners, threatened with pay reductions, was quickly forgotten: ironically, "outside the manual working class, the General Strike turned attention away from the plight of the miners and itself became the issue". There were errors on both sides, and Margaret Morris spares neither, though her sympathies would seem to lie rather with the Left. The result was a traumatic experience for the Labour movement, the memory of which, she concludes, played its part in the triumphant return of the Attlee Government in 1945.

Literature

WINE, M. L. (Editor). *The Tragedy of Master Arden of Faversham.* 180pp. Methuen. £3.50.

We may never know who wrote *Arden of Faversham*. For the past 200 years the play has been included in the "Shakespeare apocrypha" ; and it was assigned to Shakespeare, on very dubious authority, by a mid-seventeenth-century writer. But there are no external clues to the authorship. Even a sound text, which the earliest editions are far from providing, could only suggest the *probable* author. M. L. Wine, in this edition, by no means argues for a Shakespearian authorship, but surveying what evidence there is, he concludes that the case for the Bard is the strongest. The murder of Thomas Arden in 1551 was long celebrated in chronicle and ballad, but in dramatic form it was first published in the quarto of 1592 which, collated with the subsequent quartos, is the basis of the present edition.

Local History

HATLEY, VICTOR A. (Editor). *Northamptonshire Militia Lists, 1777.* 260pp. Northamptonshire Record Society. £3.50.

For the militia, the Home Guard of earlier centuries, each county was required to contribute a specified quota ; the surviving lists for Northamptonshire at the start of the war with the American colonies, which the county Record Society now prints, are complete except for the Peterborough area. Names and trades of the militiamen are given, and the latter are analysed in a table appended to the introduction. Northamptonshire readers may find interesting evidence of continuity even in these times of shifting population ; at Wellingborough for instance, names appear (Sharman, Pendred, Woolston) which are still well known locally in the present century.

Records of Buckinghamshire. Vol. 19. Part 2. 127pp. Aylesbury: Bucks Archaeological Society. Paperback. £2.

A paper on "The Buckinghamshire Lieutenancy", by Elliott Viney, supplies for the first time a complete list of the county's Lords Lieutenant from 1607 to the present day, with biographical notes on each holder of the office. There are some well-known names, among them Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, the first Duke of Buckingham, and the notorious Judge Jeffreys. The same issue includes two reports on excavations as well as briefer notes on several individual finds. For the railway enthusiast an article by F. G. Cockman recalls Buckinghamshire railways in their nineteenth-century heyday.

Natural History

GORDON, LESLEY. *Poorman's Nosegay.* 222pp. Collins. £3.50.

An account of familiar flowers used in nosegays and grown in cottage gardens, with quotations from literature and ancient folklore. The uses of flowers in the home, as additions for cooking and in the still room, for adornment, in medicine and in traditional customs are described, as well as, in some instances, their origin in English gardens. Black-and-white illustrations are from eighteenth and nineteenth-century engravings while the nineteenth-century colour engravings are of especial charm.

Poetry

COLERIDGE, S. T. *The Ancient Mariner and Other Poems.* Casebook Series, edited by Alun R. Jones and William Tydeman. 254pp. Macmillan. £2.25 (paperback, £1).

This volume deals with *The Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel* and *Kubla Khan* according to the received Casebook formula. First comes a brief account of how and when the poems were written ; next is a description of the manner in which they were received at the time of publication ; and then follow the critical observations of the literary men of the nineteenth century—Lockhart, Swinburne, Pater—and those of the professors of the twentieth. All this is designed to assist the student. It does provide a massive, if fluctuating, basis of opinion for those who lack opinions of their own, but whether it as an effective substitute for actually reading and thinking about the poems is another matter.

Social Studies

HUGGETT, FRANK E. *The Past, Present and Future of Factory Life and Work.* 125pp. Harrap. £2.20.

This book contains a great deal of information which has been well illustrated. The concise character of the discussion and the interesting excerpts from contemporary sources make it a useful book for the classroom, though teachers should beware of inaccuracies in the text and recognize the need to supplement the inadequate and curiously selective bibliographies. Frank Huggett extends the term "factory" to cover small workshops and the sweated hand trades which the factories eventually replaced. He also tends to ascribe far more consequences to the factory than historical fact will support, particularly in the areas of housing and living standards ; and it can hardly be maintained that the factory system alone "created two worlds in Britain—the rich and the poor".

Travel and Topography

Borough of Bury St Edmunds : Official Guide. 151pp. Bury St Edmunds Borough Council. 30p.

This new edition of the Suffolk town's official guide is lavishly produced, the borough arms blazoned in gilt on the cover, coloured frontispiece of the abbey gateway, and some attractive photographs of the relics of the past as well as of the modern town. The story of St Edmundsbury traces back for 1,100 years to Edmund the Martyr, and so onward to the meeting of the barons before Magna Carta and the dominance of the great abbey. It is here told in brief, with justifiable civic pride, and concluding with a glance at today's expanding town and the outlook for the future.

CROUCH, MARCUS. *The Cream of Kent.* 192pp. Sheerness: Arthur Cassell. Paperback, 75p.

In its design this book follows the example of the well-known King's England series: towns and villages of Kent are arranged in alphabetical order with descriptions varying from five lines to a couple of pages. But in contrast with the cosy manner of the Arthur Mee books the style is crisp and rapid, as if the writer expected his readers to be pressed for time ; and since the book is a tourist's guide, some of them perhaps will be. The book is not comprehensive but the list covers more than two hundred places, with personal impressions and reminders of their associations with the famous. It is a useful and well-illustrated guide.

HARDWICK, MICHAEL. *A Literary Atlas & Gazetteer of the British Isles.* 216pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £4.95.

Michael Hardwick provides a series of county maps on which places of literary interest are pinpointed and numbered, with brief biographical references on the accompanying of the gazetteer. A well-designed reference book including an alphabetical index of names and a second one arranged under counties. Though not exhaustive, it includes writers of all periods and the searcher for even a name of minor significance will not often be disappointed.

WRIGHT, LOUISE. *Heart of England.* Illustrated by James Priddey. 256pp. Hale. £2.80.

Writer and artist make a leisurely exploration of an area twenty-five miles in radius from the centre of Birmingham, and find much rural charm and historical interest even in the heart of the industrial Midlands.

War

LLOYD, ALAN. *The Zulu War, 1879.* 173pp. Hart-Davis MacGibbon. £2.95.

Donald R. Morris's *The Washing of the Spears* dealt with the Zulu War so well and in such detail that any later historian must lean heavily in his debt. Alan Lloyd acknowledges the debt gracefully, but although he says that Morris's views are at some points "diametrically opposed" to his own, points of agreement are more apparent than differences. The story is here retold adequately enough, with perhaps rather more emphasis than usual on Lord Chelmsford's foolishness in splitting the central column to support his subordinates Dartnell and Lonsdale. There are many well-chosen illustrations.

TRASK, DAVID F. *Captains and Cabinets.* 396pp. University of Missouri Press. $12.

This is a highly detailed and thoroughly documented account of United States naval participation in the First World War. It is based on a wide range of primary sources and examines the relationship between the American and British navies against the wider background of the overall relationship between the United States and her European allies. The central American figures are Admiral Sims and President Wilson ; the British protagonist, Sir Eric Geddes. The book rightly praises Sims for his success in concentrating American help where it was most needed, against the German submarines, despite constant criticism by the naval authorities in Washington and the President himself, that he was subordinating American to British interests. Largely an account of Italian reluctance to see beyond her own national interests, Allied naval success in the Atlantic was not equalled in the Mediterranean. David Trask's analysis of this failure includes an interesting account of the work of the Allied naval Council and covers some new ground.

Paper-backs

Biography and Memoirs

Armand Coppens: *The Memoirs of an Erotic Bookseller.* (Panther. 50p.) Virginia Hilu (Editor): *Beloved Prophet : The Love Letters of Kahlil Gibran and Mary Haskell and Her Private Journal.* (Quartet. £1.)

Classical Studies

Hugh Lloyd-Jones: *The Justice of Zeus.* (Cornell University Press. £1.40.) John Herman Randall Jr.: *Plato : Dramatist of the Life of Reason.* (Columbia University Press. £1.35.)

Economics

Benham's Economics. Edited by F. W. Paish and A. J. Culyer. (Pitman. £2.25.)

Fiction

John Berger: *G.* (Penguin. 60p.) Albert Camus: *A Happy Death.* Translated by Richard Howard. (Penguin. 25p.) Len Deighton: *Declarations of War.* (Panther. 35p.) Douglas Hayes: *My Father in His Dizzerbell.* (Panther. 35p.) Frances Jessup: *The Fifth Child's Conception in the Runaway Wife.* (Penguin. 30p.) Doris Lessing: *Going Home.* (Panther. 50p.) Penelope Mortimer: *The Home.* (Penguin. 30p.) Vladimir Nabokov: *Mary.* (25p.) *Pale Fire.* Penguin. 35p. Fay Weldon: *Down Among the Women.* (Penguin. 35p.)

History

V. T. Arkell: *Britain Transformed.* (Penguin. 80p.) Eric R. Delderfield: *Kings and Queens of England and Great Britain.* (David and Charles. 50p.) Vadim Kozlevnikov: *Shield and Sword.* (Mayflower. 40p.) Gordon Winter: *A Country Camera 1844-1914.* (Penguin. 75p.)

Humour

John Fortune and John Wells: *A Melon for Ecstasy.* (Penguin. 35p.) Spike Milligan: *Small Dreams of a Scorpion.* (Penguin. 25p.)

Literature and Criticism

Paul Breman (Editor): *You Better Believe It : Black Verse in English.* (Penguin. 90p.) Boris Ford (Editor): *The Pelican Guide to English Literature.* Volume 7: *The Modern Age.* (Penguin. 80p.) J. B. Priestley: *The Art of the Dramatist.* (Heinemann Educational. 60p.) Alexander Trocchi: *Man at Leisure.* (Calder and Boyars. 95p.)

Philosophy

John Hospers: *An Introduction to Philosophical Analysis.* (Routledge. £2.)

Politics

Kenneth Bradshaw and David Pring: *Parliament and Congress.* (Quartet. £1.50.) Natalia Gorbanevskaya: *Red Square at Noon.* (Penguin. 50p.) Richard Spiegelberg: *The City : Power Without Accountability.* (Quartet. 60p.)

Religion

Peter Brent: *Godmen of India.* (Penguin. 45p.) Carlos Castaneda: *A Separate Reality.* (Penguin. 40p.)

Social Studies

Clifford Adelman: *Generations.* (Penguin. 60p.) Sylvia Anthony: *The Discovery of Death in Childhood and After.* (Penguin. £1.) Ivar Berg: *Education and Jobs.* (Penguin. 65p.) Eric Berne: *Sex in Human Loving.* (Penguin. 40p.) Ivor Folstein: *Sex in Later Life.* (Penguin. 35p.) Erich Fromm: *The Crisis of Psychoanalysis.* (Penguin. 45p.) John Holt: *Freedom and Beyond.* (Penguin. 50p.) Richard Jolly and others (Editors): *Third World Employment.* (Penguin. £1.20.) Jean Piaget and Bärbel Inhelder: *The Psychology of the Child.* (Routledge. 95p.) Alan F. Sillitoe: *Britain in Figures.* (Penguin. £1.) Thomas S. Szasz: *Ideology and Insanity.* (Calder and Boyars. £1.50.) Alan W. Watts: *Psychotherapy East and West.* (Penguin. 40p.) Sula Wolff: *Children under Stress.* (Penguin. 50p.) George Young: *Tourism.* (Penguin. 40p.)

T·L·S

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

LIBRARIANS

ROYAL COUNTY OF BERKSHIRE

APPLICATIONS invited for appointment of SENIOR ASSISTANT, Working from Public Library. Salary within Special Scale for Librarians, £1,353 to £2,235. Further particulars and application forms from the County Librarian, Abbey Mill House, Abbey Square, Reading, to be returned by Monday, 5th November, 1973.

THAMES POLYTECHNIC

LIBRARIAN II, ARCHITECTURE and SURVEYING

APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST of LIBRARIAN II to take charge of the sub-library of the Polytechnic at Vencourt House, Hammersmith, serving courses in Architecture, Surveying and Landscape Architecture.

Candidates should be graduates with library qualifications. Experience in an academic library, or this subject area, would be an advantage.

Salary scale, £1,024 to £3,369.

Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Thames Polytechnic, Wellington Street, London, SE18 6PF, to whom completed applications should be returned by November 6, 1973.

FILTON TECHNICAL COLLEGE

Filton, Bristol, BS12 7AT

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Required at busy further education College Library. Applicants should be chartered librarians, but consideration given to those who have completed their professional course. Starting salary according to qualifications and experience within scale £1,353 to £1,926 (bar) to £2,235. Forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope), returnable by 5th November, from Principal.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HOUNSLOW

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN required for modern developing College Library. Knowledge of computer catalogues an advantage. Some evening duties. If qualified and suitably experienced salary scale AP 2/3 £1,749 to £2,301. Application forms from Senior Administrative Officer, Isleworth Polytechnic, London Road, Isleworth, TW7 4HS, returnable by 2nd November, 1973. Tel.: 01-568 0244 ext. 344.

ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE

(University of London)

Egham Hill, Egham, Surrey

The Library invites applications from Chartered Librarians (non-graduates) for the post of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT CATALOGUING. Salary on the scale £1,554 by £[illegible] to £2,014.

Applications should be sent to the Personnel Officer (LLS), by 9th November, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE UNIVERSITY OF HULL

SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT

APPLICATIONS are invited for TWO POSTS of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT in the Brynmor Jones Library, one in the Periodicals Division and one in the Cataloguing Division, commencing the 19th November. Salary: AP I/II (£1,353/£2,235). Qualified librarians preferred, but other applications will be considered. Further particulars should be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (two copies) should be sent by the 31st October.

INNER LONDON EDUCATION AUTHORITY

LIBRARIAN GRADE III

CHELSEA SCHOOL OF ART

Manresa Road, SW3 6LS

LIBRARIAN GRADE III required at Chelsea School of Art to assist the Senior Librarian. Duties include cataloguing. While basically a general art-historical library, of some 15,000 volumes, the collection is largely concerned with painting and sculpture since 1800. Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians, preferably with a strong interest in the subjects in which the library specializes and in cataloguing and indexing.

Salary scale: £2,073 to £2,511.

Further details and application forms from Education Officer (Estab 2a/2), County Hall, SE1 (01-633 7540), returnable within 14 days of this advertisement.

HOME OFFICE

POLICE COLLEGE

Bramshill House, Basingstoke, Hants

LIBRARIAN GRADE IV (ASSISTANT CATALOGUER) required for short-term appointment of up to six months to assist in the clearance of cataloguing arrears.

Candidates must be qualified and preferably have had cataloguing experience. Typing ability would be an advantage.

Single furnished accommodation is available.

Salary: £1,149 per annum (£1,263 for candidates aged 2[illegible]).

For further information and an application form, please send details of qualifications and experience to Mrs. C. J. Rullins, Room 201, Whittington House, 19-30 Alfred Place, London WC1E 7EA, by 6th November, 1973.

BOLTON INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above POST at Bolton Institute of Technology. Candidates should preferably be Chartered Librarians.

Salary £1,353-£2,235.

Appointment is in accordance with N.J.C. conditions of service and subject to medical examination.

Further particulars are obtainable from the Chief Administrative Officer, Bolton Institute of Technology, Deane Road, Bolton, BL3 5AB, to whom completed application forms should be returned by 5th November, 1973.

DEPUTY LIBRARIAN required for small special library in the field of utilities. This post would provide useful training and experience for a prospective A.L.A. candidate. The location is Roehampton, S.W.15, and the salary scale is up to £1,691 p.a. (at present), depending on age and experience. Tel. Mrs. P. Bryant on 01-788 0011 (ext. 400) for an application form.

UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD

THE LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from professionally qualified candidates for the POST of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT in the Law Technology Department Library, tenable from 1st December, 1973. Previous relevant experience is desirable.

Salary on scale £1,353 to £1,749 or £1,788 to £2,301 per annum according to qualifications and experience. The working conditions and surroundings are pleasant with excellent holidays and other terms of service.

Please write, giving full personal particulars and names of two referees, to the Deputy Director of Services (Refer BIS/BH), The University, Sheffield S10 2TN, from whom further details can be obtained. Closing date for applications 3rd November, 1973.

LONDON BOROUGH OF WALTHAM FOREST

LIBRARIES AND THE ARTS DEPARTMENT

APPLICATIONS are invited from Librarians with at least Part II Examination of the Library Association for two newly created POSTS of SENIOR ASSISTANT—Junior and Schools Library Service.

Salary Scale A.P. 2/3 £1,749 to £2,301 inclusive of London Weighting. The persons appointed will be expected to assist the Librarian-in-charge in promoting full use of the Library Service by young persons throughout the Borough.

Application forms and further details from the Personnel Officer, Town Hall, Forest Road, London E17 4JF (Tel. 01-527 5544 Ext. 207). Closing date 9th November, 1973. Quote ref. [illegible]

WOLVERHAMPTON

THE POLYTECHNIC

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (Media)

The successful candidate will have responsibility for developing the Library's collection of non-book material.

Salary Scale A.P.2 £1,644-£1,925 per annum, or A.P.3 £1,926-£2,235 per annum.

Application form and details from The Establishment Officer, The Polytechnic, Wolverhampton WV1 1LY.

LIBRARY ASSISTANTS

An opportunity for two young people to get away from the routine of office work. We are looking for two library assistants to work in our busy specialist library. The posts would suit either people with some library experience or school leavers who are considering a career in librarianship. Salary according to age and experience. For further information or interview, telephone Miss Dallis, 01-405 3456, British Institute of Management, Management House, Parker Street, London WC2B 5PT.

CENTRE FOR ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES

ASSISTANT TO THE LIBRARIAN

The Centre for Environmental Studies requires ASSISTANT to the Librarian to help with all aspects of a small developing library's service including information and publication services. Good typing essential, a knowledge of French and/or German desirable. Library experience an advantage.

Salary in the range of £1,455-£1,479, including London allowance.

Apply giving full details of qualifications and experience and giving names of two referees to the Secretary, CES, 5, Cambridge Terrace, Regent's Park, NW1 4JL.

SUNDERLAND EDUCATION AUTHORITY

MONKWEARMOUTH COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the College Library.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (re-advertised)

Applicants should have completed the Library Association Part II examination. Salary within Librarians grade (£1,353-£1,926 p.a.).

Applications in writing stating date of birth, education, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees to be forwarded to the Principal, Monkwearmouth College of Further Education, Swan Street, Sunderland, SR5 1EB, by 9th November, 1973.

BOROUGH OF ACCRINGTON

SENIOR LIBRARIAN

APPLICANTS should be suitably qualified for this POST in the Public Library. Preference will be given to Chartered Librarians. Duties include Readers Advisory work and stock exploitation in adult lending department.

Salary will be within Librarian's scale, rising to a maximum of £2,235, entry point according to qualifications and experience. Housing accommodation available if required.

Further details may be obtained on application to the Borough Librarian, Public Library, St James Street, Accrington.

Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience with names and addresses of two referees, should reach Nigel D. Morrison, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Accrington, by 10th November, 1973.

LANCASHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

ASSISTANT DIVISIONAL CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

HUYTON DIVISIONAL LIBRARIES

Qualifications L.A. Examination Part I.

Salary Librarians' Scale £1,353-£1,926. Salary starting point commensurate with qualifications and experience.

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Application (naming two referees) to County Librarian, 143, Corporation Street, Preston, PR1 8RH, by 2nd November.

NEWBURN URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL

BRANCH LIBRARIAN

LIBRARIAN'S SCALE—£1,353-£2,235

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of BRANCH LIBRARIAN, preferably from Chartered Librarians but applicants who have recently completed their examinations may be considered, the commencing salary to be fixed according to age, qualifications and experience.

The successful applicant will be required to administer and select stock for the Newburn Branch Library, which includes a Children's Department and picture and gramophone record libraries. Further details on request.

Applications, stating age, experience, and qualifications, together with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the undersigned not later than 9th November, 1973.

Favourable consideration will be given to the provision of housing accommodation on a secure tenancy basis.

Canvassing will disqualify.

T. H. WALKER, Clerk of the Council, Council Offices, Newburn, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE15 8QJ.

THE POLYTECHNIC OF NORTH LONDON

SCHOOL OF LIBRARIANSHIP

207-225 Essex Road, Islington, London N1 2LJ

RESEARCH ASSISTANT IN LIBRARIANSHIP

APPLICATIONS are invited from graduate librarians or those who have completed their studies and examinations, for the post of Research Assistant to help in current work in the field of indexing and classification.

The work involves the direction of Mr. J. Mills will include compilation of thesaurus by extraction from existing classification systems, the testing by practical classification of the vocabulary, schedules, etc., of the new Bliss Classification and the compiling of its alphabetical index.

The post is for one year in the first instance, beginning as soon as possible. Salary: £2,550.

Application forms and further details are obtainable from the School. Informal inquiries to Mr. J. Mills or Mrs. Vanda Broughton are welcome (telephone 01-226 0141). Closing date for applications: 1st December, 1973.

KINGSTON POLYTECHNIC LIBRARY

CATALOGUERS

(three posts)

Acquaintance with Dewey 18 and AACR '67 is expected and ability to type an advantage. Applications for part-time work considered. Appointments tenable for up to one year in first instance. A.P.3 £2,037 to £2,301.

Further details and application forms from Assistant Registrar, Kingston Polytechnic, Penrhyn Road, Kingston upon Thames KT1 2EE. 01-549 1366.

Closing date 18 days from issue date.

UNIVERSITY OF SURREY

LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified librarians for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN Grade III (Reader Services) to take charge of the Circulation Desk.

The salary will be on S O 1 £1,929 by 6 increments to £2,366.

Further particulars are available from the Librarian.

Application (no forms) giving details of age, education and experience together with the names of two referees should be sent to the Assistant Secretary (Personnel), University of Surrey, Guildford, Surrey GU2 5XH by Friday, 2nd November 1973.

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Salary scale £1,929 [...] placing according to [...] experience. F.S.S.U. [...]

Application forms and [...] lars (quoting 36/73) may be [obtained from] the Registrar, University of [Strathclyde], Royal College Building, 2[04 George] Street, Glasgow, G1 1XW, [with whom] applications should be lodged [by ...] November, 1973.

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Applications, together with [...] and addresses of two referees [...] forwarded to The Registrar, [University] College, P.O. Box 78, Cardiff [...] from whom further details [may be ob]tained, not later than 12 N[ovember]. Please quote 1929.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited [from gra]duates of good academic [standing who] have a recognized professional [qualifica]tion in Librarianship and [...] experience in academic or [...] tations for the post of [...] PHYSICAL SCIENCES [...] Salary within the scale £2,[...] per annum. F.S.S.U.

Letters of application (8 c[opies], giv]ing the names of not more than [...] referees, should reach the under[signed not] later than Saturday, 10th Nove[mber]. Further particulars available [...] In reply please quote ref. [...]

ROBT. T. HUTCHESON, [Secretary of] the University Court.

THE UNIVERSITY [OF] LIVERPOOL

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H. H. Burchnall, Registrar, [The Uni]versity, P.O. Box 147, [Liverpool L69] 3BX.

UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

The position has become vacant [on the] retirement of the University L[ibrarian]. The University seeks to appoint [a per]son capable of leading the de[velopment] of the University's Library [...] Salary, $A20,000 per annum.

Further information about [the post] and details of application [procedure], superannuation, travel and [removal ex]penses, housing assistance and [conditions] of appointment, are available [from the] Association of Commonwealth [Universi]ties (Appts.), 36 Gordon Square, [London] WC1H 0PF.

Applications close on 14th [...] 1973.

CANTERBURY EDUCATION AUTHORITY

CANTERBURY COLLEGE OF [...]

APPLICATIONS are invited [for the] POST of full-time [...] in accordance with the Burnham [...] Lecturers Grade I with responsib[ility ...] ance.

Further details and application [forms] from the Principal, Canterbury [College of] Art, New Dover Road, Canterbury, CT1 3AN. Tel. Canterbury [...]

Steel Appeal

-for an Industrial Library Assistant

The Head Office Library and Registry Section of the British Steel Corporation has a vacancy for a Qualified Library Assistant. The successful candidate will be responsible for cataloguing and indexing acquisitions and answering enquiries from all Head Office departments. The library is a developing and expanding function and the Assistant must be capable of playing a full part in its activities.

Applicants should have a good educational standard with ideally up to two years' experience in a library, preferably with an industrial organisation. A subsidised restaurant is provided. Three weeks' annual holiday and a social club which caters for a wide variety of interests. Please apply in writing to The Personnel Manager, British Steel Corporation, 33 Grosvenor Place, London S.W.1.

British Steel Corporation

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

National Children's Bureau

requires a

Chartered Librarian

to take charge of the library at our new premises in Islington. The librarian will be working with both the Information Service and research staff.

Applicant should have 2 to 3 years' experience, preferably in a specialist library. Salary on a scale £2,070 to £2,739, starting point dependent on experience and qualifications.

Closing date for completed applications 12th November, 1973.

For further particulars and an application form write to the Administrative Officer, National Children's Bureau, 8 Wakley Street, London EV1V 7QE.

COUNTY OF CORNWALL

Schools Library Service

LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of Librarian in the Schools Library Service. The salary will be within the Librarians' Scale—£1,809 to £2235 per annum. This post offers an interesting opportunity for a Librarian to develop existing services, and the person appointed will have a rewarding demanding and responsible task. Ability to drive is essential for this post.

Forms of application and details of this post can be obtained from the County Librarian, Old County Hall, Truro, TR1 3HG, to whom completed applications should be sent by the 29th October, 1973.

EDINBURGH CORPORATION

Department of the City Architect

ARCHITECTURAL LIBRARIAN

Salary up to £2,235

The library and information service of this multi-professional office (architects, quantity surveyors and engineers) is expanding and the Information Officer/Librarian requires a qualified assistant.

The post is for a chartered librarian and experience in the building field could be an advantage, but would not weigh heavily against the right type of personality. A trainee on the point of qualification might be considered.

Entrance allowance to a maximum of £200 may be payable in an appropriate case. The post is superannuable and a five day week is worked. Good canteen facilities available. Preference will be given to candidates already within the Scottish Local Government Service.

Requests for application forms, quoting reference 815, to the City Architect, City Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh EH1 1PN, or telephone 031-225 2424, Extensions 314 or 310.

LONDON BOROUGH OF ENFIELD

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

£1,749-£2,031 p.a.

Starting salary according to qualifications and experience.

Applicants should have passed Part 1 of the Library Association Professional Examination.

Application forms from the Director of Libraries, Arts & Entertainments Central Library, Cecil Road, Enfield, Middx. EN2 6TW (01-366 2244).

To be returned by the 8th November, 1973. Please quote ref: SAL/63.

STANDARD BOOK NUMBERING AGENCY

CLERICAL ASSISTANT

A vacancy exists for an intelligent assistant, either sex, in the Standard Book Numbering Agency. Some typing would be an advantage. Hours: 9-5.30 Monday to Friday. Luncheon vouchers. Periodic bonuses. Good salary and prospects. Applications to:

J. W. Coates

J. WHITAKER & SONS LTD.

13 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3JE

LIVERPOOL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

F. L. CALDER COLLEGE OF EDUCATION for DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Dowsefield Lane, Liverpool L18 3JJ

Required for November 1st or as soon after that date as possible.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

AP 1/2 (£1,353-£1,926 p.a.)

Application forms and particulars of the post from the Principal returnable as soon as possible.

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

GRADUATE TRAINEE LIBRARIANS 1974

The County Library offers under its graduate trainee scheme, a special opportunity for training in all aspects of its rapidly developing service.

Applications are invited for vacancies for trainee librarians to be appointed from July 1974 on a salary scale of £1,416 to £1,692. After six months preliminary training, those appointed will undertake a year's full-time course at a school of librarianship on full salary and with travelling expenses, tuition fees, etc. Between the terms of the full-time course will be sandwiched further periods of on the job training. Training will be completed at the end of January, 1976. Those so trained will be expected to remain on the County Library staff for a further two years and will be given ample opportunity for promotion to professional posts on the establishment.

Applicants must be graduates, although applications will be considered from those sitting for a degree in the Summer of 1974. A preliminary selection of applicants will be made by interview in December, 1973. Applications, together with the names of two referees, must reach the County Librarian, County Hall, Hertford, within 14 days.

City of Edinburgh

City Libraries Department

CHIEF ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

P.O. 1 £3,396—£3,780

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians with suitable administrative experience for the above post. The appointment will date from 1st February, 1974. Preference given to officers currently employed by Scottish local authorities.

As a member of the Library's management team, the person appointed may expect to be closely involved with all major developments. In addition, the Chief Assistant will have special responsibility for staff recruitment and training and for overall supervision of Central Library services.

Application forms and further particulars available from City Librarian, Central Library, George IV Bridge, Edinburgh EH1 1EG, to whom completed applications should be sent by 16th November, 1973.

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The Polytechnic of Central London

Library Assistants

up to £1,929

A variety of duties connected with the daily running of the Libraries, including ordering and processing books, counter work, photocopying, and routine enquiries are involved. Previous experience and an ability to type would be an advantage. Some posts would be suitable for newly qualified librarians. Salary according to age and experience.

Details and application form from The Establishment Officer, 309 Regent Street, London W1R 8AL to be returned as soon as possible.

LONDON BOROUGH OF TOWER HAMLETS

Libraries Department

Assistant Stock Editor

Salary £2,070-£2,379

Applications are invited for this post from Chartered Librarians with suitable experience and qualifications. Ref. 9/21.

Children's Librarian

Salary £2,070-£2,379.

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians or from those who have completed the Library Association Final Examination or its equivalent, with suitable experience. Ref. 9/22.

Write for further details and application form to the Head of Management Services, Town Hall, Patriot Square, London, E2 9LN, or telephone 01-981 0077 (24 hour answering service). Please quote Ref. Closing date 12th November, 1973.

INTELLIGENCE UNIT

Head of Research Library

£4566-£4881

A qualified librarian is required to fill this important post in the Intelligence Unit. The Research Library provides services to the Planning & Transportation Department, other GLC Departments, the London Boroughs and others needing information on London local government.

The successful candidate will need to demonstrate his powers of leadership in directing the work of a team of librarians and information officers. He will also need to have wide experience with proven technical ability, a record of innovation and preferably some knowledge of, or sympathy with, modern information handling techniques.

There is substantial scope for further development of the service particularly in the areas of services to the London Boroughs. The person appointed will also act as deputy to the Head of the Information Services Section.

Senior Information Officer/Librarian

£3786-£4380

He/she should be a qualified librarian or information scientist with preferably at least three years' experience in a special library, be used to dealing with demanding customers and have a particular interest in computer systems and their application to library problems. The successful candidate will also need to demonstrate management skills since the post will involve controlling the work of other staff and deputising for the Head of the Research Library as required.

Further details and information on the Research Library, together with application forms returnable by November 18, can be obtained from the Controller of Planning & Transportation (A/EO/762/), Room 455A, County Hall, London SE1 7PB. Telephone: 01-633 6691.

Planning & Transportation Department

GLC GREATER LONDON COUNCIL

Bank of England

Assistant Librarian

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Librarian in the Bank's Reference and Lending Libraries.

Candidates should be at least 26 years of age and must be Chartered Librarians with Part II papers 11 and 13 and experience preferably in special or academic libraries.

Salary according to age e.g. £2,215 at 26, £2,526 at 30, rising to £3,137 by annual increments. Non-contributory pension scheme.

Applications, stating age, qualifications and previous experience, should be forwarded to **the Chief of Establishments (Recruiting), Bank of England, London, EC2R 8AH,** not later than the 31st October 1973.

UNIVERSITY OF STRATHCLYDE

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

LECTURESHIP

Applications are invited from suitably qualified candidates for the above appointment. Preference will be given to candidates qualified to participate in and develop teaching and research in the modern history of at least one major overseas area.

Salary scale £1,929-£4,548 with placing according to qualifications and experience. F.S.S.U. benefits.

Application forms and further particulars (quoting 34/73) may be obtained from the Registrar, University of Strathclyde, Royal College Building, 204 George Street, Glasgow G1 1XW, with whom applications should be lodged by 12th November, 1973.